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THE

# OLIO;

OR,

## MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

"Papers and books, a —— mixed *Olio*,
From shilling touch to pompous folio."—MRS. BARBAULD.

VOL I.

LONDON

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

SOLD BY G. BERGER, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

[1793]

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Vol. 1

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Mrs. Curtis B. Raymond,
349. 439.
July 3, 1884.

# PREFACE

TO

# THE FIRST EDITION.

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HAVING completed the First Volume of THE OLIO, it now becomes our pleasant task to express a grateful sense of the patronage which has supported us thus far; and to assure our friends, that we do not intend to forfeit the favour which they have shown us, if what we have done may serve to assure them of what we mean to do.

THE OLIO started (according to the forebodings of a few private friends of ours, who are somewhat given to prophetic croaking) under disadvantages, such as were, in their estimation, pronounced impossible to be surmounted. We have, however, successfully shown, that Enterprise can over-leap all impediment, and find itself on its feet "on the right side of the fence." We entered the field last, it is true, but fully convinced that there was "ample room and verge enough" for us; and we were not mistaken. Our success—and we entertained no mean notions of it—has, for once in the history of human expectations, gone beyond our anticipations; and we receive, with every fresh Number of our Work, fresh and indubitable assurances that we have grown indeed with our growth, and strengthened indeed with our strength.

"Else wherefore *print we* in a *reading* land?"

The Public never were insensible to their own entertainment, or neglectful of those who carefully catered for their gratification. Of this we have the best evidence in

the world—our own pleasant experience. The reward of their approbation was all we asked: it has stimulated us thus far, and shall urge us on still farther.

On laying our First Volume before the Public, we might, perhaps, be allowed to appeal, with some degree of pride, to its spirited Illustrations, by an Artist of no common talents,—to its varied contents of story and song, bon mot and bijou, anecdote and amusement, memoir and merriment, but that we remember a sage apophthegm of the erudite Doctor Pangloss:

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

We therefore forbear from doing more than to entreat our friends to glance at our Illustrations, that we may assure them we mean to abate no jot of our endeavour to render them "the admired of all observers;" and refer to our varied contents, that we may faithfully promise them that those of our Second Volume shall not be found wanting in that interest, spirit, and raciness, which we take for granted are prominent qualities in THE OLIO. Having premised no more than we trust we are entitled to take to ourselves, and promised no more than we can and will perform, we return to our task, and begin our Second Volume with grateful recollections of the success which has attended our First.

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## RE-ISSUE OF THE WORK.

With the present Edition or Re-Issue of THE OLIO, we beg respectfully to present our Subscribers with a Fine Portrait of EARL SPENCER, engraved on Steel by Mr. T. Engleheart, and intended as a Frontispiece to the present Volume.

# THE OLIO;

OR,

## MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Obi; or, Three-Fingered Jack.

### THE DEEV ALFAKIR.

To the KEEPSAKE, the most singularly beautiful of all the Annuals, that has been presented to the world at this season of the year, by the liberality of their highly deserving publishers, are we indebted for the tale which has insertion within these pages. Our readers will readily find on its perusal that it bears some analogy to one of the Tales of the Genii though not of equal merit with the one from which it is evidently borrowed, yet we think that it possesses sufficient originality to warrant our submitting it to the tastes of our readers.

THE DEEV ALFAKIR.—In the vine surrounded city of Shiraz, under the reign of Otman, dwelt Sadak, surnamed Al Hahjim or the Philosopher. He lived in almost uninterrupted solitude, his dwelling though not splendid was elegant; and his household consisted of a few slaves, who regarded their master with fidelity and affection. Sadak had few friends, and no acquaintances; but he had many well wishers in those to whom he had done good. He was rich, noble, learned, benevolent, and—unhappy.

The day was closing, and the rich autumnal beams gilded the pomegranates that flourished in Sadak's orchard, and the mournful cypresses that surrounded it. The heat of the day had been great, and the air was fraught with a full and heavy langour. The philosopher was seated at a favourite window reading, to catch the cool fragrance of the air. He had withdrawn the exquisitely woven curtains of peach coloured silk. His limbs reposed on a divan of downy softness: the most delightful sherbet sparkled in crystal vases; and a thousand flowers of every hue expanded their blossoms, and diffused their fragrance around him. Sadak raised his head, and cast a glance on the luxuriant scene, but withdrew it with discontent and disgust. He recurred to his studies, —in a few moments he pushed away the beautiful manuscript.

"Idle philosophy," he exclaimed, "able only to denote what is good, but powerless in teaching to attain it; useless to the happy, and to the wretched worse than useless, a mockery and a pain. Oh happiest phœnix of life, believed in but not found, I abandon the search, and ask but for forgetfulness."

He turned away as he spoke, and

hastened to his most retired apartment. Here by the light of lamps fed with the purest frankincense of Shir, and veiled with the spiderlike webs of the Indian loom; he sat, melancholy and buried in reverie.

He listened to the breezes, that now began to arise, as they rustled among the pliant branches of the cypresses, and swayed the lofty heads of the date palms. "Why is it," said he, "that all external nature changes from rest to motion, and from motion again to rest, while thy mind, Sadak, abides from sun to sun, in unvaried and monotonous sadness? What avail the varying seasons, the rejoicing spring, and the abundant summer to me, whose life is one long and dreary winter?"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the wind stayed, and the trees no longer rustled. They ceased not gradually, softening away into calmness; but at once, as if arrested by some magician's hand. A strange silence came on. The mellow song of the late birds was hushed. The loud humming bees and buzzing flies were still. The atmosphere was unaccountably oppressed, and nature seemed to stand in awe of some approaching phenomenon.

Sadak sprung on his feet. His restless mind had busied itself in wide researches into the secrets of nature; and he knew much of the occult powers of the universe, though he had holden no communion with them. A dim expectation was on his mind: it was fulfilled when the ceiling of the apartment divided, and the Deev Alfakir stood before him. He stood in the gloomy beauty of majesty degraded and obscured. The earthly lights that illuminated the place were extinguished on his entrance; a dull glow emitted from his body supplied their place, and filled the room with its lurid glare.

"Sadak," said the Deev, "thou wouldst have forgetfulness—of what? and why?"

"Of the falsehood of woman, and the treachery of man. Why! because I have suffered by them, and suffer yet."

"I must know more," returned the Deev, "ere I grant the boon thou wouldst win. Speak out; make known thy sufferings."

"I will not," replied Sadak, "why should I rend open the veil for thee, enemy of my race and of me? why comest thou hither; say quickly, and depart."

"Rash mortal!" answered Alfakir, "I

am not thine enemy, but thy friend. Bethink thee ere I go, I have the power to serve thee, and the will."

"The power thou mayst, the will—when did a Deev will well to man?"

"Foolish Sadak, ask rather, when did man will well to himself? The friend that betrayed thee had not done so but for thy blindness, that would madly trust when temptation was beyond the power of man to resist. The woman that was loved and was false, deceived thee, because thy confidence was blind, weak, absurd; loathsome from its imbecility, even in the eyes of its object. Thou wonderest that I, thine enemy, should wish the well; but not that thyself should have laboured to work to thyself evil."

"Enough!" said Sadak, "thou recallest too much; but teach me, if thou canst to forget."

"Listen then," replied the Deev, "far away, in the midst of the ocean, beyond the points were ship has ever sailed, is an island girt with impassable barriers. This island was the dowry of a princess of our race; it holds treasures, to which the riches of the East are but as the dust in a silken purse. Here dwell the rulers of the elements; here are hidden the essences of life; here flow the waters of oblivion."

"Give me," exclaimed Sadak, "give me of these waters, that I may drink and be at peace."

"At peace, surely," answered the Deev, "but who would have of these waters must seek them."

"Seek them! and where? in thine unapproachable island? I should gain much by my quest."

"Thus hastily judge the children of ignorance and folly. Trust to me, and the way shall be easy. Seek at thy leisure the nearest port of the Southern Ocean. Thou shalt there learn more, and be brought to the object of thy search. Swear to do this, I promise thee the waters of oblivion shall be thine."

"I swear," said Sadak.

"Farewell then," said the Deev: ne spread his broad shadowy wings,—the roof opened for his passage. It closed after him; and the lamps, self-lighted, burned brightly as before. Sadak heard the rustling of the trees, and the prolonged notes of the nightingale fell mournfully on his ear.

He lost no time in preparing for his journey; and placing his household under the superintendance of a man of rank and probity, who was his friend, he departed, crossed the Lauristan mountains, and arrived at Nabon, on the Persian Gulf. Here, while rambling on the shore, meditating whether next to convey himself, his attention was aroused by the approach of a boat. It contained no one, but, self-guided, steered its course in a direct line to the spot were Sadak had stood still to watch it. What was he to do? to trust himself to such a vessel, for such a voyage seemed madness. Yet the power, that guided the boat, in an unerring line to that spot, might equally guard its course across the ocean. Sadak examined the boat; it was beautifully fitted up. A silken awning was suspended over a luxurious couch, and a plentiful supply of provisions occupied a sheltered part of the vessel. On the couch was written in letters of gold: "For Sadak, the searcher for the waters of oblivion."

He no longer hesitated, but seated himself in the boat, which instantly sailed away, as before, in a straight line, unmoved by wind or wave. It proceeded with great rapidity, and passing the straits of Ormuz, emerged into the Arabian Sea. The shores of Arabia and of Hindostan, speedily vanished from the eyes of the voyager. The sky was above, and the sea around him; land there was none. He was on the vast plain of the Indian ocean.

Three days and three nights his course continued thus, during which no storm arose, no cloud dimmed the surface of the sky. On the fourth day Sadak discerned afar off, a dim grey speck on the surface of the waters. It came to his strained and wearied eye refreshing as the cool springs to the traveller of the desert.

To this object the course of the boat was plainly directed; and Sadak perceived, that he was carried along with still increased velocity. As he approached, he gazed earnestly on the island, for such he perceived it to be, and was terrified.

It seemed a vast rock, the sides of which, springing from the bosom of the waters, slanted outwardly to a great distance, veiling the waters beneath them in an impervious gloom; clothed in which the unseen waves thundered and boiled with increasing roar. The heart of the wanderer sickened, for escape seemed impossible. Here he must close his voyage and his life, in the conflicting waters of that angry sea.

The boat shot under the black and rugged sides of the overhanging precipice. Instead of being suddenly overwhelmed in the circling waters, or dashed against the rock, Sadak perceived that he was carried along softly as before. He heard the din on either side; till his hearing was nigh extinct, but his own course, though rapid was smooth and uninterrupted. The gloom by which he was surrounded the

eye could not penetrate; but it appeared to Sadak, that the darkness was peopled by forms that flitted around him, and he thought he heard their laughs rising amid the roars of the waters; now and then too, a gleam of red light shot from fissures in the rock, but without dissolving the darkness into which it pierced, and serving only to render the horror more hideous.

At length, and in a moment, the darkness was changed to extreme light, issuing from the cavern, the boat rushed into a torrent more violent and fearful than the imagination can conceive. Sadak instinctively closed his eyes with terror, when their gaze fell on the edge of a precipice, over which the stream threw the mass of its waters, that fell, and fell, till they broke in mists and thunder in the gulf below; but the vessel, instead of being hurried away by the torrent, sailed calmly across its waters, till it reached the opposite bank. Sadak leaped ashore, and gazed on the scene around him.

First he looked with astonishment on the rocky barrier that surrounded the place, and from beneath which he had emerged. This, rough and jagged with immense indentations, rose, cliff upon cliff, in dizzy grandeur, till the cloud-vestured heights of Kaf seemed to loose in the comparison. Dim caverns pierced its base, whence issued the elements in their strength. Volumes of murky and sulphureous flame were vomited forth by some; torrents issued from others, and in some Sadak believed he heard the roaring of imprisoned winds. The midway rocks were bare and black, their summits were the dwellings of the tempests and the storm. The thunder rolled there as in its own regions, and the lightenings vainly shot their fires against rocks coeval with the heavens.

Sadak turned away to explore some other portion of the island. He stood at the bottom of a declivity, he ascended with labour to its top, what a sight met his eyes. All human splendour, faded into nothingness, by the side of the magnificence that met his view.

Before him were the marble palaces of the Deevs, built before their conquest by Sultan Soliman. Vast as magnificent, they covered hills, one beyond another, rising till lost in distance.

The face of external nature was changed; trees of freshest foilage clustered into spreading screens, excluding from view the barren terrific region Sadak had just left; soft verdure covered the ground and perfumes of the sweetest flowers gushed before every step.

Sadak entered the eternal dwellings—dwellings now no more, for they were desolate and uninhabited. As he roamed through halls paved with the purest marble, beneath roofs of fretted gold supported by pillars of porphyry and adamant. Sadak sighed to think, that all this goodly shew should be lost to its banished fabricators. He looked around and his eye fell on chests of marble, sealed with the signet of the conqueror. Here, century after century, pined the imprisoned Deevs, while nature was changing in successive ages, and the world was fading and reviving again in endless transformation.

Leaving these palaces, and rambling still farther, he arrived at another desolate region, resembling the first in which he had been placed. The same lofty rocks, the same barren soil, and the same display of elemental violence was there; but in the midst of the place a capacious lake extended its coal black waters, till, overflowing their natural basin, they fell down the precipices in rushing torrents. A dim cloud of exhalations arose on the margin of the lake; the sun beams withdrew from its surface on which the volcanic fires shot a wavering and murky gleam; Sadak felt that these were the Waters of Oblivion.

He stood on the brink of the wished for flood, yet hesitated to drink. While he deliberated, the noxious vapours mingled with his breathing; at once overcome by their influence, he staggered, reeled and fell. From the state of senselessness, he passed into one of uneasy sleep, disturbed by a thousand painful visions. The calamities of the past, the faithless friend, the selfish mistress, rose before him. He awoke from his slumbers, calling aloud on death to free him from the pangs of memory. As he opened his eyes, he found to his horror he was hanging over the edge of a rocky shelf, that overlooked a fearful chasm. With all the energy of self-preservation, he sprung from his situation, and gained a place of safety.

Under the influence of the gloom that oppressed him, he again approached the lake. What a moment was this! to drink of the waters, and lose for ever the world of the past! Sadak trembled, and a cold shuddering pervaded his frame. He felt how dear is the memory even of sorrow that has been; how desolate without it must be the dreary future, until future things have gone by, and in fading created a new past for the mind to recall and dwell on. As these thoughts passed over his mind, he began to loathe the black and deadly flood that lay before him; he turned hastily away, and beheld the Deev Alfakir

"Welcome Sadak!" he exclaimed;

"welcome to all thou hast wished! Forgetfulness is thine—forgetfulness of misery and disappointment. There flow the Waters of Oblivion; drink then, and be blessed!"

"I have thought anew of it," replied Sadak, "and hate the selfish and coward draught."

"Fool?" said the Deev, "ever changing and uncertain! but now thou didst call for death, yet fieddest to behold him near as the sparrow from the eagle. Bethink thee that, hereafter thou wilt wish and in vain, for these happy waters: the evils of thy life shall haunt thy remembrance with bitterness unceasing. Then thou wilt long for oblivion; but mortal comes not twice here. Drink, then, and secure peace while it offers."

Sadak paused—for a moment he wavered—It was but for a moment; "No!" he answered, "I will not drink! Thanks for thy offer and thy aid, though I will not avail myself of it. I will depart as I came."

"Depart!" shouted the laughing Deev, "how and when? Thinkest thou the boat will bear thee back in safety, who hast mocked its master, and despised his gifts? Trifle not! Did I bring thee hither to return with the memory of what thou hast seen—to prate to clay things like thyself of the fallen splendour of our race?—Once more I bid thee drink."

"I will not!" answered Sadak.

The Deev bent on him a look of darkness and of rage. His colossal figure shook with fury, as the mountain heaves and swells on the birth of an earthquake, lightening blazed in his eyes, and his voice was nigh choked as he thundered once more "Drink?"

Sadak spoke not—moved not.

"Then perish!"

The Deev twisted his hand in his victim's hair, raised him from the ground, and hurled him far aloft into the air. He rose to a fearful height, then turned and fell. The Waters of Oblivion received him—they parted and closed again over Sadak for ever.

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## NAVAL DISCIPLINE WITHOUT FLOGGING.

Lord Collingwood.—As his experience in command and his knowledge of the disposition of men increased, his abhorrence of corporal punishment grew daily stronger, and in the latter part of his life, more than a year has elapsed without his having resorted to it once. "I wish I were the Captain for your sakes," cried Lieutenant Clavell one day to some men, who were doing some part of their duty ill; when shortly after, a person touched him on the shoulder, and turning round, he saw the Admiral, who had overheard him. "And pray Clavell, what would you have done if you had been Captain?" "I would have flogged them well, Sir," "No you would not Clavell, no you would not," he replied; "I know you better." He used to tell the Ship's Company that he was determined the youngest midshipman should be obeyed as implicitly as himself, and that he would punish with great severity any instance to the contrary. When a midshipman made a complaint, he would order the man for punishment the next day; and in the interval calling the boy down to him, would say, "In all probability the fault was your's; but whether it were not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father, disgraced and punished on your account; and it will, therefore, give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon." When this recommendation, acting as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding; but at length would say, "This young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that, in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence." The punishments he substituted for the lash, were of many kinds, such as watering the grog, and other modes now happily general in the Navy. Among the rest was one which the men particularly dreaded. It was ordering any offender to be excluded from his mess, and be employed in every extra duty, so that he was every moment liable to be called upon deck for the meanest service, amid the laughter and jeers of the men and boys. Such an effect had this upon the sailors; that they have often declared that they would prefer having three dozen lashes; and, to avoid the recurrence of this punishment, the worst characters never failed to become attentive and orderly. How he sought to amuse and occupy the attention of the men appears in some of these letters. When they were sick, even while he was an Admiral, he visited them daily, and supplied them from his own table; and when they were convalescent, they were put under the charge of the Lieutenant of the morning watch, and daily brought up to the Admiral, for examination by him. The result of this conduct, was, that the

sailors considered him, and called him their father; and frequently, when he changed his ship, many of the men were seen in tears for his departure. But with all this there was no man who less courted, or to speak more truly, who held in more entire contempt, what is ordinarily styled popularity. He was never known to unbend with the men, while at the same time, he never used any coarse or violent language to them himself, or permitted it in others. "If you do not know a man's name," he used to say to the Officers, "call him sailor, and not you-sir, and such other appellations; they are offensive and improper."—*Corres. of Lord Collingwood.*

## NOTHING BUT HEARTS.

It must have been the lot of every whist player to observe a phenomenon at the card-table as mysterious as any in nature. I mean the constant recurrence of a certain trump throughout the night—a run upon a particular suit, that sets all the calculations of Hoyle and Cocker at defiance. The chance of turning up is equal to the Four Denominations. They should alternate with each other, on the average—whereas a Heart, perhaps, shall be the last card of every deal. King or Queen, Ace or Deuce, still it is of the same clan. You cut—and it comes again. "Nothing but Hearts!"

I had looked in by chance at the Royal Institution; a Mr. Professor Pattison, of New York, I believe, was lecturing, and the subject was—"Nothing but Hearts!"

Some hundreds of grave, curious, or scientific personages were ranged on the benches of the Theatre;—every one in his solemn black. On a table in front of the Professor, stood the specimens; hearts of all shapes and sizes—man's, woman's, sheep's, bullock's—on platters or in cloths, were lying about as familiar as household wares. Drawings of hearts, in black or blood-red, (dismal valentines!) hung around the fearful walls. Preparations of the organ in wax, or bottled, passed currently from hand to hand, from eye to eye, and returned to the gloomy table. It was like some solemn Egyptian Inquisition—a looking into dead men's hearts for their morals.

The Professor began. Each after each he displayed the samples; the words "auricle" and "ventricle" falling frequently on the ear, as he explained how those "solemn organs" pump in the human breast. He showed, by experiments with water, the operation of the valves with the blood, and the impossibility of its revulsion. As he spoke an indescribable thrilling or tremor crept over my left breast—thence down my side—and all over. I felt an awful consciousness of the bodily presence of my heart, till then nothing more than it is in a song—a mere metaphor—so imperceptible are all the grand vital workings of the human frame! Now I felt the organ distinctly. There it was!—a fleshy core—aye, like that on the Professor's plate—throbbing away auricle and ventricle, the valve allowing the gushing blood at so many gallons per minute, and ever prohibiting its return!

The Professor proceeded to enlarge on the important office of the great functionary and the vital engine seemed to dilate within me, in proportion to the sense of its stupendous responsibility. I seemed nothing but auricle, and ventricle, and valve. I had no breath, but only pulsations. Those who have been present at anatomical discussions can alone corroborate this feeling, how the part discoursed of, by a surpassing sympathy and sensibility, cause its counterpart to become prominent and all-engrossing to the sense; how a lecture on hearts makes a man seem to himself as all heart, or one on heads causes a phrenologist to conceive he is "all brain."

Thus was I absorbed:—my "bosom's lord," lording over every thing beside. By and bye, in lieu of one solitary machine, I saw before me a congregation of hundreds of human forcing pumps, all awfully working together—the palpitations of hundreds of auricles and ventricles, the flapping of hundreds of valves!—And anon they collapsed—mine—the Professor's—those on the benches—all! all!—into one great auricle—one great ventricle—one vast universal heart!

The lecture ended.—I took up my hat and walked out, but the discourse haunted me. I was full of the subject. A kind of fluttering, which was not to be cured even by the fresh air, gave me plainly to understand that my heart was not "in the Highlands," nor in any lady's keeping—but where it ought to be in my own bosom, and as hard at work as a parish pump. I plainly felt the blood—like the carriages on a birth-night, coming in by the auricle, and going out by the ventricle; and shuddered to fancy what must ensue either way, from any "breaking the line." Then occurred to me the danger of little particles absorbed in the blood, and accumulating to a stoppage at the valve,—the "pumps getting choked,"—a suggestion that made me feel rather qualmish, and for relief I made a call on Mrs. W———. The visit was ill chosen and mistimed, for the lady in question, by dint of good nature, and a romantic turn

—principally estimated by her young and female acquaintance,—had acquired the reputation of being "all heart." The phrase had often provoked my mirth,—but alas! the description was now over true. Whether nature had formed her in that mould, or my own distempered fancy, I know not, but there she sate, and looked the Professor's lecture over again. She was like one of those games alluded to in my beginning—"Nothing but Hearts!" Her nose turned up. It was a heart—and her mouth led a trump. Her face gave a heart—and her cap followed suit. Her sleeves puckered and plumped themselves into a heart shape—and so did her body. Her pincushion was a heart—the very back of her chair was a heart—her bosom was a heart. She was, "all heart" indeed!

*Hood's Whims and Oddities.*

## APPROACH OF EVEN.

The day is nearly spent, and the tir'd ploughman;
His labour o'er, hath wip'd his sweating brow,
And from his traces loos'd the wearied ox;
The careful husbandman pens up his flock:
Within the sheep-cot, and the cottager
Sits down contented to his coarse made supper.
Hark! thro' the air we hear the shepherd's pipe
Woo the calm evenings breeze, whilst he bewails
The approaching dark, as in his ears the bat
Hums out the peal of night. Within their palace
The burden rested bees count o'er their earnings
And sing o'er their days labour, or some sentinel
Seizes by the wing the lazy, thievish drone;
And executes the traitor. The muttering surge
Just chafes and foams against the sullen shore
Venting its grumbling sorrow for some wreck;
While list'ning Neptune strikes his silent trident,
And checks the hurrying waves. The sleepy echo
Listlessly from his low resounding cave,
Returns the lover's whisper on the wind,
O fair and sportless Even!

## PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON

"Lord Byron's face was handsome; eminently so in some respects. He had a mouth and a chin fit for Apollo, and when I first knew him, there were both lightness and energy all over his aspect. But his countenance did not improve with age, and there were always some defects in it. The jaw was too big for the upper part. It had all the wilfulness of a despot in it. The animal predominated over the intellectual part of his head, inasmuch as the face altogether was large in proportion to the skull. The eyes also were set too near one another; and the nose, though handsome in itself, had the appearance, when you saw it closely in front, of being grafted on the face, rather than growing properly out of it. His person was very handsome, though terminating in lameness, and tending to fat and effeminacy; which makes me remember what a hostile fair one objected to him, namely, that he had little beard, a fault which, on the other hand, was thought by another lady, not hostile, to add to the divinity of his aspect, —*imberbis Apollo.* His lameness was only in one foot; the left, and it was so little visible to casual notice, that as he lounged about a room (which he did in such a manner as to screen it) it was hardly perceivable. But it was a real and even a sore lameness. Much walking upon it fevered and hurt it, it was a shrunken foot, a little twisted. This defect unquestionably mortified him exceedingly, and helped to put sarcasm and misanthropy into his taste of life. Unfortunately, the usual thoughtlessness of schoolboys made him feel it bitterly at Harrow. He would wake, and find his leg in a tub of water. The reader will see (hereafter) how he felt it; whenever it was libelled, and in Italy, the only time I ever knew it mentioned, he did not like the subject, and hastened to change it. His handsome person so far rendered the misfortune greater, as it pictured to him all the occasions on which he might have figured in the eyes of company, and doubtless this was a great reason, why he had no better address. On the other hand, instead of losing him any real regard or admiration, his lameness gave a touching character to both.

He had a delicate white hand, of which he was proud, and he attracted attention to it by rings. He thought a hand of this description almost the only mark remaining now-a-days of gentleman, of which it certainly is not, nor of a lady either; though a coarse one implies handiwork He often appeared holding a handkerchief, upon which his jewelled fingers lay imbedded, as in a picture. He was as fond of fine linen, as a Quaker, and had the remnant of his hair oiled and trimmed with all the anxiety of a Sardanapalus. The visible character to which this effeminacy gave rise, appears to have indicated itself as early as his travels in the Levant, where the Grand Signior is said to have taken him for a woman in disguise."—*Hunt's Lord Byron.*

## THE STEAM ENGINE.

"The Steam Engine," says Mr. Farey, in his treatise recently published, "is an invention highly creditable to human genius and industry; for it exhibits the most valuable application of phi-

losophical principles to the arts of life, and has produced greater and more general changes in the practice of mechanics than has ever been effected by any one invention recorded in history. All other inventions appear insignificant when compared with the modern steam engine. A ship, with all her accessaries, and the extent of knowledge requisite to conduct her through a distant voyage, are most striking instances of the intellectual power of man, and of his enterprising disposition. The steam engine follows next in the scale of inventions, when considered in reference to its utility, and as an instance of the preserving ingenuity of man to bend the powers of nature to his will, and employ their energies to supply his real and artificial wants; but when we consider the steam engine as a production of genius, it must be allowed to take the lead of all other inventions. The natives of Britain will more readily grant this pre-eminence to the steam engine, from the circumstance of its having been invented and brought into general use by their countrymen within a century; and particularly as it has been one of the principal means of effecting those great improvements, which have taken place in all our national manufactures within the last thirty years :—that amazing increase of productive industry, which has enabled us to extend our commerce to its present magnitude, could never have been effected without the aid of this new power. In fact there is every reason to suppose, that if the steam engine had not been brought into use, this country, instead of increasing in wealth and prosperity, during the last century, would have retrograded greatly, because the mines of coals, iron, copper, lead, and tin, which have in all ages formed so considerable a portion of the wealth of England, were at the beginning of the last century nearly exhausted, and worked out to the greatest depths to which it was practicable to draw off the water by acqueducts and simple machinery; and without the aid of steam engines it is probable, that fuel, timber, and all the common metals, would long since have become too scarce in England, to have supplied the necessities of a numerous population."

## LORD BYRON'S DISLIKE OF HIS COUNTRY.

He cared nothing at all for England. He disliked the climate; he disliked the manners of the people; he did not think hem a bit better than other nations, and tad he entertained all these opinions in a spirit of philosophy, he would have been right; for it does not become a man of genius to 'give up,' even to his country, 'what is meant for mankind.' He was not without some of this spirit; but undoubtedly his greatest dislike of England was owing to what he had suffered there, and to the ill opinion which he thought was entertained of him. It was this that annoyed him in Southey. I believe if he entertained a mean opinion of the talents of any body, it was of Southey's, and he had the greatest contempt for his political conduct (a feeling which is more common with men of letters than Mr. Southey fancies): but he believed that the formal and the foolish composed the vast body of the middle orders in England; with these he looked upon Mr. Southey as in great estimation; and whatever he did to risk individual good opinion—however he preferred fame and 'a sensation,' at all hazards—he did not like to be thought ill of by any body of people.—*Hunt's Lord Byron.*

## THREE FINGERED JACK.

Obi; or, Three fingered jack, the Famous Negro Robber, was the terror of Jamaica, in the years 1780 and 1781, he was an obi-man, and by his professed incantations, was the dread of the Negroes there were also many white people, who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. He had neither accomplices nor associates, he robbed alone; fought all his battles alone, and either killed his pursuers, or retreated into difficult fastnesses where none dared to follow him. It was thus that he terrified the Inhabitants, and set the civil power, and the neighbouring militia at defiance for two years.

At length allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in a proclamation dated the 12th December, 1789, and by a resolution which followed it of the house of Assembly, two Negroes, Quasher and Sams, both of Scots Hall, Maroon Town, with a party of their townsmen went in search of him.

Quasher before he set out on the expedition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced, and the whole party crept about the woods for three weeks, but in vain. Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of warfare, resolved on proceeding in search of Jack's retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy of spirit, and who was a good shot, and then left the rest of the party. These three had not

been long separated, before their keen eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise, and soon discovered smoke.

They prepared for an encounter, and came upon Jack before he perceived them, he was roasting plantains by a little fire on the ground at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene in which it was not for ordinary actors to play. Jack's looks were fierce and terrific, he told them he would kill them. Reeder instead of shooting Jack, replied that obi had no power to hurt him for he was christened, and that his name was no longer Quasher. Jack knew Reeder, and as if paralysed, let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass. Jack and Reeder had a desperate engagement some years before in the woods, in which conflict Jack lost two fingers, which was the origin of his name: but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him.

Jack would easily have beat both Sam and Reeder, who were at first afraid of him, but he had prophesied that white obi would get the better of him, and from experience he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hand of Reeder. Without further parley, Jack with the cutlass in his hand threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire, but Sam shot him in the shoulder, Reeder like an English bull-dog never looked, but with his cutlass in hand plunged down head long after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses.

Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts began their bloody struggle, the little boy, who was ordered to keep back out of harms way, now reached the top of the precipice, and during the fight shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a circuitous way to get to the field of action, but when he arrived at the spot where it commenced, Jack and Reeder had closed and tumbled together down another precipice, on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them, but he also lost his cutlass among the trees and bushes. When he came up to them, he found that though without weapons, they were not idle. Luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and Sam came up just in time to save him, for Jack had caught him by the throat with a giant's grasp. Reeder was then with his right hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his wounds; both were covered with gore and gashes. In this state Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of rock.* The little boy soon came up, and with his cutlass they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, which they carried in triumph to Kingston, and received the promised reward.—*Percy Anec*

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## On SPENCER the POET. By Brown.

**He sung the Heroic Knights of Fairy land,**
**In lines so elegant, and with such command,**
**That had the Thracian play'd but half so well,**
**He had not left Eurydice in hell.**

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## INFALLIBLE CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

Calculate your income, and be sure you do not let your expenses be quite so much—lay by some for a rainy day. Never follow fashions—but let the fashions follow you: that is, direct your business and expenses by your own judgment, not by the custom of fools, who spend more than their income. Never listen to the tales of complainers, who spend their breath in crying hard times, and do nothing to mend them. Every man may live within his income, and thereby preserve his independence. If a man is poor his taxes are small, unless he holds an estate which he cannot pay for, in such case he does not own it, and therefore ought to let the owner take it. Industry and economy will for ever triumph over hard times, and disappoint poverty—therefore, the general cry, "we cannot pay the taxes and live," is absolutely false.

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## TRIBUTARY LINES to the MEMORY OF EDWIN THE COMEDIAN.

**Here rests his head, and may it rest in peace.**
**May sorrow vanish, and may trouble cease**
**Here rests the frolic son of truant mirth,**
**That nature smil'd on at his dawning birth:**
**View'd him, delighted, with a mother's eye,**
**And beckoned Edwin from his infancy;**
**Whate'er was mirthful to the public gave,**
**And veil'd his foibles in the silent grave.**
**Thus the proud column, by the artist's hand,**
**Braves the high air, an emblem of command**
**Till, struck by time, its pride is overthrown,**
**And all its beauty in a moment gone.**
**No farther seek his praise, or blame to scan,**
**Or praised or pitied, Edwin was a man.**

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* See the embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 1.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

### PROTECTION TO M. P'S.

THE privilege of protection to the Members of Parliament, bears the stamp of antiquity, for we find so early as the Saxon Government, that security was provided to all the members of the Wittenagemote (or Council of the Wise Men), in the going to, or returning from, their meetings, "except they were notorious thieves and robbers."

### PRACTITIONERS IN SURGERY AND PHLEBOTOMY.

EDWARD IV. (son of Richard, Duke of York,) granted the Charter of Incorporation to Barber-Surgeons; the barber and surgeon being performed by the same operators in this branch of arts for three centuries and upwards.

The first introduction of surgery to the shaving community, is said to have been by the priesthood of the darker ages, who were then the only practitioners, but finding the expertness of barbers in the use of their edge tools in removing the hair that protruded forward on the parts they wished bare, initiated them in making salves, the dressing of wounds, bleeding, and tooth-drawing. Such was the origin of barber-chirurgery. In the fourteenth century however the barbers gained ground so fast in the practice of surgery, that in France, the Legislature interfered, but their old friends, the priests, putting in a good word for them, they were admitted into a newly formed surgical establishment under the title of Barber-Surgeons, so that the co-partnership between shaving and surgery has existed in France and England until near the present time, 1827.

### PRICE OF WAGES TO HUSBANDMEN AND LABOURERS.

In the year 1539, the wages of husbandmen and labourers, were 8d. a day, each. In the reign of Henry VIII. the wages of a falconer were generally a groat a day, with 1d. per day for the food of each hawk under his care. A huntsman received 35s. 5d. a quarter, and as well as most of the other servants, he had 4d. a day for his board wages. The allowance for the board of boys of the stable, 26d. each per week: and of the king's riding boys, 2s. a week each. The keeper of the Barbary horse was allowed 1s. and 8d. per week, for his board, his wages being £4. a year; the hen taker was, however, better paid, as he received 45s. 7d. a quarter. The regular wages of the king's waterman were 10s. a quarter. The fool's wages were 15s. a quarter. The gardener of York place, (Cardinal Wolsey's,) and of Baulie or New Hall, in Suffolk, received about £12 per annum. The gardener of Greenwich, £20 a year, and the gardener of Windsor and Wandstead, £4 per annum.

### FEMALE ANCESTOR OF THE QUEENS MARY AND ANNE.

THE wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of the History of the Rebellion, was a Welsh pot girl, who, being extremely poor in her own country, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and he happening to fix his affections on her, she became his wife; himself dying soon after, leaving her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. Among those who frequented the tap at the brewhouse, was a Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the Brewer's widow to the altar. Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent, and at the command of a large fortune, quickly rose in his profession, becoming head of the Chancery Bench, and was afterwards the celebrated Hyde Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter the offspring of this union, won the heart of James, Duke of York, and was married to him. His Majesty (Charles II.) sent immediately for his brother, and having first plied him with some very sharp raillery on the subject, finished by saying, "James as you have brewn, so you must drink;" and forthwith commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated this enviable consummation in the person of his amiable Duchess. Her daughters however, were Queen Mary the wife of William, and Queen Anne, both grandchildren of the ci-devant pot girl from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—(No. I.)

### FESTIVALS HELD ON THE EPIPHANY AT ROME.

IN Rome, on the evening of the Epiphany, a feast is held, particularly dear to children. Not that they draw King and Queen, as in England, or have their Fête des Rois, as observed at Commercy in France. But cakes, sweetmeats, fruit, and an assemblage of othe good things are

sold and given away upon this occasion. The Piazza della Rotonda is distinguished by the tasteful appearance of the cake and fruit stalls, loaded with conserves and the choicest of Pomona's gifts, splendidly decorated with flowers, and irradiated by ornamental paper lanterns, the whole appearance having a very pleasing effect.

Persons dressed up to resemble the grotesque appearances of Mother Bunch and Mother Goose, under the appellation of Beffana, are led about the streets to the gratification of their pleased spectators, who never fail to display a fund of popular wit at their expense. But these visible Beffanas are nothing in importance to the invisible. When the children retire to bed, it is usual to hang at their head a stocking, when if the child has behaved itself to the satisfaction of its friends, the stocking is filled with sweetmeats, &c. before morning, but if otherwise, the offended Beffana places within it stones and dirt, so that many smiles and tears are occasioned by the dispensation of the gifts of the Beffana.

The carnival commences at Rome on Twelfth day, (see our Chronology,) when every species of entertainment and spectacle are resorted to, though not carried to the excess of by-gone days. The great support of the carnival is occasioned by the attendance of vast multitudes of foreigners, who crowd to Rome to be witnesses of a spectacle, to which they are the principal contributors. The pleasing variety of the scene has an attraction for them, which is wanting to the Italians. To the visitants of other countries, the carnival and festivals now owe their splendour.

## DERIVATION OF NAMES AND PHRASES.

"Saint Mary Overy," "Saint Mary over Rhe; i. e. over the River."—"Waltham;" "Wealdnam."—"Billingsgate" to have been "Belings or Bellings gate" —"Charter House," corrupted from "Chartreux," and that from "Carthusian;" the name of an order of Friars.—"Worcester," from "Wireceaster."—"Farnham," from "Fernham;" a bed of Fern.—"Surrey," from "Suthrhe, or Suthrey;" the south side of the River.—"Wolverhampton," from "Vulpene's Hampton;" who built a monastery, &c.—"Rosamond," from "Rosa Mundi."—"Rosemary," from "Ros Mary."—"Seymour," from "Sain Maur."—"Gibraltar," from "Ghibal Tairiff."—To "Cabbage," should be "Kabage;" a northern word for STEAL.—"Selvedge," or "Salvedge;" or "safe edge."—"Swithin," from "Swithealm," meaning very high.—"Botolph," from "Botall."—"Cyprian," from "Cypria;" a name of Venus.—"Dunstan," from two words "Dun and Stan;" denoting a high hill or mountain.—"Garret," from "Gerard and Gerald."—"Guy," from "Guido or Guidi;" i. e. a guide or director.—"Borough, Burgh, and Brough," from "Burgus," meaning a fortified place."—"Acre," from "Ager."—"Bach or Beck," a river, or streamlet.—"Combe," a valley.—"Thorp," a village.—"Kirk" from "Kuirace;" i. e. a church.

## Anecdotiana.

### THE OCCASION OF BRUCE'S PERSEVERANCE.

THE principal features of this Anecdote which rests only on tradition in the families of the name of Bruce, according to Sir W. Scott, in his recently published work for the juvenile classes, the Tales of a Grandfather, has for a period of time found its way, into collections of miscellanea, but as there is a novel difference in the account, as related by Sir W. in the above work to that so often printed, we are induced to give it a place within our columns. "Bruce after receiving the last unpleasant intelligence from Scotland, was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and dismissing his followers, transport himself, and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought perhaps to deserve the forgiveness of Heaven, for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the Church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered was much more his duty, than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise. While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do. Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay, and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of his own spinning, was endea-

vouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing himself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which he meant to stretch his web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed at what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done; I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider, if the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful; I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country again." While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion, with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeding in fastening the thread on its beam, which it had so often attempted to reach. Bruce seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune, and has he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable check or defeat Sir W. adds that he has known many people of the name Bruce, so firm in their belief of the truth of this story, that they would on no account kill a spider, because it was an insect, which had shewn the example of perseverance, and given the signal of good luck, to their great namesake.

## EPIGRAM ON THE GOUT

(From the Greek.

Goddess who shunn'st the cottage gate,
Companion of the rich and great;
To feet of strangers you confide,
Your arms a crutch on either side,
Whilst tottering round the gilded room,
You fling the costly rich perfume;
To you the tables' sumptuous fare,
And rose encircled wreath are dear,
For you the mantling bowl shall flow!
(Joys which the poor can never know)
In whose sad path, with thorns o'erspread,
Your pamper'd form shall never tread;
But to the purple couch shall go,
Where lies in state the great man's toe.

### HENRY IV.

Being importuned to allow the prosecution of a person who had written at libel on him, magnanimously replied, "I cannot in conscience do any harm to a man who tells truth, although it may be unpalatable.

### FRANCIS THE FIRST AND THE MONK.

Guyon, a French historian, relates that a monk, playing at tennis with Francis I. against several noblemen, struck a blow which decided the match in favour of the king. Francis surprised at his skill, said "that was a fine stroke for a monk." "Sire," replied the monk, it shall be the stroke of an abbe whenever you think fit." The king highly pleased at his reply, gave him an abbe, which fell vacant three days afterwards.

### CATO OF UTICA.

It is told of this great man, that in a certain debate in the assembly of the Senate, that he was making a long speech, merely for the purpose of protracting the business, and preventing the adoption of a measure which he disapproved. His intention being evident, Julius Cæsar (then Consul, and friendly to the measure in question,) determined to put an end to his obnoxious harrangue; and with that view, arbitrarily ordered an officer to take him into custody, and conduct him to prison. But no sooner was the order issued, than the entire assembly at once rose from their seats, to accompany him, and partake of his imprisonment; so great was the respect which his countrymen bore towards him. The effect this voluntary movement had upon Cæsar induced him by a sense of shame, to revoke his imperious mandate.

### HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Of all the vices that men are addicted to, perhaps there is none more pernicious, or more baneful in its effects than gaming, for your gamester never has any scruples as to the stakes, he hazards, however disgraceful the act he is about to commit may be to his character and honour. This perhaps may be exemplified by a disgraceful transaction related of Henry the Eighth, who was much addicted to deep play, it being told of him, that once playing high with a Sir Miles Partridge, and having a run of ill luck, and being at a loss for another venture, he staked Jesus bells, as they were termed, (the stake consisting of four bells hanging in one of the towers of Old St. Paul's church,) which were lost by the dice cast, turning up in favour of his lucky adversary. An old author makes the following remark on Sir Miles's winning the bells, that though by such unworthy means, he did cause he bells to ring in his pocket, yet he could not prevent the ropes twisting about his neck: for he was afterwards hanged, for malpractices in the reign of Edward the Sixth.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The underwritten lines are the effusion of two of the greatest spirits of the time in which they lived, the personages being Queen Elizabeth of immortal memory, and the ill-starred Sir Walter Raleigh. The first line was written on a window of one of the palaces of Queen Elizabeth. by Sir Walter Raleigh, and runs thus:—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,"

Which being perceived by the Queen, and perhaps knowing the style of the Knight's hand, she wrote underneath:—

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

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### QUEEN ELIZABETH AND LORD BURLEIGH.

Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, th Lord Treasurer of England, under Queen Elizabeth, enjoyed a large portion of her favour, for we find according to the witty Fuller, that her Majesty, "counted him for his wisdom, not only her Treasurer, but her principal treasure." And although she had an aversion to her Nobles sitting in her presence, yet she would permit her favourite Lord Treasurer to enjoy the honour of being seated when before her at Court, as he was occasionally troubled with the gout, not forgetting at the same time to tell him. "My Lord, we make much of you not for your bad legs, but for your good head."

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### RAVAILLAC.

In Sir Walter Raleigh's preface to his History of the World, he gives the following as the exclamation of the deranged regicide Ravaillac, while perpetrating the assassination of Henry the Fourth, of France.

——— Thus the smallest things,
Can stop the breath of Kings.

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### SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The Etiquette observed in the Royal Palaces of Spain, for keeping order at Court, being still carried to as great excess in the present day as formerly, induces us to give the following anecdote, which plainly shews however fatal the consequences may be, that a Spaniard would sooner fall a martyr to his pride, than give way to the rules of Etiquette, and lessen his grandeur

Philip the Third being gravely seated—as Spaniards generally are—by a chimney where the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair; and the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the ETIQUETTE.

At length, the Marquis de Pota' appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires; but he excused himself; alleging that he was forbidden by the ETIQUETTE to perform such a function, for which the Duke d' Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The Duke was gone out; the fire burned fiercer; and the king endured it, rather than derogate from his DIGNITY. But his blood was heated to such a degree that an erysipelas broke out in his head the next day; which being succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

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### FREDERICK THE GREAT AND ZIMMERMAN.

Dr. Zimmerman, the author and physician of celebrity, known in England by his works on Solitude, and National Pride, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great, in his last illness. One day, the king said to him, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return, was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery.—"Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honour to myself."

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### THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, AND GENERAL OGLETHORPE

During the voyage of Mr. Wesley to America, he hearing an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, (the Governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed, stepped in to enquire the cause of it, of which the General immediately addressed him; "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as i agrees with me the best of any. I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain Grimaldi," (his foreign servant who was present, and almost dead with fear,) "has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged of him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man of war that sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me, for *I never forgive.*" "Then, I hope, Sir," said John Wesley, looking calmly at him, "*you never sin.*" The general was quite confounded at the reproof, and putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "There villian, take my keys, and behave better for the future"

### RECEIPT FOR MAKING FRIENDSHIP.

IN Pliny's Natural History we find a very curious receipt for making Roman friendship, the principal ingredients of which were union of hearts, a flower that grew in several parts of the empire—sincerity, frankness, disinterestedness, pity, and tenderness, of each an equal quantity. These were all made up together, with two rich oils, which they called perpetual kind wishes, and serenity of temper, and the whole was strongly perfumed with the desire of pleasing, which gave it a most grateful smell, and was a sure restorative against vapours of all sorts. The cordial, thus prepared, was of so durable a nature, that no length of time could waste it; but what is more remarkable, says our author, it increased in its weight and value the longer you kept it.

### EPIGRAM.

Philemon Holland, Doctor of Physic, who died in his 85th year, February 9th, 1636; wrote the following epigram on his having written a large folio with a single pen.

With one sole pen I writ this book,
Made of a grey goose quill;
A pen it was when it I took,
And a pen I leave it still.

On which Dr. Fuller observes, that, "he must have leaned very LIGHTLY on the nib thereof, though WEIGHTY enough in another sense.

The practice of using only one pen, was followed by two other celebrated voluminous writers, viz. John Bunyan, and Matthew Henry.

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The literary feats of Philemon were only exceeded by Andrew Toraqueau, who is said to have produced a book and a child every year, till there were twenty of each, or, as some say, thirty. This, with the circumstance of his being a water drinker, was the occasion of the following humorous epitaph:—

Here lies a man, who drinking only water,
Wrote twenty books, with each had son or daughter;
Had he but used the juice of gen'rous vats,
The world would scarce have held his books and brats.

### EXTRAORDINARY LENGTH OF A TIGER.

MR. RICHARD WILSON, an eminent lawyer, and member of the Beef Steak Club, one day called at the Secretary's office in the India House upon Cobb, author of the Siege of Belgrade, and many other dramatic pieces, who happened for a few minutes to be absent; but, on returning, whom should he see but Dick, earnestly exploring a map of Asia that was suspended on the wall, measuring the scale of it with a pair of compasses that he found on the table, and then applying them to a large tiger, which the artist had introduced to embellish it, as one of the animals of that country. "By heavens, Cobb," exclaimed Dick, "I should never have believed it! Surely, it must be a mistake. Observe now—here," pointing to the tiger, "here is a tiger that measures two and twenty leagues By G—, it is scarcely credible!"—*Clubs of London*

### THE ORIGIN OF THE BLACK RACE.

IN Caldcleugh's Travels in South America, we find the following opinion of the Brazilians, as to the cause and origin of the blackness of the skins of the Negroes, at least as far as tradition goes. The lower orders of Brazilians consider the Negroes to be the most inferior in the scale of human beings, and their belief as to their original formation, is not a little singular.

At the time say they, of the creation of Adam, Satan looked on, and formed a man of clay, but becoming disgusted at the blackness of every thing he touched, he determined to wash the being of his creation white in the river Jordan; on his nearing the river, its waters retired, leaving barely time to push the black man on the wet sand, which touching the soles of his feet, and the palms of his hands, accounts for the whiteness of these parts. The devil in a state of irritation struck his creation on the nose, by which the flatness of that organ was accomplished. The Negro then begged for mercy, and humbly represented that no blame could be attached to him, upon which his satannic Majesty, somewhat pacified, patted him on the head, and by the heat of his hands, curled his hair in the way it is seen in the present day. Such is the fanciful idea of the Brazilians, respecting the origin of the Black race.

### MAGNANIMITY OF A BLIND AND AGED INDIAN CHIEF.

THE anecdote related is of an ancient patriarch of the Cherokees, who through extreme old age, had become blind, and wishing not to become a burthen to his countrymen, addressed them at their council as follows:——"You yet love me what can I do now to merit your regard? nothing. I am good for nothing; I cannot see to shoot the buck, or hunt up the sturdy bear; I know I am but a burthen to you; I have lived long enough; now let my spirit go; I want to see the warriors of my youth in the land of spirits,

(bareing his breast): here is the hatchet, take it and strike." They answered his harangue with one united voice, "we will not, we cannot, we want you here, for if age has taken your strength, it has left your wisdom and experience."

BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

THE sensation created by the late memorable Naval Victory, in the Harbour of Navarino, has made us take a glance at the pages of History, where we find the following curious circumstances relative to the town, and its bay,—where the combined powers of England, France, and Russia, took signal vengeance on the Turks for their late dishonourable conduct. First, we find, according to classic lore, that Navarino, under the ancient name of Pylus, was the birth-place of the venerable and experienced Nestor, who sailed with ninety ships against Troy. Secondly, we find, that the bay was the scene of action as far back as June, 1246, when a fleet was taken in the harbour belonging to the Turks under Selista Bassa, destined for the Seige of Candia; and again we find, that the Venetians who were masters of the town of Navarino by conquest, had it retaken from them by their enemy the Turks in 1499. Thirdly, the day of the month on which the above victory was obtained, namely the twenty first of October, was the anniversary of the battle of Salamis, when the invading army of Xerxes was defeated by the Greeks, and on which the celebrated Greek Trajic poet Euripides was born; and lastly, the attack which has added another laurel to the honour of British valour was made on the eve of the anniversary of the glorious Victory of Trafalgar, which closed the eventful career of our beloved countryman Lord Nelson.

SQUARE TOED SHOES.

IN the reign of Queen Mary, square toed shoes were in fashion, and worn of such a prodigious breadth, that a proclamation was made, interdicting their being worn by any person above six inches square.

COLUMBUS'S EPITAPH.

READERS must be quite lost in conjecture, when they attempt to form any opinion as to which is the correct Epitaph, that was engraved on the tomb of the celebrated Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, when they find that Historians and Biographers, record inscriptions so very different, Dr. Robertson from his extensive reading and research we think would have been as likely as any writer to have been near the truth, and we find that he merely observes in his History of America, that he died at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506, making no mention of the place of his interment. And is silent about any Epitaph on his tomb. Another writer speaks as to his being interred in the Cathedral of Seville, where a monument was erected to his memory, with this inscription:—

"To Castile and Leon Columbus has given a New World."

Leading us to suppose his information was correct, but on looking into the pages of a work, by an Old Writer, bearing date 1652, containing an account of the City of Seville, the following mention is made of this great navigator, and his Epitaph:—

"At this place resteth the body of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, with this Epitaph on his tomb:—

I, Christopher Columbus, whom the land
Of Genoa first brought forth, first took in hand
(I know not by what deity incited)
To scull the western waves, and was delighted
To find such coasts as were unknown before,
The event was good, for I descried the shore
Of the New World, that it might learn to obey,
Philip, which o'er the Spanish, should bear sway;
And yet I greater matters left behind,
For men of more means, and a braver mind."

PITAPH ON THE LATE MICHAEL KELLY.

MR. THOMAS DIBDIN, the Lopez de Vega of England, in his pleasant Reminiscences, observes, that had he been tempted to have written an Epitaph on his friend Michael Kelly, the eminent composer and vocalist, he should have written as follows:—

Here lies (and you seldom have met with his like,
For simple sincerity) good natured Mike:
His rich native humours, his purse, heart, and table,
With genuine welcome, he gave you while able;
No sycophant he, as true candour must vouch,
Though without any disinclination to *Crouch*,
To those who were "pleased to be pleased,"
few would bring
More talent for rational mirth; let him sing,
Say, mimic, or blunder, he kept up the ball;
Was severe upon none, unaffected to all:
He pleased by a manner completely his own,
The theatre, festival, cottage, or throne;
Placed high on a sixpenny seat, none so low
But cried "Bravo Mike Kelly!" or next would
you go,
To see Michael where rank with philanthropy
reign'd
You'd find to invite him his king not disdain'd.
Though puritan zeal Mike's profession should
curse,
Such self-esteemed betters than him may
prove worse;
For tranquil, nay cheerful, to death he resign'd
him,
When he left many saints, and more sinners
behind him.

# Diary and Chronology.

JANUARY the First Month of the Year, is named from Janus the two-faced god, to whom it was sacred, Juno being its tutelar divinity, according to the Romans, the artificers of which country, (Rome,) were desirous on the first day of this month to commence such works as they contemplated the completion of within the course of the Year. According to Verstegan's Restitution of decayed Intelligence, the Saxon's called this month "Wolfmonat," or Wolf-month; from the wolves, the inhabitants of our ancient forests, impelled by hunger and the inclemency of the season, being wont to prowl for food to the terror of human nature. The Saxons also called this month Aefter Yule, from following after Christmas, or Yule-tide.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. 1 | New Yrs Day. Circumcision. St. Fulgentius, St. Mochua St. Fanchea (Ir. Saints.) | Jan. 1. | According to the Romans this day was sacred to Janus, god of gates and avenues, to Juno, Jupiter, and Esculapius the god of Physic. William the Conqueror crowned King at Westminster, 1067, after the battle of Hastings, Harold the Danish Monarch being slain. Sir John Hotham and his son beheaded, 1645. Norfolk Town, Virginia, United States, destroyed by the British forces 1776. Violent Storm in Denmark, which blew down the steeple of the great church, & numbers of houses, and tore up entire forests, 1515. The Greeks being master of the Morea, threw off the Turkish Yoke, and declared the independence of the Greek Nation, 1822. Union of Great Britain with Ireland, 1801. St. Macarius of Alexandria, A. D. 394. |
| 2 | St. Macarius, and St Adalard. | —— 2 | St. Adalard, grandson of Charles Martel. Born 754, died 827. Ovid the Latin Poet, born at Sulmo, and died A. D. 17, ÆT 60 years. Livy the Historian died the same year. This day was considered by the Romans an unfortunate day. French troops evacuated Koningsburg, 1813. Dr. John Mason Good, M. D. died 1827. ÆT 62, author and editor of several works, and principal contributor to the Pantalogia. |
| —— 3 | St. Genevieve Patroness of Paris. St. Anteras. St. P. Balsam St. Titus, St | —— 3 | St. Genevieve, born at Nanterre, 422, and died on this day 512, ÆT 90. Departure of Lord Castlereagh to the Head Quarters of the Allied Powers to treat for Peace, 1814. St. Rumon, according to Butler, was a Bishop, but when born, and of what nation, |
| —— 4 | Gregory, St Rigobert, St Rumon. | —— 4 | is unknown. He is said to have consecrated a Monastery, built by Ordgar, Count of Devon. Roger Ascham, latin secretary to Queen Elizabeth, died 1568, ÆT 53. |
| —— 5 | Saint Simeon Stylites. | —— 5 | St. Simeon Stylites is noticed by Butler as a man that astonished the whole Roman Empire by his Mortifications, he was buried at Antioch. Great Miracles were wrought at his sepulture. The Eve of the Epiphany; in Germany the custom of electing of Kings by the bean. Death of H R H. the Duke of York 1827 ÆT 63 Edward the Confessor died 1066, ÆT 65, the first King of England that touched for the evil |

*See page 24.*

## THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING.

From the recent published Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable George Canning, which has been ascribed to the pen of Dr. Styles, we give a few extracts. Though considerable care and assiduity has been used in the compilation of these volumes, little more has been done than might have been effected by a recurrence to the public press, from the time Mr. Canning first entered parliament. Feeling confident that most of our readers must be tolerably conversant with the birth, parentage and authorship of this great man, from the many sketches of his life, that were published before, and at the time of his death, we shall confine ourselves to the reverend author's account of the duel, and how occasioned, which took place between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, on the 21st Sept. 1809; the anecdote of Mr. C.'s benevolence; the Epitaph on the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, which we insert for the purpose of correcting the error that has arisen by the *jeu d'esprit* being attributed to Mr. Canning, when the author of it was a Mr. Gaspey, (a gentleman known to the literary world as the author of several novels, and other able miscellaneous productions;) and the character of Mr. Canning, political and literary, as summed up by his biographer.

### DUEL OF MR. CANNING, AND LORD CASTLEREAGH.

"We have now arrived at the period when it is our painful task to record a transaction which reflects no honour on the parties concerned, except that they proceeded to their meditated work of mutual destruction with a cool and determined courage; the one thirsting for revenge, the other most willing to render satisfaction. Good God! the satisfaction of inflicting or receiving the direst injury that one human being can experience from the hands of another! We refer to the duel which took place between Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning.

"Duelling is a barbarous relic of other times, and ought long ago to have vanished with wager of battle, to which it is nearly allied, and the other ferocities of a half civilized state. It is little to the credit of our boasted improvement in manners, that the pettiest quarrels are now terminated by a deliberate act of murder, which involves, in many instances, the double guilt of revenge and suicide; or it is avoided by a shuffling meanness, which creeps through

an affront, destitute altogether of that noble magnanimity which either forgives or disdains retaliation, from a sense of conscious rectitude, and the fear of offending Almighty God. We feel, indeed, that on this, and many other points, professed Christians are practical atheists; and that to urge upon them the dictates of Christianity, and the obligation of the divine law, would be only to expose both ourselves and their religion to the utmost derision and contempt. If every instance where the lives of the murderers who meet to consummate a duel are put in jeopardy involves a high degree of moral guilt, this guilt must be deeply aggravated where the parties occupy stations of great responsibility. Parents and husbands live not for themselves only, but for those who depend upon them, and to whose comfort and happiness their continuance in this world seems to be indispensable. When, in addition to these natural relations, there are annexed those which involve the prosperity of nations —when the individuals sustain the weight of empire, and have duties to perform which embrace the entire circles of society, such men are bound by the most sacred considerations to live for that community which has intrusted its interests to their hands. To stake a nation's weal against a personal affront, and to sacrifice one's country because we have quarrelled with a friend, or provoked an enemy, is a baseness for which nothing can atone.

As to the affair of honour, which had nearly deprived the country in one moment of two members of parliament, and the cabinet of its most important ministers, it seems to us, in the one case, to have been precipitated by blinded rage, and to have been yielded to in the other merely because it was demanded;—perhaps the severe law of custom left no alternative. In high life, as it is called, if a man is challenged, he must fight. The question, then, to be answered is, whether Lord Castleagh was justified, according to the usage of society, in this particular, in calling out his right honourable antagonist. For our own parts, we are so dull and unapprehensive, that we cannot perceive that the noble lord's honour was at all wounded in the matter of his complaint. That his feelings were irritated, and that, mortified to the quick, he wanted some victim on *which* to wreak that indignation which he was not *then* prepared to vent upon himself, we can easily imagine. But it does not appear to us that his charge of duplicity against his colleague is at all made out. The head and front of Mr. Canning's offending was sim-

ply, that instead of communicating immediately to the noble lord what, from a younger man than his lordship, might have been deemed by him an arrogant assumption of superiority, Mr. Canning conferred with the head of the administration on the subject; he tendered his own resignation, which that noble person refused to accept, and he consented to remain in office only on condition that the Duke of Portland, and the elder members of the cabinet, would take upon themselves the delicate task of inducing Lord Castlereagh to exchange the war department for another more suited to his talents, and for which he was better qualified. This the parties to whom the affair was intrusted neglected to do, and by a breach of confidence, on whom chargeable it is not known, Lord Castlereagh was informed that Mr. Canning had demanded his dismission. On this slight and insufficient ground the noble lord immediately wrote to Mr. Canning, in the moment of feverish irritation, and while the failure of the expedition to the Scheldt, like a fiery viper, was gnawing upon his heart. But for the agitation of his mind, his lordship must have perceived, that Mr. Canning had only exercised his right of acting with whom he pleased, and that, in tendering his resignation, in order that he might leave the noble lord in full possession of his power, the responsibility of which he was no longer willing to share with him, he had thrown the onus of his dismission upon his superiors in the cabinet, who, as they had determined to retain Mr. Canning, and to dismiss the minister at war, ought to have charged themselves with the whole transaction, without betraying the confidence, which would not have been reposed in them, had they simply permitted him to retire."

BENEVOLENCE OF MR. CANNING.

'Mr. Canning's whole life bore ample testimony to his benevolence. He was eminently distinguished by the charities of human nature, and was perpetually diffusing happiness around the circle in which he moved. No man could be more alive to appeals made to his compassion. By his humane interference, he saved the life of one of the Cato-street conspirators. It is said that, being on a visit at his friend's house, Mr. Ellis, now Lord Seaford, at Seaford, in taking one of his early morning walks, he was caught in a very violent squall, when he was invited into the signal house on Beachy Head, occupied by a lieutenant in the navy, where every civility was paid him as a stranger, then wholly unknown to the inmates. Mr. Canning, while taking his homely breakfast under this hospitable roof, amused himself with noticing the younger branches of the family, which were numerous. Mr. Canning said to the veteran, "Why do you not send the boy to sea?" "How can I afford that?" replied the lieutenant; "I assure you, sir, it is with difficulty I find the means of filling out their jackets; would to God I could send him to sea!" "And then," said Mr. Canning, "of what profession are your daughters, how do they employ themselves?—one, I see, is grown up." "Why, sir, this eldest girl is astonishingly clever at her needle, and I should like to have her sent to some dress-maker's." The stranger guest departed; but in a few days the boy was sent for, fitted out as a midshipman, and is now a lieutenant; the girl was provided with the situation suited to her talents, with a lady in Pall Mall, and is since respectably married. The whole expense was defrayed by their generous morning guest, and the tears of this veteran's family follow him to the grave."

EPITAPH ON THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA'S LEG.

Here rests—and let no saucy knave,
Presume to sneer and laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave
Is laid a *British Calf!*

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh was premature,
For here, too, lies a *sole.*

And here five little ones repose,
Twin born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot—to speak more plain—
Rest here, of one commanding,
Who, though his wits he might retain,
Lost *half his understanding.*

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Pour'd bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe *leg bail.*

And now in England, just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here show'd her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But fortune's pardon I must beg:
She meant not to disarm;
And when she lopp'd the hero's leg,
She did not seek his *h-arm;*

And but indulged a harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one,
She saw two legs were lost on him
Who never meant to run.

CHARACTER OF MR. CANNING.

It was at the close of his public career, that he became the legislator of experience—not the puny and trammelled experience of a statesman by trade, who trembles at

any change in the tricks which he has been taught, or the routine in which he has been accustomed to move; but an experience, liberal and enlightened, which bears the testimony of ages and nations, and collects from it the general principles which regulate the mechanism of society. Though party introduced him into the senate, the constitution of his mind, as he became matured in years, preserved him in the happy medium between the extremes of party violence. As a minister, he was neither behind nor before the age in which he lived; therefore, he was not disposed to drag it backwards by his antiquated opinions, nor to impel it forward to measures of change for which it was unprepared. Mr. Canning was not naturally a man prone to extremes. Circumstances and inexperience placed him at the ultra point of despotism. He was a violent tory at the beginning, but he lived in a country of freedom, where liberal principles were diffused. By these he was insensibly influenced, but he was never hurried by his feelings into visionary schemes and experiments. He had no natural alliance either with the tory or whig aristocracy, and he dreaded popular frenzy and delusion. Determined to uphold the constitution, he would have contemplated with horror any attempt to alter its basis or change its character. When he found that the toryism of his youth threatened the subversion of this glorious fabric, he abandoned its ultra peculiarities. He considered power as a trust reposed in him for the public good. Instead of growing despotic in proportion to the elevation to which he was gradually raised by the voice of the people, and the favour of his sovereign, he exhibited the rare example of increasing moderation and liberality. His views enlarged with his sphere of influence; and when he reached the summit of his ambition, he was prepared to wield the powers of the state with the strenuous arm of a man formed for the times in which he appeared destined to act so conspicuous a part. He conciliated his former political opponents, and, without yielding to their dictation, availed himself of their assistance. He was not properly a whig, but he was not unwilling that a strong infusion of whiggism should neutralize the leaven of toryism, when he saw that its fermentation was likely to endanger the safety and prosperity of his country. If, as a statesman, his mind was not of the very highest order, he was incomparably the best man of business, and the most effective public orator of his age. The long concealed, but sudden ebullition of the hatred of his former colleagues was highly favourable to the development of his genuine principles, and tended to give them firmness and stability. Party made him an eloquent debater; experience made him a liberal statesman, and, welcomed by the voice of his sovereign and the people, he became a high-minded and patriotic minister. Of his domestic and foreign policy we have already spoken. Had not Mr Canning taken his seat in the cabinet on the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, the measures contemplated by that nobleman would, no doubt, have been persevered in by his colleagues. Then insurrection acts, banishments, and all the rigour of an inquisition, must have gone on, till they could go no farther, and desolation closed the drama. The late policy was wholly Mr. Canning's; assented to, and supported in some degree, by Lord Liverpool, but contemned by most of those who went out of office on Mr. Canning's appointment to the premiership. Some of those measures were suggested long ago by members of the then opposition, and portions of them were carried through parliament by Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Peel; but the spirit of the policy was Mr. Canning's, and he was supported in these his measures by the opposite side, now with and in administration.

"The literary productions of Mr. Canning are merely specimens of his attainments, and the natural bent of his mind. He never intended that they should form the basis of his reputation. He was the best writer in the Anti-jacobin, the best essayist in the Microcosm, the master spirit in the Loves of the Triangles, and a satirist not inferior to Gifford in his New Morality. In fact, he was every thing he chose to be. Lord Byron did not err when he said, 'Canning is a genius, almost an universal one;—an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman.'

"One other liberal testimony, the tones of which, like melancholy yet sublime music, have been wafted to us from across the Atlantic, to soothe and exalt us at the same moment, and we have done. It is that fine eulogy on our departed statesman, pronounced in congress by the President of the United States, Quincey Adams, Esq.

'He was a Briton through and through. British in his feelings, British in his aims, British in all his policy and projects. It made no difference whether the lever that was to raise them was fixed at home or abroad, for he was always and equally British. The influence, the grandeur, the dominion of Britain were the dream of his boyhood; to establish them all over the globe, even in the remote region where the waters of Columbia flow in solitude, formed the intense efforts of his riper years. For this he valued power, and for this he used it. Greece he left to her

melancholy fortunes, though so much alive to all the touching recollections and beauties of that devoted land, because the question of her escape from a thraldom so long, so bitter, and so unchristian, was a Turkish and European, not a British question. For Britain's sake *exclusively*, he took the determination to counteract France and the Continent in Spanish America. So, for Britain's sake he invariably watched, and was as invariably for counteracting the United States. He had sagacity to see into the present and latent resources of our commercial, our navigating, our manufacturing strength. Upon the knowledge of these, actual and prospective, he took his measures; and if we may or do think that they were not always wisely taken, since true liberality in the intercourse of nations is in the end apt to prove true wisdom, still he took them in a spirit that was British.

'Those who knew this highly gifted man more nearly, testify that his intercourse in the relations of private and social life was as attractive as his public career was brilliant and commanding. I at it has been as brief as brilliant does out recal the pathetic exclamation of Burke, 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'—He ascended to the pinnacle of all his earthly ambition only to die!' "

## LINES ON MADNESS.

——— Oft, at midnight hour,
Madness, I've mused beside thy bow'r:
The walls preclude the human sight,
The roof alone receives the light;
From the living tomb,
Thro' the silent gloom,
Faintly darts a sickly gleam;
The nightly taper sends a beam,
To mark the chamber of dismay,
Where, removed from light of day,
The tortur'd wretch is bound;
No parent, friend, or consort nigh,
No soothing hand, no pitying eye;
The clanging whips resound,
The horrid keepers' frown is there,
The shrieks of rage, and pain and fear.
O piteous was that moan!
And now, a deeper groan
Succeeds—the struggle of imprisoned breath,
The long drawn note of agonizing death.

## THE TWO LOVERS OF SICILY.

In the Island of Sicily, there lived a beautiful girl called Biancafiore, whose father was a farmer of the imposts in that kingdom; she had several lovers, but the happiest one was Tebaldo Zanche, a young person of gentle birth but of indifferent estate, which caused him to be more favourably regarded by Bianca than her father desired, who had set his heart upon matching her with a certain wealthy merchant of Palermo. The power of a parent in those days being much more despotic than in our temperate times, the poor wretched girl was finally compelled to bestow her hand on the merchant, whereupon Tebaldo instantly took leave of his country, and with a hopeless passion at heart wandered over Europe.

As soon as she was married, Bianca was taken by her husband to his country house, which was situated on the sea-coast, towards Gigenti, his chief delight being to watch the ships, as they fared to and fro on their mercantile embassies, whereas they only recalled to Bianca the small white sail which had disappeared with the unfortunate Tebaldo. This prospect of itself was sufficient to aggravate her melancholy, but her residence on the sea-shore was yet to expose her to still greater miseries.

It was not uncommon in those days, for the Barbary cruisers, those hawks of the Mediterranean, to make a sudden stop upon our coasts, and carry off with them, besides other plunder, both men and women, whom they sold into slavery, amongst the Moors, in default of ransom. In this manner, making a descent by night when Mercanti was absent at Palermo, they burnt and plundered his house, and took away Bianca; whose horror you may well conceive, when by the blazing light of her own dwelling, she was carried off by such swarthy barbarians, whose very language was a sphynx's riddle to her, and might concern her life or death: and then embarked upon a sea of fire; for there happened that night a phenomenon not unusual in the Mediterranean, namely, the phosphorescence of the waters, which whether caused by glowing marine insects, or otherwise, makes the waves roll like so many blue burning flames. Those who have witnessed it, know well its dismal appearance on a gloomy night, when the billows come and vanish away like fluxes of pallid fire, and withal so vapour-like and unsubstantial, that apparently the vessel, or any gross corporal substance, must needs sink into its ghastly abyss. With such a dreary scene, therefore, and in the midst of those tawny-coloured infidel Moors, with their savage visages and uncouth garments and glittering arms, 'tis no marvel if Bianca thought herself amongst infernals and the demons of torture on the sulphureous lake.

On the morrow, which scarcely brought

any assuagement of her fears, they had lost sight of Sicily, and at last she was disembarked at Oran, which is an African port, over against Spain. Meanwhile Tebaldo was landing at Palermo, where he learnt, with a renewal of all his pangs, the fate of his beloved mistress. Forgetting all his enmity, therefore, he repaired presently to Mercanti, to concert with him how to redeem her out of the hands of the accursed Moors; a proceeding which he would not have paused for, had fortune put it in his power to proceed instantly to her ransom.

The merchant lamenting his years and infirmities, which forbade him to go in search of his wife, Tebaldo readily offered himself to proceed in his behalf; adding, "that it was only through the poverty of his means that he had not sailed already at his own suggestion; but that if Mercanti would furnish him with the requisite sums, he should hope to restore the unfortunate Bianca to his arms." The merchant wondering very much at this proposal, and asking, what securities he could offer for such a trust—

"Alas!" quoth Tebaldo, "I have nothing to pledge for my performance, except an unhappy love for her, that would undergo thrice-told perils for her sake. I am that hopeless Tebaldo Zanche, who was made so eminently miserable by her marriage: nevertheless, I will forgive that, as well as all other mischances, if I may but approve my honourable regard for her, by this self-devoted service. There are yet some reasonable doubts you may well entertain of my disinterestedness and fidelity on such a mission, and I know not how to remove them; but when you think of the dangerous infidels in whose hands she now is, I have a hope that you may bring yourself to think her as safe at least in mine.

The passionate Tebaldo enforced these arguments with so many sincere tears and solemn oaths, and, besides, depicted so naturally the horrible condition of the lady amongst the Moors, that at last the merchant consented to his request, and furnishing him with the proper authorities, the generous lover, with a loyal heart, which designed nothing less than he had professed, set sail on his arduous adventure.

Let us pass over the hardships and dangers of such an enterprize, and above all its cruel anxieties, the hopes which were raised at Tunis being wrecked again at Algiers, till at last he discovered Bianca amongst the slaves of a chief pirate at Oran, who, despairing of a ransom, began to contemplate her as his own mistress. Tebaldo's bargain was soon made; whereupon the lady was set at liberty, and to her unspeakable joy, by the hands of her own beloved Zanche; yet when they remembered the final consequence of her freedom, the brightness of their delight was quenched with some very bitter tears. The generosity of their natures, however, triumphed over these regrets, and with sad-hearts, but full of virtuous resolution, they re-embarked together, in a Genoese carrack for Palermo.

And now their evil fortune still pursued them, for falling in with a Sallee rover, although they escaped a second capture by the fast-sailing of their ship, they were chased a long way out of their course into the Straits of Gibraltar, and the wind turning contrary, increased towards night to a violent tempest. In this extremity it required all the tenderness of Tebaldo to encourage Bianca, whose low-spirited condition made her more fearfully alive to the horrors of the raging sea; which, indeed roared round them as if the watery desert had hungry lions of its own, as well as the sandy wastes of Africa, but ten times more terrible; the ship's timbers, besides straining as if they would part asunder, and the storm howling through the cordage like the voices of those evil angels, who, it is believed, were cast into the dreadful deep.

When the daylight appeared, there was no glimpse of any land, but the ship was tossing in the centre of a mere wilderness of sea, and under the pitch-black and troubled clouds, which were still driving by a fierce wind towards the south. The sails were torn into shreds, and the mariners, ignorant of where they were, let the ship drift at the mercy of the unmerciful elements, which slacked not their fury because the prey no longer resisted, but assaulted the helpless bark with unmitigated rage.

It could be no great wrong of Tebaldo and Bianca, if, at such a time, they exchanged one embrace together in everlasting farewell. They then composed themselves to die calmly as became them, in each others company; not with any vain shrieks or struggles; but heroically, as they had lived and loved. Thus sitting together in a martyr-like mood, and listening to the awful rushing of the waters across the deck, they heard a sudden noise overhead, which caused Tebaldo to look forth, and, lo! there were the drunken mariners putting off from the ship's side in the long-boat, being beguiled to their fate by a glimpse of land, which none but their experienced eyes could yet discover. However, they had not struggled far with their oars, when three monstrous curling billows, a great deal loftier than any of the

rest, turned the boat over and over, washed out all the poor gasping souls that were therein, whom the ensuing waves swallowed up one by one, without letting even their dying cries be heard through the bewildering foam.

After this sacrifice, as though it had appeased the angry Deity of the ocean, the storm sensibly subsided; and in an hour or two, the skies clearing up, Tebaldo perceived that they were off a small solitary island—the ship soon after striking upon a coral reef, about two hundred fathoms from the shore. The skies still frowning with a rearward storm, Tebaldo lost no time in framing a rude raft, with spars and empty barrels; upon which placing Bianca, with such stores and implements as he could collect, he paddled towards the shore, where they landed safely upon a little sandy beach.

Their first act was to return thanks to God for their miraculous preservation: after which they partook of a repast, that after their fatigues was very needful; and then ascended a gentle sloping hill, which gave them a prospect of the island. It was a small, verdant place, without any human inhabitants; but there were millions of marine birds upon the rocks, as tame as domestic fowls, and a prodigious number of rabbits; the interior country, besides, seemed well wooded with various trees, and the ground furnished divers kind of herbs, and some very gigantic vegetables, together with many European flowers, the transportation of which to such desolate and insular places is a mystery to this day.

The weather again turning boisterous, they took shelter in a rocky cavern, which the kind hand of Nature had scooped out so commodiously, that it seemed to have been provided with a foresight of their wants. Thus, with their stores from the ip, they were insured against any great present hardships—but one. Many unucky lovers, I wot, have sighed for such an island, to take refuge in from the stern-hearted world; yet here were two such fond persons in such an asylum, betwixt whom fate had set up an eternal bar! Such thoughs as these could not but present themselves very sorrowfully to the minds of Tobaldo and Bianca; nevertheless he served her with the most tender and devoted homage, and as love taught him, contributed, by a thousand apt contrivances, to her comfort and ease.

In this manner suppose them to spend five or six days—the cave being their shelter, and Tebaldo, by fishing, or fowling, or ensnaring the conies, providing a change of food; so that, excepting the original hardship of their fortune, the lovers had little cause to complain. Their solitary condition, however, and the melancholy of Bianca, led to many little acts of fondness from Tebaldo, which were almost as painful to exchange as to withhold. It was no wonder, then, if sometimes in the anguish of his heart, some expressions of impatience burst from his lips, to which she answered with her tears.

At last one day, when they were sitting on a gusty rock, which overlooked the sea, they both turned at once towards each other, with adverse faces and so despairing a look, that they cast themselves by common consent into each other's arms. In the next moment, however, forcing themselves asunder, Tebaldo began as follows, whilst Bianca covered her face with her hands:—

"I can bear this cruel life no longer! better were we far apart, as when you were living in Sicily, and I roaming for unattainable peace all over the world. The restraint of distance was dreadful but involuntary, and nothing so painful as this! Your tears flow before my sight, yet I must not kiss them away without trembling, nor soothe your audible grief upon my bosom—nor mingle my sighs with yours, though we breathe the same limited air, and not in a distant clime. We were made for each other, as our mutual love acknowledges; and yet here, where there be none besides ourselves, we must be several and estranged. My heart is torn asunder by such imperative contradictions. Methinks there be but us two real creatures in the world, and yet the horrible phantom of a third steps in between and frowns us miserably apart! Oh, Bianca! I am crazed with doubts I dare hardly to name; but if fate did not mean to unite us in revocation of its former cruelty, why should we be thus thrown together, where there are none besides? As eternal a bar as was set up between us, is now fixed between you and your husband; nature herself, by this hopeless separation, divorcing you from all other ties. God knows with what scrupulous exactness I have aimed at the fulfilment of my promise—but it were hard to be bound to an impracticable solution. It were true we might not thus think of each other in Sicily—but we meet here as if beyond the grave. If we are, as I believe, in the forlorn centre of the vast ocean, what reasonable hope is there of our redemption?—Since then, we are to spend the rest of our days together in this place, we can wrong no one, but redress a great wrong to ourselves, by the stricter union of our fates, which are thus far already married together, until the tomb."

The miserable Bianca wept abundantly at this discourse; however, she begged that Tebaldo would not mention the subject for at least seven more days, in which time she hoped God might save them from such a step, by sending some ship to their succour. She spent almost all this interval in watching from the coast, but still there came no vessel, not so much even as a speck on the horizon, to give her any hope of return. Tebaldo then resuming his arguments, she answered him thus:—

"Oh, my dearest Tebaldo! let us rather die as we have lived, victims of implacable fate, than cast any reproach upon our innocent loves. As it is, no one can reprove our affection, which, though violently controuled, we have never disavowed; but it would kill me to have to blush for its unworthy close. It is true that in one point we are disunited, but there is no distance between our souls. We may not indeed gratify our fondness by caresses, but it is still something to bestow our kindest language, and looks, and prayers, and all lawful and honest attentions upon each other; nay, do not you furnish me with the means of life and every thing that I enjoy? which my heart tells me must be a very grateful office to your love. Be content, then, to be the preserver and protector, and the very comforter of my life, which it is happiness enough for me to owe to your loving hands. It is true that another man is my husband, but you are my guardian angel, and show a love for me that as much surpasses his love as the heavenly nature is above the earthly. I would not have you stoop from this pitch, as you needs must —by a defect of virtue and honour; still, if you insist, I will become what you wish; but I beseech you consider, ere that decision, the debasement which I must suffer in your esteem. Nevertheless, before such an evil hour, I hope God will send some ship to remove us, though, if I might prefer my own sinful will before His, I would rather of all be dead."

The despairing lovers at these words wished mutually in their hearts, that they had perished together in the waves that were fretting before them,—when Bianca, looking up towards the horizon, perceived the masts and topmost sails of a ship, whose hull was still hidden by the convexity of the waters.* At this sight, though it had come seemingly at her own invocation, she turned as pale as marble, and with a faltering voice bade Tebaldo observe the vessel, which with a death-like gaze he had already fixed in the distance —for, doubtless, they would rather have remained as they were till they died, than return to the separation which awaited them in Sicily:—however, the ship still approached with a fair wind, and at last put out a pinnace, which made directly towards the island.

And now Tebaldo became a bitter convert from his own arguments, confessing that it was better to breathe only the same air constantly with Bianca, than to resign her companionship to another; neither did she refuse to partake in his regrets; and more tears were never shed by any exiles on the point of returning to their native land. With heavy hearts, therefore, they descended, hand in hand, like the first pair of lovers when they quitted their paradise, to whom, no doubt, these sad Sicilians inwardly compared themselves, as they walked lingeringly to meet the boat, which belonged to a vessel of Genoa, and had been sent to obtain a supply of wood and water. The mariners wondered very much at their appearance, and especially at Bianca, who wore a fantastical cap, made of rabbit skins, with a cloak of the same motley fur, to defend her from the sharp sea air; and as for Tebaldo, his garments were as motley as hers, being partly seaman's apparel and partly his own, whilst his beard and mustaches had grown to a savage length.

The sailors, however, took them very willingly on board, where they inquired eagerly concerning Mercanti; but although the captain knew him well, having often carried his freightages, he could give no tidings of his estate. He promised, notwithstanding, to touch at Palermo; whether the ship made a very brief passage, to the infinite relief of the lovers: for now, after all their misfortunes, they were about to return to the same miserable point where they began. Bianca, therefore, spent the whole time of the voyage in grieving apart in her own cabin, not daring to trust herself in sight of Tebaldo; who on his part, at the prospect of their separation, after such an intimate communion of danger and distresses, was ready to cast himself into the sea.

Suppose them, then, arrived at Palermo, where Tebaldo, with a sadder heart than he had foreseen, proceeded to complete his undertaking, by rendering up Bianca to her husband. He repaired, therefore, to the house, and inquired for Mercanti; whereupon, being shewn into his presence—

"I am come," said he, "to render up my trust, and would to God that my life were a part of the submission. I have

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, p. 17.

redeemed your wife, at the cost of your ten thousand florins, and some perils besides; for which, if you owe me any thing, I leave her my executor, for I have nothing left me now but to die."

The merchant, looking somewhat amazed at his discourse, then answered him thus:—

"If the lady you speak of is the wife of my brother Gio Mercanti, he has been dead these three months; but I shall rejoice to see her, and, likewise to make over the properties that belong to her by his bequest. And for the eminent service you have rendered to her, for my late brother's sake, I will gratefully repay you, his last words having been full of concern for his dear lady, and of confidence in the integrity of the Signor Tebaldo Zanche; which name I doubt not you have made honourable in your own person. I beseech of you, therefore, to lead me instantly to my kinswoman, that I may entertain her as she deserves."

The overjoyed Tebaldo, without waiting to make any answer to these courtesies, ran instantly on board ship to Bianca, who now, without any reserve, cast herself into his loving arms. She did not forget, however, the tears that were due to the generosity of her dead husband, but mourned for him a decent season; after which, with the very good-will of her parents and all parties, she gave her hand to the faithful Tebaldo. Thus, after many trials, which they endured nobly, they were finally made happy, as their long misfortunes and virtue well deserved: and their names are preserved until this day, as the Two Faithful Lovers of Sicily.—*Hood's National Tales.*

## MYSTERIES; OR, RELIGIOUS DRAMAS.

These devout spectacles have been generally believed to have originated with the pilgrims who returned from the Holy Land, or other consecrated places; they began by composing canticles of their travels, and amused their religious fancies by interweaving scenes, of which Christ, the Apostles, and other objects of devotion, served as themes. These pilgrims travelled in troops, and stood in the public streets, where they recited their poems, staff in hand; while their chaplets and cloaks, covered with shells and images of various colours, formed a picturesque exhibition, which at length excited the piety of the citizens to erect ocasionally a stage on an extensive spot of ground. From such circumstances, most probably, we may date the origin of our present dramatic exhibitions. These spectacles served as the amusement and instruction of the people. So attractive were these gross exhibitions, in the darker ages, that they formed one of the principal ornaments of the reception which was given to princes when they entered towns.

When these mysteries were performed, at a more improved period, the actors were distinguished characters, and very frequently were composed of the ecclesiastics of the neighbouring villages. Their productions were not divided into acts, but into different days of performance, and they were acted in the open plain. In these pieces the actors represented the person of the Almighty, after their fashion, without being sensible of the gross impropriety. So unskilful were they in this infancy of the theatrical art, that very serious consequences were often produced by their ridiculous blunders and ill-managed machinery. In the history of the French theatre the following anecdotes are preserved, which throw considerable light upon these singular representations and their performers.

In the year 1437, when Conrad, Bishop of Metz, caused the Mystery of the Passion to be represented on the plain of Veximel, near that city, the Almighty was represented by an old gentleman, by name Nicholas Neufchatel, curate of St. Victory, of Metz, and who was very near expiring on the cross, had he not been timely assisted; he was so enfeebled that it was agreed another priest should be placed on the cross the next day, to finish the representation of the person crucified, and which was done; at the same time the said Mr. Nicholas undertook to perform the resurrection, which being a less difficult task, he did it admirably well. Another priest, whose name was John de Dicey, curate of Metrange, personated Judas, who was almost stifled while he hung on the tree, by his neck being nearly dislocated; this was fortunately perceived time enough to allow him to be taken down and recovered.

Another instance is recorded by John Bouchet, in his Annals of Aquitaine, a French author who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which informs us that in the year 1486, he saw played and exhibited in mysteries, by persons of Poictiers, the Nativity, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, in great triumph and splendour, before an immense assemblage of the ladies and gentlemen from the surrounding provinces.

The first of these incongruous exhibitions in Italy is said to have taken place

as early as 1243, and the earliest account of them in England is recorded by Matthew Paris, the English historian, who wrote in the thirteenth century, detailing in his writings the performance of a religious play by the scholars of the Abbey school of Dunstable; these representations were given in most of the counties of England, especially Chester and Warwickshire, and furnished amusement for all classes, from the king and the nobles down to the meanest peasant. The performers who assumed the characters in the drama were the religious of monasteries, the pupils of learned men, the trading companies of cities, and the society of Parish Clerks, in London, who were greatly famed for their performances at the Skinners' Well, Clerkenwell. The period of the year when these amusements were resorted to was the festival of Corpus Christi day.

## SONNET.

### SNOW BY MOONLIGHT.

Enchain'd by frost, all desolate and drear,
Still nature shines in dazzling robe array'd;
The moon's bright beams this dismal prospect cheer,
Gleam o'er the heath, and glitter in the glade.
Long lines of silver radiance mark the vale,
Mantling yon cot, whose roofs low rafted shake
Beneath their fleecy load; or o'er the dale,
Lends a new glory to the spangled brake.
Not so with me, chill'd by the piercing blast,
Of keen misfortune bitter, fierce, and cold;
O'er life's expanse my eager eyes I cast,
No dawn of hope these cheerless realms unfold,
A trackless wild arrests my shudd'ring sight,
Without a star to gild the horrors of the night.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

### THE DISCOVERY OF GUNPOWDER.

We owe the discovery of this destructive agent to a circumstance that happened in 1292, to Barthold Schwartz, otherwise called the *Black Monk*, or *Constantine Aucklitzen*, a native of Fribourg, in Germany, which was occasioned by his having put some saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal in a mortar, for some chemical preparation; a spark of fire accidentally flew into it, when the mortar was rent asunder by the sudden explosion.

The monk, who, unfortunately for mankind, escaped with his life, had no sooner recovered his fright than he began to make experiments, which, by moderating of this dreadful composition, taught him how to use it as a sure engine of destruction.

Though the invention has been set down in the pages of history as the result of German ingenuity, yet it ought to be ranked among the discoveries of this country. For that the ingredients of gunpowder, and the art of making it, was known to the celebrated Roger Bacon, an English monk, who was born near Ilchester, in the year 1214, is very certain. But that humane philosopher, aware of the danger of communicating such a baneful discovery to the world, so transposed the letters of the Latin word which signify charcoal, as to render the whole obscure and unintelligible. By this means he rendered it difficult for any one to discover the fatal secret by the perusal of his works, and secured to himself the honour of the invention, if it should be discovered by any other person.

Enabled as we are to state correctly the date when the art of making gunpowder was first found out, yet we are at fault when we attempt to attach a date as to its first being employed to discharge fire-arms; however, but a short period intervened from its being first made, to its use in the field, for we find that it travelled from Germany into France, as may be seen by the following item from the accounts of the treasurer of war, in the year 1338:—"To Henry de Faumichan, for gunpowder and other things necessary for the cannon at the siege of Puy Guillaume." In 1340 the English were compelled to raise the siege of Eu, at which artillery was employed by the garrison: this artillery consisted of two large "iron boxes," which they loaded with round pebbles. It was considered as a remarkable instance of good fortune that these pieces had received no damage; proving, that the art of managing them with effect was unknown. Froissard tells us, that when the English laid siege to St. Malo, in 1373, they had four hundred cannon with them, which account is somewhat at variance with Hume's detail in his History of England, where he seems to say that at the besieging of Orleans, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, in the year 1428, "that it might be reckoned among the first sieges where cannon was employed in Europe to advantage." The cannon spoken of by Froissart were hand cannon, which was carried by two men, and fired from a rest fixed in the ground. These portable fire-arms were not used in France till the reign of Charles the Sixth. In Italy gunpowder was first used against the Genoese by the Venetians, in 1380. Some authorities state it to have been first employed in Europe, at

Chrogia, against Laurence de Medicis, when all Italy made a complaint against it, as a manifest contravention of the law of arms.

The introduction of gunpowder and fire arms may be looked upon as giving a fatal blow to chivalry, and the cause of effecting a total alteration in the art of war. The bravest warrior could no longer rely on his personal prowess, or the excellence of his arms, as means of defence against an adversary, who, though destitute of courage, might with success attack him at a distance. A tranquil intrepidity, accustomed to give and to receive death without design as without fear, was now substituted in the room of that active valour which had hitherto been deemed the chief support of hostile armies. Battles became more bloody in proportion as the means of mutual destruction were multiplied. By this new mode of fighting every man was rendered fit for the purposes of war. Armies were more numerous, and nations exhausted their resources in augmenting their military force.

## Customs of Various Countries.

### PLOUGH MONDAY IN ENGLAND.

The first Monday after Twelfth day, is called Plough Monday, and appears to have received that name from the circumstance of its being the first day after Christmas on which husbandmen resume their labours with the plough, in some parts of England, and more especially in the north. The farming men have a procession, in which the plough is drawn by a number of men, stripped to their clean white shirts, having waistcoats beneath, as a protection against cold; their arms are gaily decorated with ribbons of various colours, their hats being ornamented in the same way. On this occasion, it is usual to have the ceremony attended by a female, sprucely bedizened, termed the Bessy, the sport being heightened by a humorous countryman representing a fool, who generally performs a variety of curious feats to the admiration of all the beholders: the procession is sometimes attended by morris dancers, when they can be procured, but there is always a sportive dance by a few village lads and lasses in their holiday finery, with an abundance of ribands. Money is collected from the farmers and inhabitants of the town or village, which is spent at night in conviviality. In times past the Christmas holidays were wholly devoted to pastime, the gentry and farmers feasting their servants and taskmen, on which occasion but little was done in the field until Plough Monday, and on the morning of that day, both man and maid shewed their readiness to obey the call, by seeing which would be the earliest riser, when if the ploughman collected his implements of labour before the maid placed the kettle on the fire, he was the gainer of the Shrove-tide cock instead of the maid. For a more extended account of ceremonies observed on this day, see Mr. Hone's E. D. B. vol. 1, to which we are indebted materially for this account.

## Science and Art.

### TYRIAN DYE OF THE ANCIENTS.

It has been supposed by many authors that England must have been known to the primitive inhabitants of the world, from the circumstance that they used the oxide of tin in making their Tyrian dye, as the use of cochineal without it would not have produced the brilliancy of colour which it was so famed for possessing. In making this dye, it is only necessary to infuse a little nitro-muriate of tin in some cochineal extract, and it will be at once exhibited.

### REMARKS ON RESTORING FADED INK

Berthollet, in his "Elements of the Arts of Dyeing," makes the following observations on this very useful liquid. "Ink turns blacker by exposure to the air, because the oxigen that the gall-nut attracts is the requisite degree of combustion which is effected by additional oxygen from the atmosphere. Ink made with a large proportion turns yellow, because the iron not being saturated with the astringent matter, absorbs oxygen. Hence infusion of galls will restore the legibility of old writings, as well as Prussian alkali."

## Anecdotiana.

### J. P. KEMBLE AND DELPINI.

Many anecdotes are told of this celebrated master of posture and grimace, but none exhibit his *eccentricity and selfishness*, (a combination, by the by, generally found in the characters of too many foreign *artistes* of the Theatre and Opera,) in a more ludicrous point of view than

the following, which was one evening related at Brookes's by Mr. Sheridan, when the Prince and Duke of York, who knew Delpini well, were present.

It should be premised, that several members of the Royal Family, and particularly the Prince of Wales, had pressed Sheridan to procure the insertion of Delpini's name in the books of the *Theatrical Fund*, in order to secure a provision for his old age. Mr. Sheridan did all in his power to promote the object in question; but one grand difficulty was started in the course of the negociation, which even his influence could not well remove:—this was, that as Mr. Delpini was merely a clown, he could not be admitted; for the laws of the society forbade relief to any but such as were accustomed to *speak* on the stage. A remedy, however, was at length suggested, viz.: that a few words should be written in the forthcoming pantomine, for Delpini to repeat; and thus he was to rank among the Garricks and the Kembles of the day.

The words in question were only *three* in number; and they were to be uttered by Delpini in the character of a Magician, at the instant that Harlequin and Columbine were in the act of embracing: they were—*Pluck them asunder!*

Big with the expectation of his pension, but more so with the importance of his new character, Delpini repeated the above short sentence on every occasion, for several weeks, and with every possible variety of accent and intonation. There was not a performer in the theatre whom he did not apply to, to hear him rehearse his part; so that, at length, every one voted him a complete *bore*.

The gentleman whose applause he was most anxious of obtaining was Mr. Kemble; and whenever he met him behind the scenes, in the passages, or in the green-room, he caught hold of him by the arm or by a button, and held him fast, until he had repeated the *important words* with suitable gesture and action. One night, as Kemble was standing beside the wing, helmeted and buskined as Coriolanus, and with truncheon in hand, preparing to lead the Volsci forth to battle, Delpini made his appearance, and thus addressed the Roman hero.

"Mistare Kembel, I am ver glad I av found you, Sare, you sal see me rehearsal my part."

"Not now," answered Kemble, "it is impossible, Mr. Delpini; do you not see that I am just going on the stage?"

'But," persisted the grimacier, "I sal not detain you, Sare, un moment; you sall see dat I pronounce mon charactere, proprement; and vith de propere emphasis on de last voard."

"Well, well!" replied Kemble, pettishly; "begin, begin:—I must go on the stage directly."

"I sal not detain you, Sare," returned Delpini, as he leaned on his right leg, and threw out his arm at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then, infusing into his countenance all the imitative rage which it was capable of expressing, he bellowed out, "Plock dem assondere!"

Poor Kemble, the muscles of whose face had been screwed up to the most heroic pitch, felt his risible chord so tickled by Delpini's ludicrous pronunciation and manner, that, at that instant receiving his cue of entrance, he was forced to turn his head aside from the audience, for nearly a minute, before he could address his troops without laughing.

At length, the awful, important, and ominous night arrived when Mr. Delpini was to make his *debut* as a *speaking* actor. To those who are acquainted with the nature of what is, among theatrical people, termed *stage fright*, the writer need not state, that, however perfectly a young actor may be able to repeat his part by rote, in his own apartment, or at rehearsal, there is a *something*, when he comes before the audience, in all the blaze of dazzling light reflected upon his person, that strikes him with terror, binds up his tongue, deprives him of memory, scatters his senses, and roots him to the spot, as if he were in a state of fascination: or, to speak in theatrical terms, "he is stuck fast."

Such was the case with poor Delpini: he had repeated his little part until he had almost forgotten it, for it had left no impression upon his mind; and his extreme anxiety destroyed even the little chance there was of his recollecting it in the time of need. He had spoken the words at least ten thousand times: he had repeated them sitting, standing, walking lying; he had rehearsed them to all sorts of persons, and on all occasions, both at home and abroad; he had given them every variety of form, accent, and emphasis, of which they were capable—but, when the hour of trial came, he was found wanting.

The performers had crowded around, all anxious for his success, and all ready to prompt him; but, as Solomon says, "in the multitude of advisers the counsel faileth," so it turned out on the present occasion. Columbine had flown to her faithful lover, and locked him in her fast embrace: the magician's wand was raised aloft to command their separation; but—no words accompanied the action. *Delpini was stuck fast.* Voices from every

side cried out, "Now, Delpini, now's your time!—fire away, my hearty!—speak, man!—why don't you speak? But the magician was, himself, in a state of enchantment;—he was immoveable;—until the prompter's voice was heard above the rest, saying, "Pluck them asunder!" These words shot across his brain like a flash of lightning: he recovered from his trance, and repeating his action with the wand, he roared out—"*Masson* DERE *plock et!*"

This ludicrous termination of his *arduous labours* made the theatre echo with laughter, both behind and before the curtain; and poor Delpini retired behind the scenes, in a state of the most complete discomfiture. Being a little recovered, however, he said to several of the performers who came up to condole with him, their sides shaking with laughter, "Nevere mind, ladies and gentlemens: dose may laugh dat lose; I av win, and sal laugh to myself.—I av gain de pension, by Gar! and I care noting at all for nobody."—*Clubs of London.*

ORIGIN OF COCK-FIGHTING.

THE Athenians upon gaining a victory over the Persians, made a law, that on a certain day in every year there should be an exhibition of a cock-fight, which custom arose from the following circumstance:—When Themistocles, the Athenian general, led an army of his countrymen against the barbarians, he saw two cocks fighting. The spectacle was not lost upon him; he made his army halt, and thus addressed them.—"These cocks," said he, "are not fighting for their country, for their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty, or for their offspring; the only motive is, that one is determined not to yield to the other."

CURIOUS PARODY OF A DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Dr. Boys, a learned divine, and a dean of Canterbury, in the reign of James I., was a very warm adversary against the Pope: he would often attack him, both with unsparing ridicule and elaborate argument. Strange as it may sound, he turned the Lord's prayer into an execration upon his holiness, which he introduced with great applause, in a sermon preached on the anniversary of the gunpowder plot at St. Paul's Cross. The execration consisted of the following very singular parody:—"Our Pope, which art at Rome, accursed be thy name; thy kingdom perish; thy will be hindered as in heaven, so also on earth. Give us this day our cup in the Lord's supper, and restore us our money which we have given thee for indulgencies: and lead us not into heresy, but deliver us from misery: for thine is hell, pitch, and sulphur, for ever and ever."

EPIGRAM,

Written by Sir John Harrington, the Poet, one of the translators of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, and familiarly addressed to his contemporary, a Mr. John Davys, of Hereford, upon their being accused of having borrowed from the works of Martial, the Latin epigramatist:—

My dear friend Davys, some against us partial,
Have found we steal some good conceits from Martial,
So, though they grant our verse hath some acumen,
Yet make they fools suspect, we scant true men;
But Surrey did the same, and worthy Wyatt,
And they had praise and reputation by it,
And Heywood, whom your putting down hath raised,
Did use the same, and with the same is praised.
Wherefore if they had wit, that so did trace us,
They must again for their own credits grace us;
Or else, to our more honour and their griefs,
Match us at least with honourable thieves.

*Gents. Mag.*

EFFECTUAL MODE OF CURING A QUINSEY.

THE following anecdote is told of the celebrated physician, Dr. Radcliffe, who by his great skill, gained the top of his profession in the reign of William and Mary. He was chosen a member of parliament for Buckingham a year before his death, which took place in 1714. The doctor being once sent for into the country to attend a gentleman ill of an inveterate quinsey, and finding that no external or internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty pudding to be made. When it was done, his own servants were to bring it up, and while the pudding was preparing he gave them his private instructions. In a short time it was set on the table in full view of the patient. "Come, Jack and Dick," said Radcliffe, "eat as quickly as possible, you have had no breakfast this morning." Both began with their spoons, but on Jack's dipping once to Dick's twice, a quarrel arose. Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides, and at last handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient, on beholding the ludicrous spectacle, was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter, the quinsey burst and discharged its contents, and the doctor soon completed the cure, to the great satisfaction of his patient.

### FREDERICK THE GREAT, THE PAGE, AND THE JEW.

Some fine cherries had been brought, unusually early in the season, from the hot-house at Potsdam; and the King, upon their being served in the dessert, took a few from the plate, and directed the late General Cliss (at that time one of the royal pages) to carry them, with his Majesty's respects, to the apartments of the Queen. The thoughtless youth, strongly tempted by the look of the glowing fruit before him, and never contemplating the possibility of the circumstance reaching the King's ear, diminished half of them before he reached the landing-place leading to her Majesty's suit; and then, half ashamed of presenting so scanty a number, and powerfully urged by the imp of mischief, he scrupled not to consume the remainder.

But, alas! unluckily for the page, it was customary for his Majesty to receive the Queen's grateful acknowledgments on every occasion whereon he had shown her any mark of politeness; and this had been so uniformly the case, that Frederick at length naturally looked for its occurrence. In the present instance, his Majesty having met his spouse two or three times without the slightest mention of the cherries, he began to think the omission rather strange, and the next time they encountered each other, said, "I fear your Majesty did not find the cherries to your liking, as I had hoped?" Upon this, the Queen expressed her surprise, saying she had received none. "What!" rejoined the impatient Monarch, "did you not get the plateful I sent you the other day, through Clist?"—"No, Sire!"—"Well, well," said the King, "that rogue of a page shall get something for dinner to-day more substantial than fruit." And on his return to his cabinet, he wrote as follows to the serjeant of the royal guard:—"Give the bearer twenty-five lashes." The note being duly sealed and directed, Clist was summoned to take it just as his Majesty was about to sit down to dinner; but the shrewd page, guessing (perhaps from the King's manner) that all was not right, and most likely a little conscience-striken or so, determined that he would despatch the suspicious mandate in some other way; a resolution in which he was fortified by the consideration that Frederick generally chose the dinner-hour to correct a disorderly page, thereby furnishing additional mortification to the culprit, and amusement to his companions.

Scarcely had Clist reached the gate of the palace, before one of the King's rich Jew bankers drove by. Struck with a sudden notion of the probable humour of the thing, he determined on making this man his substitute; and, beckoning to him to stop, handed the letter, requesting that it might be forthwith delivered, and urging the matter as a private favour, alleging that he ought to have delivered it before, and was now prevented from doing so, as he was necessitated to attend the King at table.

The unsuspecting Jew, always eager to curry favour with those immediately about the royal person, readily took the letter, and assured Clist, to the no small gratification of the malicious youth, that he would not fail to deliver it in person on his way home. "By the bye," added Clist, "pray don't say *any thing* about it; indeed, I think I may trust you?—"Oh, never fear," exclaimed the honest Israelite; "you know I am so fond of you devils of pages, that I would do any thing to oblige you—except, indeed taking the flogging with which you are sometimes visited for your wild freaks among the women;" and giving the nod to his coachman, off flew the banker with his whipping mandamus.

On his arrival at the guard-house, the serjeant having read the King's orders, immediately called out the guard, who presented arms. The banker, thinking it a mark of distinction, said, "Bah! bah! I dont want all this." "Very probably not," returned the precise officer; "nevertheless, his Majesty's commands must be obeyed."

The carriage was surrounded in a twinkling, and its astonished inmate speedily taken out and tied to the whipping-post, where execution was done upon him with true military exactness. On the conclusion of this unwelcome operation, not knowing whether he was most terrified or hurt, he was hobbling with all possible speed to his carriage, when the serjeant cried out, "I must trouble you a little farther, Sir." "Oh, for heaven's sake, let me off!" exclaimed the Jew, fearful of some additional infliction, and handing at the same time his purse to the officer. "No, no," answered the other, it is not that we want. You must give us a receipt for what you have taken, which I must register in a book we keep for the purpose, and send the original to-morrow to his Majesty, who accumulates all such, and has them bound every year in a portfolio, from which, when in a good humour, and among his old comrades, he reads after dinner, for their entertainment and his own. Among the many receipts thus collected, we have one from no less a personage than the celebrated M. de Voltaire, who was whipped for having

written some poetical lampoon upon his Majesty." There was no appeal, and the poor banker, having with a grave face made the requisite testimonial, was suffered to depart.—*Anec. of Foreign Courts.*

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

A German, who lately lost his horse, published the following notice :—" Rund away, or sdolen, or was sdrayed, mine large plack horse, about eighteen hands hie. He has four plack legs, two pehind and two pefore ; he is plack all over his pody, put he has got some vite spots pon his pack, where the skin vas rub off, put I greesed 'em, and de vite spots is all plack again. He trods and kanters, and sometimes he valks ; and vhen he vaulks all his legs and feet goes on von after anoder. He has two ears pon his head, both alike, but von is placher dan toder and a small pit longer. He has two eyes, von is put out, and toder is pon de side of his head ; and ven you go toder side, he vont see you. Ven he eats good deal, he has pig pelly ; he has long dail, that hongs peind ; but I cut it short toder day, and now it is not so long vat it vas. He is shoed all round, but his pehind shoes comed off, and now he has got on shoes only pefore. He holds up his head, and looks gaily ; and vhen he has peen frightened, he jumps about like every ting in de world. He vill ride wit a saddle, or a chaise, or a kart ; or he vill go py himself vidout nopody on his pack put a pag, and a poy on de top of it. He is not very old ; and ven he valks or runs his head goes first, and his dail stays pehind ; only ven he gets mad, and turns round, den him dail come first.—Vooever will bring him pack shall pay five tollars reward ; and if he bring pack de tief dat stole him, he shall pay twenty tollars, and ax no questions."—*New York Paper.*

BISHOP HORNE'S REMARKS ON WIT.

This reverend prelate, who always practised what he recommended, made the following observations on this subject :—" Wit," says he, " if it be used at all, should be tempered with good humour, so as not to exasperate the person who is the object of it ; and then, we are sure, there is no mischief done. The disputant ought to be at once firm and calm ; his head cool, and his heart warm."

THE DUKE OF MAINE AND THE PRINCE OF CONDE.

The Duke of Maine, when a child, was one day very noisy at his play. The renowned warrior Conde, commonly called the great, was in the same apartment, and complained of it, when the young duke replied, " I wish to God, Sir, I could make as much noise as you do."

OPINION OF BLUCHER UPON WHO DECIDED THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

A gentleman, who had known Marshal Blucher for thirty years past, happening to be at Frankfort at the time of the Marshal's arrival after the battle of Waterloo, hastened to pay his respects to his Excellency at his hotel, the White Swan. One evening, being alone with him, and conversing on several political matters, more particularly on the subject of the Battle of Waterloo, " Prince," said he, " I have read not only all the official accounts, but almost every description published of that glorious affair, still I do not consider myself perfectly *au fait* as to the subject. Pray tell me, was it you and your brave army, my dear Prince, that gained the battle, or were Wellington and the English the conquerors ?" With the greatest affability, the Prince led his querest to a window of the saloon, and answered in German, " Would you, my friend, learn the fact of the case ? If so, let me tell you, that neither Wellington nor myself gained the battle. Napoleon *lost it* :—and what is extraordinary, this same Napoleon, who is one of the greatest tacticians of our day, has lost it from a false step in tactics. Grouchy and Bulow, Bulow and Grouchy, those are the wheels upon which turned the fortunes of the day.

*Anec. of Foreign Courts.*

DR. JOHNSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

The late Dr. Samuel Johnson was on terms of great intimacy with Mr. Wesley's sister for many years, and in the course of conversation he expressed to her a desire to have an interview with her brother ; which she accordingly made known to Mr. Wesley, and a day was appointed for him to dine with the doctor, at his house in Salisbury court. The doctor conformed to Mr. Wesley's hours, appointing two o'clock for the dinner hour. The dinner was not ready, through some unforeseen delay, till three : they conversed till that time. Mr. Wesley had set apart two hours to spend with his learned host ; in consequence of this, he rose up as soon as it was ended and departed. The doctor was extremely disappointed, and could not conceal his chagrin. Mrs. Hall (Wesley's sister) said, " Why, doctor, my brother has been with you for two hours !" He replied, " Two hours, madam ! I could talk all day, and all night too, with your brother.'

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DAYS. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. 6 | SUN. | LES. for the DAY.<br>Isa. c. 44 morn.<br>——— 46 even.<br>The Epiphany, or Twelfth Day.<br>St. Peter.<br>Sun ris. 2m aft 8<br>— sets 38m — 3 | Jan. 6 | The Epiphany. This term imports an appearance of light or manifestation. The rites of this day were held in honour of the Eastern Magi.<br>St. Peter was a disciple of the first Abbot of St. Augustine, Canterbury. He was drowned in 608, while proceeding on a voyage to France, and was buried at Boulogne.<br>The carnival at Rome commences on this day, and lasts till Lent. |
| —— 7 | Mond. | Plough Monday.<br>St. Lucian.<br>St. Distaff's Day, or Rock Day. | —— 7 | The first Monday after the Epiphany is styled Plough Monday, on which day many curious ceremonies are observed in various parts of the kingdom.<br>St. Lucian was a presbyter of the church at Antioch. During his life he founded a church at Winchester. He died a martyr, A. D. 312.<br>On St. Distaff's Day, a festival is held in honour of the distaff used in spinning wool.<br>1153.—This day Henry II. invaded England, and had homage done him as the successor of Stephen. |
| — 8 | Tues. | St. Gudula.<br>Sun rises at 8<br>— sets at 4 | —— 8 | This saint is termed the patroness of Brussels; she was the daughter of St. Amalberge. Her death took place A. D. 660.<br>1780.—The gallant Admiral Rodney defeated the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent on this day, taking 27 of the enemy's ships. |
| —— 9 | Wed. | St. Peter of Sebaste. | —— 9 | 1766.—Killed by a fall from his horse, on this day, Dr. Thomas Birch, the author of the Lives of Eminent Persons, and editor of the enlarged edition of Bayle's Dictionary, &c.<br>1757.—Died on this day, Fontanelle, ÆT. 100, the author of the Plurality of Worlds, and Dialogues of the Dead.<br>1827.—Miss Elizabeth O. Benger, the talented authoress, of the life of the Queen of Bohemia, expired on this day. |
| —— 10 | Thurs | St. William,<br>Sun ris. 38m af. 7<br>—sets 2 ——4<br>Moon's last. qua.<br>15m after 7 m. | —— 10 | St. William was Archbishop of Bourges. He died A. D. 1207. After his death he is said to have worked miracles. The relics of this saint were destroyed by the Hugonots in 1562.<br>1778.—Dr. Charles Von Linnæus, the celebrated naturalist, died on this day, at Upsal, in Sweden, æt. 71; Linnæus was the founder and first president of the Academy at Stockholm.<br>1824.—Died, on this day, the celebrated African traveller, T. E. Bowditch, æt. 31, of a fever occasioned by fatigue endured whilst making a survey of the River Gambia. Previous to his death Mr. B. published his Mission to Ashantee, and several other valuable works.<br>1827.—Expired on this day, Dr. John Jones, the author of several learned and critical works, as well as a Greek and English Lexicon. |
| —— 11 | Frid. | St. Theodosius.<br>High Water,<br>53m af. 7 morn<br>27—— 8 aftrn. | —— 11 | St. Theodosius was a man of great piety; his subsistence for thirty years was pulse and wild herbs; according to Butler he died prophecying A. D. 529.<br>1652.—Expired on this day, Sir Hans Sloane, the eminent physician and naturalist, ÆT. 92. |
| —— 12 | Satur. | Saint Benedict Biscop or Bennet. | —— 12 | This saint was in the service of St. Oswi, king of the Northumbrians; his death happened A. D 690. During his life he made several pilgrimages to Rome, and founded two monasteries, one at Weremouth, and the other at Jarrow on the Tyne. |
| —— 13 | SUN. | 1st. aft. Epiph.<br>LES. for the DAY<br>Isa. c. 51 morn.<br>——— 53 even.<br>St. Veronica of Milan. | —— 13 | This saint is styled the virgin of Milan. She died A. D. 1497.<br>1535.—This day Henry VIII. assumed the title of the Head of the English Church, in the presence of his whole court.<br>St. Hilary was a native of Poictiers, of which place he was chosen bishop, A. D. 353. He died in 368. |
| —— 14 | Mond | St. Hilary. | —— 14 | 1236.—The Marriage of Henry III, with Eleanor, daughter of the Count of Provence, took place on this day.<br>1742.—Died on this day, Edmund Halley, the celebrated Astronomer, ÆT. 86. |

See page 37.

## THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

In a portion of the last number, we gave some account of the late lamented Prime Minister; trusting that it was acceptable to most of our readers, we have, in this number, followed the same plan, our subject being the relation of a few circumstances which attended the singular career of the individual whose name is at the head of this article. Though abundant as the information given to the public has been, of the actions of this most extraordinary character, who was distinguished for his marvellous fortunes, as well as his civil and military abilities, we think there is still much to be told, and therefore venture to insert the following extracts from a highly interesting work recently published.

### INTERVIEW OF NAPOLEON WITH THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

After the battle of Jena, Napoleon proceeded to Weimar. Entering the palace of the reigning Duke, who was then attached to the Prussian cause, and commanding one of the corps d'armée of Frederick-William; he found the Duchess at the head of her little court, drawn out with all due ceremony to receive him. Napoleon, without exhibiting the least mark of complaisance, said to the Grand-duchess, in a rough tone, "Make me some tea." Her Serene Highness, at once surprised and indignant at this ungallant reception, turned to one of her chamberlains, and requested him to order tea to be served to his Majesty the Emperor.

Napoleon, recollecting afterwards that he had been wanting in courtesy to this lady, went to pay her a visit, and in the conversation which ensued, remarked both spirit and judgment in the Duchess.—Asking her how it came that her husband was so imprudent as to serve in the army of his enemy, and thereby to expose thus his family, his country, and his subjects to the evils of war, the Duchess replied with great candour, "Sire, my husband has been in the service of the King of Prussia ever since his infancy. We owe every thing to that sovereign: what would you have thought of the Duke, Sire, if he had abandoned the Prussian cause at the moment when the King had most need of his services?" The Emperor was charmed with these representations. He gave

orders that, as much as possible, the state of Weimar, and especially the residence of its Sovereign, should be respected and spared. After having taken leave of her Serene Highness, he said to Marshal Berthier, "If the Duke of Saxe-Weimar is animated by the same principles and sentiments as this amiable woman, I regret deeply having given him any cause to complain of me."

NAPOLEON'S ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

When Napoleon made his first entry into Berlin, by the Brandenburgh gate, at the head of a numerous staff, and amidst an immense crowd, which pressed forward on all sides to obtain a glance at the hero of the day; a cry arose of "Long live the Emperor!" but Napoleon, feeling annoyed, instead of complimented, by these unmeaning acclamations, which, in truth, proceeded chiefly from the agents of the police, said aloud to one of his aides-de-camps, "Silence that man!"

Arrived at his chateau, he found, amongst others, the Prussian ministers, Hatzfelt, Voss, and Beyme, who had remained in Berlin, and formed, previously to the entry of the French, a sort of provisional government. They began by sedulously recommending to the favourable notice of the Emperor, the "good city" and citizens of Berlin. Napoleon, having heard them out, rejoined, in a tone of severity, "It is you, gentlemen, who are the occasion of this war; you alone do I accuse; your King, I am persuaded, would never have undertaken it but for your insinuations. You have caused prayers to be offered in the churches, and songs to be chanted in the theatres, recommending the war with Napoleon, and calling it a just and a proper war. Well! you have had it, and here I am, you fools! 40,000 French soldiers shall be quartered for three months at Berlin, and you will afterwards be able to tell me whether or not this war is *proper*.—Hence! begone!"

This harsh reception did not well agree with the promises made by the victorious Emperor to the Canon Tam, only a few days previously, when he gave instructions to visit the necessary evils of war upon the people of the capital as lightly as circumstances permitted; it is, however, not the less matter of fact, and can be vouched both by the canon himself, who is now in London, and by Marshal Victor, who at that moment was in the presence of Napoleon.

### NAPOLEON AND THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

During the period that the sovereigns were sojourning in the little town of Tilsit, where they were employed in arranging various matters of the highest importance, —more especially to the King of Prussia, —the French Emperor several times expressed a strong desire to see her Majesty the Queen, who was then with her children at Memel. This lady's repugnance to Napoleon was, however, so great, that they were obliged to put him off, from day to day, with feigned excuses for the delay of her arrival; until his natural impetuosity, no longer to be restrained, led him to say to the Emperor Alexander, "*Eh bien Sire!* it would seem that, in order to be ingulged with an introduction to this beautiful Queen, I should send *Marshal Davoust with his corps d'armée* to fetch her."

Alexander saw that there was no more room for trifling; and it was concerted between him and Frederick that a chamberlain should be forthwith despatched to Memel, to represent to her Majesty the absolute necessity for her appearance. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, she reluctantly fixed an hour upon which to commence the journey, and was met at a certain point of the road by the three sovereigns.

Napoleon was captivated at sight of this lovely woman, and took an opportunity just after of observing to Marshal Duroc,

You have told me true, Duroc; she is indeed a beautiful creature." Next day, he gave a dinner to her Majesty of the most sumptuous description. On bringing in the dessert, an open letter appeared on a salver, which was placed before the Queen of Prussia, addressed to her Majesty. "A letter for me?" exclaimed the Queen, on perceiving it, in great surprise. "Yes, Madame," replied Buonaparte; "be pleased to look at it." Her Majesty took it up, and found enclosed another, addressed to Jerome Buonaparte, then commanding the French forces in Prussian Silesia. This epistle contained an autograph order from Napoleon, directing the King of Westphalia to deliver up immediately to the nearest Prussian chief, that part of Silesia which had been reserved by the French Emperor, in the secret treaty of Tilsit; which territory was to be placed under the sole controul of the Queen of Prussia.

Her Majesty, deeply affected by this delicate and noble behaviour, exclaimed, "Certainly, never did monarch bestow a gift with so much dignity and grace. I pray your Majesty to accept my best thanks."——"Nay, Madam," rejoined Napoleon, "is it not just that I should indemnify you for the expenses of a journey from Memel to Tilsit?"

### THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AND NAPOLEON.

Of the stern unbending character of the Russians, we have a forcible example in the behaviour of Count Markow to Napoleon Buonaparte, at whose court he was ambassador.

In the year 1803, the Marquis d'Entraigues, a French emigrant, but counsellor of state in the Russian service, was sent on a mission from St. Petersburgh to Rome, where he was arrested and thrown into prison by order of Napoleon. As soon as the Emperor Alexander was made aware of this circumstance, he sent an express to Count Markow, to demand the liberation of Entraigues. The Count made official representations accordingly; but these were wholly disregarded. One Sunday, when there was public audience given to the diplomatic body at the Tuileries, the First Consul, addressing himself to the Marquis de Lucchecini, ambassador from Prussia:—"What think you, Marquis?" said he; "Russia is striving even to protect the emigrants." Count Markow, immediately interposing, observed, "Sir, if his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, my august master, wills to extend protection to any one, I am sure he has both right and reason." Upon this, Buonaparte, looking at Markow, with an air of extreme disdain, said, "It was not to you, Count, I spoke."—"Sir," answered the Russian, "if any one speaks in my presence of my Sovereign, I *always reply*." Having said this, he turned his back upon the First Consul, and left the audience.

Buonaparte, extremely irritated, gave orders to his minister that Count Markow should be forthwith sent back to Russia: but the latter, on this command being signified to him, at once refused, saying that he would not stir from Paris until his master recalled him. Both he and the First Consul despatched respectively messengers to St. Petersburgh with details of this affair; Buonaparte requiring the recal of the ambassador: whereupon Alexander sent M. Oubriel to replace him; but, as a mark of his Majesty's satisfaction at the spirited conduct of Markow, he transmitted to the Count, by the hands of his successor, the insignia of a Russian order, (enriched with diamonds,) and an ukase, conferring on him a pension of fifty thousand rubles. Oubriel was instructed to demand anew the release of the Marquis d'Entraigues, which was ultimately conceded by Buonaparte.

When, subsequently, Count Markow met the Grand-duke Constantine at a party at St. Petersburgh, that Prince said to him :—"Upon my honour, Count, you must possess great courage, to speak in such terms to Buonaparte. They say that man jokes not; what would you have done, had he by any chance laid hands upon you?"—"I would have chastised him on the spot," replied the courageous Markow.

### MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON WITH MARIA-LOUISA.

When the Emperor visited Vienna, in 1809, as a conqueror, he took up his residence in the beautiful castle of Schoenbrunn, in the environs of the capital. One morning, accompanied by Meyer, one of the castle inspectors, he went over the apartments of this magnificent edifice, which had been hastily quitted, some weeks before, by the imperial family. In one apartment, hung the portraits of the Emperor Francis's daughters, Maria-Louisa, Leopoldina, and Clementina. Napoleon, after a short pause, pointing to that of Maria-Louisa, which he considered with the deepest attention, asked of the inspector, if her Imperial Highness was really so handsome as there represented. The old man replied, "Oh yes, your Majesty, she is indeed: and, what is more, as amiable as handsome." "Well," rejoined Napoleon, "let the picture be placed in my cabinet, immediately fronting the writing table." He subsequently took it with him to Paris, and it was found in the Emperor's closet by the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, on her marriage.

The Emperor Francis, at the time he concluded upon consenting to this match, was not ignorant of the animosity entertained by his daughter and wife towards his intended son-in-law. He consequently had not courage to open the matter to Maria-Louisa herself, and the first governess to the Archduchess, was commisioned to make it known to her.

The lady, however, had no success whatever in her attempts to reconcile Maria-Louisa to her destiny, for the Archduchess had no sooner been told that her father had affianced her to Napoleon Buonaparte, than she fell upon the sofa, screaming and crying out, that she would never consent to marry such a monster! Francis was now fain to make personal endeavours to prevail on his daughter to comply with the proposed arrangement, and for that purpose announced his wish to have an interview with Maria-Louisa at a given hour.

He repaired to the Princess's apartment, attended by his two youngest daughters, and with the candour and tenderness characteristic of him, represented the necessity of such an alliance, as the only means left to save the imperial Family, and the whole Austrian dominions from subjection. The windows of the room in which they were, looked out upon the ruined walls and demolished forts of Vienna; Maria-Louisa took the Emperor by the hand, led him to the view of this desolate scene, and said—"Father, can you give the hand of your beloved child to the author of all this destruction?" "It is to prevent still greater horrors," answered Francis, deeply moved, "that I require this sacrifice from you;" and he urged his solicitations in so powerful and affecting a way, that his daughter at length exclaimed, "Tranquillize yourself, my dear father: to procure you peace, I will do whatever you ask of me."*

Maria Louisa, however, subsequently found that her sacrifice turned out to be not quite so heroic; she seemed, on the contrary, to have been greatly pleased with her new situation. A letter addressed by her, in the month of June, 1810, to the old Count Edlin, her late Governor, gives an interesting statement of her feelings soon after her marriage. The following are extracts :——

"I confess to you, my dear Count, that from the first moment I met and saw the Emperor Napoleon, my august and most beloved husband, he has shewn me on every occasion the highest attention. Indeed, I should be unjust and ungrateful, were I insensible to all his care, regard, and truly noble behaviour to me. In one word, my dear Count, I am happier than you can conceive.

"Believe not that this letter is written by any order or compulsion on the part of my august spouse, who, although at this very moment by my side, will not look at it. No! these sentiments are dictated by my own heart; and the letter goes from my hands into those of Count Joseph Metternich, by whom it will be handed to you."—*Anecdotes of foreign Courts.*

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* It is asserted by the Princess's governess, who was present at this interesting interview, that the young Princess, Leopoldina, then about twelve years old, saw her sister so much averse to the proposed match, that she said with extreme naivete, "Dear papa, since my good sister seems so greatly shocked at this union, I will go in her place, and be married to Napoleon, I have no dislike to the Emperor, and I dare say it will be the same thing to him."—"You are a little fool," replied Francis, tenderly smiling, "and know not what you say."

## A PERSIAN FABLE.

A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain :—
"My brief existence now is ended,
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live unknown to die."

It chanced to fall into the sea,
And there an open shell received it,
And after years, how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it!
The drop of rain had form'd a gem,
To deck a monarch's diadem

*The Amulet.*

## A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

Long ages ago, when the whole of Northern Europe was sunk in barbarism and dark idolatry, a young and beautiful maiden was found at sun-rise upon the rugged coast of Norway. There she stood, and looked wistfully over the retiring waves, which had left their fringes of silvery surf at her small naked feet.

The night had been stormy, and a vessel lay wrecked among the rocks. All the crew had perished but that gentle lady. The savage people gathered about her, wondering much at the rare fashion and the richness of her flowing garments, and at her fresh and delicate beauty ; but most of all at the sweetness and dignity of her demeanour.*

It was this maiden who became the wife of Regnar, the young Prince of Norway ; she was of equal birth with him, being a king's daughter, but obliged to flee from the usurper of her father's throne. The Princess Gurith (for so she was called) was not an idolater, yet for nearly a year after her marriage few persons but her husband knew the name of her religion. They soon learned, however, that in her it was pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy ; and so she was loved by all, and might have been happy, had not Queen Temora, the widow of the king's eldest son, visited the court of Norway. Now, this Temora was very beautiful, but proud and revengeful, and so skilled in magic, that by many she was named the Sorceress. Temora was queen, in her own right, of the far Orkney Isles ; and, notwithstanding her husband's sudden death, she had cherished the hope to reign in Norway also ; for Regnar, then the younger brother, though now the heir, had wooed her, when, from ambition, she preferred the elder prince.

When Temora came to court, hiding her fiery passions with a smiling face, and saw the beauty of the innocent Gurith, and the influence she had won in the hearts of those around her, she devoted her to ruin. It is said that she went at midnight, far up among the hills, into the depths of a black pine forest, where stood a rude but famous temple of the idol Woden (the ruins are now scattered about the place), and there sprinkling her own blood upon the altar, vowed to accomplish a deep and horrible revenge. From that hour she left no way untried to reach her ends. At first, she sought, under the mask of friendship, to introduce into the heart of Gurith some dark suspicion of her husband's faith, and so, at length, to break that gentle heart ; but the young princess was above suspicion ; love, and her perfect confidence in him she loved, were as a breast-plate of adamant to her, from which every weapon that was aimed against it, fell off, not only blunted, but leaving no trace to show where it had struck. Thus Temora was confounded and perplexed, for she had judged the princess by her own principles and feelings.

Still, notwithstanding all these deep devices, the guileless Lady Gurith grew in favour and tender love with all who knew her, and the sorceress inwardly cursed herself, when she beheld the effect of Gurith's presence upon the barbarous Norwegians ; an effect far more grateful to her woman's heart than the most awful influence of her own magic spells. When Gurith came forth into the banquet-hall, they met her with a reverence only next to adoration. Their brutal manner caught for the time somewhat of her gentleness ; their fierce disputings stopped ; their coarse jests and roars of laughter sounded more faintly ; the very minstrels touched their harps more lightly, and turned their war-songs to some plaintive lay, such as a gentle woman loves to hear. But the secret of this influence was a mystery to the consummate artfulness of Queen Temora : she could not comprehend that simple humility and unaffected kindness can win their way to the most savage bosom.

For instance, after a battle, when the wounded were brought home, a band of warriors came forward to the terrace, on which Gurith and Queen Temora sat, surrounded by their ladies. They had brought the richest spoil, and laid it at the feet of the two princesses. Temora snatched at once a coronet of gems, and placed it with a haughty smile upon her head. They that stood by shuddered as they saw her

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 33.

bright eyes flashing, and the rich blush of pleasure on her cheek; for a few dark drops clung in the threads of yellow hair upon her brow, and then trickled down her face. There was human blood upon that coronet.—Gurith had scarcely looked upon the glittering baubles set before her; she had seen a wounded soldier fall exhausted at the gate, and she flew to raise him. They that stood by smiled with tender and admiring love, as they beheld her hands and garments stained with blood, for she had torn her long white veil to staunch the blood, dressing the wounds of the dying man with her own soft hands, and then as other wounded soldiers were brought from the field, she had forgot her rank, and the feebleness of her sex, to administer also to their relief. It was in such instances as these that the character of Gurith was discovered; was it strange that she should seem almost a being of a higher order to the untutored savages? But soon Temora began to fear that Gurith was herself an enchantress, for every withering spell of witchcraft had been tried in vain against her. She had met at midnight with the weird women in their murky caverns; there they sung their charmed rhymes together, and held their horrid incantations. Gurith was still unharmed, still lovely, still happy in the love of her husband, and of all the people.

By a mere chance, the sorceress at length discovered what she felt convinced to be the secret of Gurith's hidden strength. There was a chamber, in a small lonely tower that joined the palace, to which the young princess retired, not only at stated periods every day, but often, very often, at other times. There she would sometimes remain shut up for hours, and no one dared to break upon her privacy; even her husband humoured her wishes, and had never, since his marriage, visited that chamber. If sometimes she entered it mournful, dispirited, and with downcast looks, she never failed to come forth from her retirement with a new spirit, calm and smiling, and all the fair beauty of her face restored. This, then, was the chamber where those spells were woven which had baffled all the skill of the sorceress.

Not long after the queen had made the discovery of the chamber, the aged king, her father-in-law, while visiting the Princess Gurith, was struck with blindness. Temora began to rejoice, for an opportunity, well suited to her own dark purposes, had at last occurred.

There was a solemn festival held in honour of the goddess Freya. In the midst of the rejoicing, the sorceress, (her yellow hair streaming upon her shoulders, and her rich robes all rent,) rushed into the hall. With frantic cries she bade the feasting cease, and, seizing from an aged scald the harp that he was striking, she tore away the strings, and then, in sullen silence, she sat her down before the idol's image. Again she rose, and with a dagger's point scratched a few rough characters upon the altar. The priests had gathered round her, and when they saw those letters, they also shrieked aloud with horror; they fell before the idol, and bowed their faces to the ground, howling, and heaping dust upon their heads. Upon this, with a fixed and dreamy stare, Temora arose, and, beating upon a sort of shapeless drum, commenced a low and melancholy chant.

She told them, that the nation had cause to mourn that heavy calamities had fallen upon them, that the gods had sent a curse among them. A monster had been cast up by the treacherous waves, and none had known their danger. Their king, their prince, nay, she herself, had been deceived; for that fearful monster had come among them in a human form, even as a beautiful maiden. They had cherished her, and now the judgment had fallen upon them: it had begun with the king—he was struck with blindness——where would it fall next? with prophetic glance she could foresee. But here the drum dropt from her hands; at once her frantic violence was stilled: she sunk upon the ground, and her long hair fell like a veil over her stern features.—She had said enough. As she began, a smothered sound of cursing arose on all sides; now the whirlwind of furious passion burst forth, and knew no bounds. The tumult spread far and wide among the people. Led by the wizard priests, they rushed to the palace, and demanded that their king should come forth to them. Now the poor old king, being in his dotage, and almost governed by the priests, had been persuaded, and tutored, to think, and to answer, just as they suggested. Led by the sorceress, he came forth, sightless and trembling, and his few faltering words confirmed all that the artful Temora had declared.

All this time, Prince Regnar had been absent. He came in from hunting just when Temora had brought his father forth. Horror-struck, he soon perceived the purpose of the fiend-like woman; but in vain he sought to quell the furious tumult; his father was totally under the dominion of the priests, and when a cry was raised, demanding, as their victim, the young and innocent Gurith, the king's assent was given. As for the princess, she was not to be found. Two persons, however, who at once had guessed the place of her re-

treat, met at the door of her mysterious chamber. For once that door was scarcely closed. It opened at the gentle touch of Regnar, but there was something arrested him. "Stop, stop," he whispered, holding the door firmly with one hand, while he thrust forth the other to prevent Temora from advancing. "Stop but a little while. Let us not disturb her yet." Temora obeyed. Curiosity for a time mastered her vengeance. She wished to hear distinctly the words which were pronounced in that chamber; but what were the words that fell upon her ear? The low, sweet voice of Gurith, breathing forth prayers to the God she worshipped; pleading for her worst enemy, praying that He, whose favour is life, would give a new spirit, and sweet peace of mind, and every blessing to her sister Temora! The voice of Gurith ceased, and Regnar entered softly. Temora had sunk upon the step where she had stood; she did not enter, though at last that chamber stood open before her; but with still greater astonishment than that with which she had listened, she gazed upon its inmate. Gurith had not heard the light step of her husband. She was kneeling, with both her hands covering her face. The tears that trickled through her fingers too well betrayed the anguish that had stopped her voice in prayer. And this, then, was the secret of the mysterious chamber. Gurith had trusted to no spell but that of innocence: her strength had been in the confession of her utter weakness to Him, with whom she held her high and spiritual communion, to Him whose strength is made perfect in the weakness of his children. To him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, whose gracious invitation is to the weary and the heavy laden, she had gone in every time of trial; and from the foot of his cross, where she ever laid the burden of her griefs, she had brought forth into the world that sweet and holy cheerfulness which passed even the understanding of the wretched Temora. Struck to the heart, the sorceress slunk silently away. Some feelings of remorse had seized upon her, and now she would have gladly stopped the tumult. Alas! she had no power to calm the storm which she had raised. The frantic multitude had burst the palace gates. Regnar was overpowered, and they were dragging their meek and innocent victim to the altar of the horrid idol, when suddenly, and it seemed miraculously, a higher power interposed and stopped their blind fury. The aged monarch fell dead into the arms of his attendants—the excitement of the last few hours had proved too much for his feeble frame. Instantly, and almost at a venture, a single voice cried out, "Long live King Regnar!" There was a breathless pause—and then the cry was echoed by the shouts of all the people. Gurith, the Christian Gurith, was saved. *Fireside Book.*

## LOVE DREAMS.

*(For the Olio.)*

I dreamt that at eve a white mist arose,
Where the hedge row brambles twist,
I thought that my love was a sweet wild rose,
And I the silvery mist.
Now sweetly I beaded her pale red charms,
With many a diamond speck,
How softly I bent my watery arms,
And clung round her beautiful neck.
Oh me, what a heavenly birth!
I revelled all night,
Till the morn came bright,
Then sunk at her feet down again in the earth.

I dreamt that my love was a wild rose tree,
All covered with purple bloom,
And I methought was an amorous bee,
That lov'd the rich perfume.
Large draughts of nectar I sat to sip,
In a bud that hung below,
And I breathed her breath, and I kiss'd her lip,
And her bosom—as chaste as snow.
Oh me! what a heavenly task!
For there I lay
Till eve grew grey,
While she in the Sun's bright beams did bask.

Again,—I was where the pale moon did line
The forest with a silver light,
And I thought my love was a wild woodbine,
And I a zephyr bright.
"Welcome," said I, "where the bramble weaves,
Around us a guard of thorns;"
And sweetly I tangled myself in her leaves,
And blew on her red streaked horns,
To the music of which we led,
A gay dance about,
Till old night came out,
To rock us to sleep in his dusky bed,

W. H. B.

## JESSY OF KIBE'S FARM.

*By Miss M. R. Mitford.*

About the centre of a deep winding and woody lane, in the secluded village of Aberleigh, stands an old farm-house, whose stables, out-buildings, and ample yard, have a peculiarly forlorn and deserted appearance; they can, in fact, scarcely be said to be occupied, the person who rents the land preferring to live at a large farm about a mile distant, leaving this lonely house to the care of a labourer and his wife, who reside in one end, and have the charge of a few colts

and heifers that run in the orchard and adjoining meadow, whilst the vacant rooms are tenanted by a widow in humble circumstances and her young family.

The house is beautifully situated; deep, as I have said, in a narrow woody lane, which winds between high banks, now feathered with hazel, now quickly studded with pollards and forest trees, until opposite Kibe's Farm it widens sufficiently to admit a large clear pond, round which the hedge, closely and regularly set with a row of tall elms, sweeps in a graceful curve, forming for that bright mirror, a rich leafy frame. A little way farther on the lane again widens, and makes an abrupter winding, as it is crossed by a broad shallow stream, a branch of the Loddon, which comes meandering along from a chain of beautiful meadows, then turns in a narrower channel by the side of the road, and finally spreads itself into a large piece of water, almost a lakelet, amid the rushes and willows of Hartly Moor. A foot-bridge is flung over the stream, where it crosses the lane, which, with a giant oak growing on the bank, and throwing its broad branches far on the opposite side, forms in every season a pretty rural picture.

Kibe's Farm is as picturesque as its situation; very old, very irregular, with gable ends, clustered chimneys, casement windows, a large porch, and a sort of square wing jutting out even with the porch, and covered with a luxuriant vine, which has quite the effect, especially when seen by moonlight, of an ivy-mantled tower. On one side extend the ample but disused farm buildings; on the other the old orchard, whose trees are so wild, so hoary, and so huge, as to convey the idea of a fruit-forest. Behind the house is an ample kitchen garden, and before a neat flower court, the exclusive demesne of Mrs. Lucas and her family, to whom indeed the labourer, John Miles, and his good wife Dinah, serve in some sort as domestics.

Mrs. Lucas had known far better days. Her husband had been an officer, and died fighting bravely in one of the last battles of the Peninsular war, leaving her with three children, one lovely boy and two delicate girls, to struggle through the world as best she might. She was an accomplished woman, and at first settled in a great town, and endeavoured to improve her small income by teaching music and languages. But she was country bred; her children too had been born in the country, amidst the sweetest recesses of the New Forest, and pining herself for liberty, and solitude, and green fields, and fresh air, she soon began to fancy that her children were visibly deteriorating in health and appearance, and pining for them also; and finding that her old servant Dinah Miles was settled with her husband in this deserted farm-house, she applied to his master to rent for a few months the untenanted apartments, came to Aberleigh, and fixed there apparently for life.

We lived in different parishes, and she declined company, so that I seldom met Mrs. Lucas, and had lost sight of her for some years, retaining merely a general recollection of the mild, placid, elegant mother, surrounded by three rosy, romping, bright-eyed children, when the arrival of an intimate friend at Aberleigh rectory caused me frequently to pass the lonely farm-house, and threw this interesting family again under my observation.

The first time that I saw them was on a bright summer evening, when the nightingale was yet in the coppice, the briar-rose blossoming in the hedge, and the sweet scent of the bean fields perfuming the air. Mrs. Lucas, still lovely and elegant, though somewhat faded and care-worn, was walking pensively up and down the grass path of the pretty flower court; her eldest daughter, a rosy bright brunette, with her dark hair floating in all directions, was darting about like a bird; now tying up the pinks, now watering the geraniums, now collecting the fallen rose leaves into the straw bonnet which dangled from her arm, and now feeding a brood of bantams from a little barley measure, which that sagacious and active colony seemed to recognise as if by instinct, coming long before she called them at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, to await with their usual noisy and bustling impatience the showers of grain which she flung to them across the paling. It was a beautiful picture of youth, health, and happiness; and her clear gay voice, and brilliant smile, accorded well with a shape and motion as light as a butterfly, and as wild as the wind. A beautiful picture was that rosy lass of fifteen in her unconscious loveliness, and I might have continued gazing on her longer, had I not been attracted by an object no less charming, although in a very different way.

It was a slight elegant girl, apparently about a year younger than the pretty romp of the flower garden, not unlike her in form and feature, but totally distinct in colouring and expression.

She sat in the old porch, wreathed with jessamine and honeysuckle, with the western sun floating around her like a glory, and displaying the singular beauty of her chesnut hair brown with a golden

light, and the exceeding delicacy of her smooth and finely grained complexion, so pale, and yet so healthful. Her whole face and form had a bending and statue-like grace, increased by the adjustment of her splendid hair, which was parted on her white forehead, and gathered up behind in a large knot—a natural coronet. Her eyebrows and long eyelashes were a few shades darker than her hair, and singularly rich and beautiful. She was plaiting straw rapidly and skilfully, and bent over her work with a mild and placid attention, a sedate pensiveness that did not belong to her age, and which contrasted strangely and sadly with the gaiety of her laughing and brilliant sister, who at this moment darted up to her with a handful of pinks and some groundsel. Jessy received them with a smile—such a smile!—spoke a few sweet words in a sweet sighing voice; put the flowers in her bosom, and the groundsel in the cage of a linnet that hung near her; and then resumed her seat and her work, imitating, better than I have ever heard them imitated, the various notes of a nightingale who was singing in the opposite hedge; whilst I, ashamed of loitering longer, passed on.

The next time I saw her, my interest in this lovely creature was increased tenfold—for I then knew that Jessy was blind—a misfortune always so touching, especially in early youth, and in her case rendered peculiarly affecting by the personal character of the individual. We soon became acquainted, and even intimate under the benign auspices of the kind mistress of the rectory; and every interview served to increase the interest excited by the whole family, and most of all by the sweet blind girl.

Never was any human being more gentle, generous, and grateful, or more unfeignedly resigned to her great calamity. The pensiveness that marked her charater arose as I soon perceived from a different source. Her blindness had been of recent occurrence, arising from inflammation unskilfully treated, and was pronounced incurable; but from coming on so lately, it admitted of several alleviations, of which she was accustomed to speak with a devout and tender gratitude. "She could work," she said, "as well as ever; and cut out, and write, and dress herself, and keep the keys, and run errands in the house she knew so well without making any mistake or confusion. Reading, to be sure, she had been forced to give up, and drawing; and some day or other she would shew me, only that it seemed so vain, some verses which her dear brother William had written upon a group of wild flowers, which she had begun before her misfortune. Oh, it was almost worth while to be blind to be the subject of such verse, and the object of such affection! Her dear mamma was very good to her, and so was Emma! but William—oh she wished that I knew William! No one could be so kind as he! It was impossible! He read to her; he talked to her; he walked with her; he taught her to feel confidence in walking alone; he had made for her use the wooden steps up the high bank which led into Kibe's Meadow; he had put the hand-rail on the old bridge, so that now she could get across without danger, even when the brook was flooded. He had tamed her linnet; he had constructed the wooden frame, by the aid of which she could write so comfortably and evenly; could write letters to him, and say her ownself all that she felt of love and gratitude. And that," she continued with a deep sigh, "was her chief comfort now; for William was gone, and they should never meet again—never alive—that she was sure of—she knew it." "But why, Jessy?" "Oh, because William was so much too good for this world, there was nobody like William! And he was gone for a soldier. Old General Lucas, her father's uncle, had sent for him abroad—had given him a commission in his regiment—and he would never come home, at least they should never meet again—of that she was sure—she knew it."

This persuasion was evidently the master-grief of poor Jessy's life, the cause that far more than her blindness faded her cheek, and saddened her spirit. How it had arisen no one knew; partly, perhaps, from some lurking superstition, some idle word, or idler omen which had taken root in her mind, nourished by the calamity which in other respects she bore so calmly, but which left her so often in darkness and loneliness to brood over her own gloomy forebodings; partly from the trembling sensibility, and partly from the delicacy of frame and of habit which had always characterised the object of her love—a slender youth, whose ardent spirit was but too apt to overtask his body.

However it found admittance, there the presentiment was, hanging like a dark cloud over the sunshine of Jessy's young life. Reasoning was useless. They know little of the passions who seek to argue with that most intractable of them all—the fear that is born of love; so Mrs. Lucas and Emma tried to amuse away these sad thoughts, trusting to time, to William's letters, and, above all, to William's return to eradicate the evil.

These letters came punctually and gaily,

letters that might have quieted the heart of any sister in England, except the fluttering heart of Jessy Lucas. William spoke of improved health, of increased strength, of actual promotion, and expected recal. At last he even announced his return under auspices the most gratifying to his mother, and the most beneficial to her family. The regiment was ordered home, and the old and wealthy relation, under whose protection he had already risen so rapidly, had expressed his intention to accompany him to Kibe's Farm, to be introduced to his nephew's widow and daughters, especially Jessy, for whom he expressed himself greatly interested. A letter from General Lucas himself, which arrived by the same post, was still more explicit: it adduced the son's admirable character and exemplary conduct as reasons for befriending the mother, and avowed his design of providing for each of his young relatives, and of making William his heir.

For half an hour after the first hearing of these letters, Jessy was happy—till the peril of a winter voyage (for it was deep January) crossed her imagination, and checked her joy. At length, long before they were expected, another epistle arrived, dated Portsmouth. They had sailed by the next vessel to that which conveyed their previous despatches, and might be expected hourly at Kibe's Farm. The voyage was past, safely past, and the weight seemed now really taken from Jessy's heart. She raised her sweet face and smiled: yet still it was a fearful and a trembling joy, and somewhat of fear was mingled even with the very intensity of her hope. It had been a time of rain and wind; and the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon, always so affluent of water, had overflowed its boundaries, and swelled the smaller streams which it fed into torrents. The brook which crossed Kibe's Lane had washed away part of the foot-bridge, destroying poor William's railing, and was still foaming and dashing like a cataract. Now that was the nearest way; and if William should insist on coming that way! To be sure, the carriage road was round by Grazely Green, but to cross the brook would save half a mile; and William, dear William, would never think of danger to get to those whom he loved. These were Jessy's thoughts: the fear seemed impossible, for no postillion would think of breasting that roaring stream; but the fond sister's heart was fluttering like a new caught bird, and she feared she knew not what.

All day she paced the little court, and stopped and listened, and listened and stopped. About sunset, with the nice sense of sound which seemed to come with her fearful calamity, and that fine sense quickened by anxiety, expectation, and love, she heard, she thought she heard, she was sure she heard the sound of a carriage rapidly advancing on the other side of the stream. "It is only the noise of the rushing waters," cried Emma. "I hear a carriage, the horses, the wheels!" replied Jessy; and darted off at once, with the double purpose of meeting William, and of warning the postillion against crossing the stream. Emma and her mother followed fast! fast! But what speed could vie with Jessy's, when the object was William? They called, but she neither heard nor answered. Before they had won to the bend in the lane she had reached the brook; and, long before either of her pursuers had gained the bridge, her foot had slipt from the wet and tottering plank, and she was borne resistlessly down the stream. Assistance was immediately procured; men, and ropes, and boats; for the sweet blind girl was beloved of all, and many a poor man perilled his life in a fruitless endeavour to save Jessy Lucas; and William, too, was there, for Jessy's quickened sense had not deceived her—William was there, struggling with all the strength of love and agony to rescue that dear and helpless creature; but every effort—although he persevered until he too was taken out senseless—every effort was vain. The fair corse was recovered, but life was extinct. Poor Jessy's prediction was verified to the letter; and the brother and his favourite sister never met again.—*From the Bijou.*

## A SUNSET IN THE ÆGEAN.

After a passage of eight days, we arrived at Hydra from Candia. We had been creeping through the Archipelago at the rate of ten or twelve miles in twenty-four hours, and this chiefly when carried by the currents. Nothing that I know of can possibly compare with the tedium of such a voyage; day after day to be lagging under a burning sun, the sails clinging to the mast, and the ropes and rigging accurately reflected in the glassy sea; not an undulation to break the line formed on the glowing timbers by the motionless waters; not a swirl at the rudder, not a ripple at the prow; with no variety of prospect, save a few sun-scorched Islands, and not a curl to warp the mirror of the ocean, nor a feather of a cloud to break the blue sameness of the sky. There were, however, charms in the scene around us, which not even the anxiety of the delay could render unattractive. The risings

and settings of the sun were most superb; in the morning, his crimson beams bursting through purple mists that wrapped the Ægian and its islands, and beaming down upon the still blue azure, till his rays deeply refracted in its bosom, made the whole seem one mass of azure pearl; and when at eve he again descended to the ocean, through the cloudless heaven, and his departing glories tipped with gold the lonely Cyclades, he appeared not to sink, but to melt away from the sky; whilst his fading brightness, gently spreading over the heavens, seemed a drop of molten gold, blending in a lake of liquid purple. But it is only the loveliness of the ocean and the sky that seem fadeless in the clime of the East. I was much disappointed in the beauty of the Cyclades; whether my expectations had been too highly raised, or that the earth seemed to shrink from a comparison with the peerless splendour of this sky and ocean, the Islands, though in general productive and fruitful, are sadly deficient in picturesque beauties. They contain very few trees, and low lentiscas and mastics are all that seem to spring above the beds of thyme that cover the parched soil. There are no rich tints and no glowing colours in the landscape; and a few neat white villages, a monastery perched on a towering cliff, or the solitary ruins of a desolate temple, are all that they contain, externally, of interest or romance, independent of their classical association.—*Emerson's Greece in* 1825.

## Illustrations of History.

### ORIGIN OF THE WHITE HART AS A SIGN.

Blackmoor Forest, at the spring of the Froome, was once called the forest of White Hart, and at that time the seat of royalty; it was much resorted to by our kings, on account of the great abundance of deer and other game. King Henry III. with a large retinue, having one day entered the chase to enjoy the sport of hunting, roused a milk white hart. The creature afforded his Majesty so much pastime, that, at the pulling down, it was the royal pleasure to save the beast, and place round his neck a collar of brass on which was engraved:—

"I am a Royal Hart, let no one harm me!"

But the King and his retinue having run over, and spoiled the lands of a gentleman of the county, named *Thomas de la Linde*, and refusing, upon remonstrance, to make good the injury, *De la Linde* imprudently resolved to spite King Henry; when joining with others, he hunted the White Hart, and having run it down, foolishly took the life of the King's favourite, and making merry over its haunches, was heard in his cups to utter many disrespectful things towards his sovereign, which were conveyed to Henry, who presently convinced De la Linde of his presumption, and so highly resented the indignity, that he made every one concerned in the death of the noble animal to pay into his Exchequer an annual fine, called "*White Hart Silver*," which was not remitted during the reign of that monarch. From this circumstance, we may date the origin of the White Hart for a sign at the various inns and houses of entertainment throughout England.

### THE FIRST USE OF THE CROSIER.

The crosier or crozier, is a symbol of pastoral authority, consisting of a gold or silver staff, crooked at the top, carried occasionally before bishops and abbots, and held in the hand when they pronounce their solemn benedictions. The custom of bearing a pastoral staff is one of great antiquity, as appears from the life of St. Cæsaria of Arles, who lived about the year 500. Among the Greeks none but the patriarchs had a right to the crosier. Crosiers were at first no more than simple wooden staves, in form of a T, used to rest and lean upon. In course of time, they were made longer, and at length arrived to the form we now see them of. The regular abbots on the continent are allowed to officiate with a mitre and crosier.

## Customs of Various Countries.

### ANCIENT CEREMONY OF MAKING AN OFFERING TO THE WHITE BULL OF ST. EDMOND'S BURY.

Among the obsolete customs of this country, the following is one that was practised, whenever a married woman was desirous of conceiving. This white bull, who enjoyed full ease and plenty in the fields of Habyrdon, never basely yoked to the plough, nor permitted to be cruelly baited at the stake for the amusement of the peasantry, was led in procession through the principal streets of the town, viz. Church Street, Guildhall Street, and Cook Row; of which the last led to the principal entrance of the monastery, attended by all the monkish fraternity, singing, and a shouting crowd, the woman walking by him, stroking his milk white side, and

pendant dew-laps. The bull then being led away, the woman entered the Church, and paid her vows at the altar of St. Edmund, kissing the stone, and intreating with tears the blessing of a child.

### THE COPE TRIBUTE.

The ancient custom of Cope, consists in the paying a tribute due to the King, or lord of the soil, out of some portion of the lead-mines in some part of Derbyshire. The word *Cope* signifies, and is sometimes used for the supreme cover, as the cope of heaven. This ancient custom is illustrated as follows by an old writer:

**Egress and ingress to the King's Highway**
**The miners have, and *lot* and *cope* they pay,**
**The thirteenth dish of ore within their mine,**
**To the lord for *lot*, they pay at measuring time;**
**Sixpence a load for *cope* the lord demands,**
**And this is paid to the burgh-master's hands.**

### SINGULAR CUSTOM IN CHESHIRE.

At the Town of Northwich, in the county of Cheshire, a whimsical privilege is allowed, by the charter of that church, to the senior scholar of the grammar-school; namely, that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk; or, instead thereof, the garters of the bride.

## Anecdotiana

### FREDERICK THE GREAT AND GENERAL SWIETEN.

Frederick of Prussia, was wont to say, "No war was ever carried on without spies, and no administration without corruption;" and he certainly evinced his faith in this doctrine, by the measures he pursued. His favourite, General Swieten, who used to take considerable liberties on the strength of his favouritism, was bold enough to observe to the King, one day, when the troops were in want of necessaries, and complaining,—that his Majesty spent more money in spies than he did in bread and clothing for his army. "You are a fool!" answered the King, "a downright fool! One piece of information, of the worthof 500 rix dollars, has saved me a million of money, and 10,000 men! Don't talk to me of bread and clothing! —talk to me of advancing without bloodshed, and of *saving* my men. Their *wants* will be easily supplied when I know where the enemy's magazines are. My death's heads will soon fill their empty stomachs and purses too. You great fool! how did I take possession of Saxony? Not with my army, but with a gold cabinet-key."—*Foreign Courts.*

### AN EPIGRAM.

*(For the Olio.)*

**"What should an epigram be like?" said Paul,**
**When sporting with his friend;**
**"An epigram should, like a cobler's awl,**
**Be sharpest at the end."**
**"Or, like two skilful players at cards," said Paul,**
**"That have one object to attain;**
**An epigram should cut, divide, and—all**
**A double point to gain."**

P.

### MARSHAL LOUDON AND THE COBLER.

The Marshal was a native of Scotland, and entered young, as a soldier of fortune, into the service of the Elector of Bavaria, wherein he held the rank of captain. Having had the misfortune to kill his colonel in a duel, he was obliged to quit Bavaria very precipitately. He went to Berlin, and requested a commission from the King of Prussia; but Frederick the Great received him very cavalierly, and said to him, among other bad compliments—"You have more the air of a monk than of a soldier; and, besides, I have no fancy for English officers."

Loudon now made way for Vienna, where he did his utmost to procure an appointment from the Minister of War; but unsuccessfully: until at length, wearied of making applications, he left the capital, and took a lodging in one of the faubourgs, at the house of a shoemaker named Pancrace, where he remained some time in a state of great destitution, and supported by his landlord out of mere charity. It happened, at this epoch, that Marshal Daun, who commanded the Austrian army in Silesia, against the King of Prussia, wrote to the Empress Maria-Theresa, and to the Prince de Lichtenstein, to obtain good officers, accustomed to a war of partisanship, having none such attached to his corps. On a conference following between the Empress and Prince, the latter bethought him of Loudon, who had been represented to him as skilful in this particular branch, but whom, he told the Empress, it would now be difficult to find.—"Is he in the Austrian dominions, think you?" inquired Maria-Theresa.—"There is no doubt of it," answered the Marshal. "Well then," rejoined her Majesty, "I think we may get at him. Give orders to post up a description of this same Loudon, and

promise a thousand ducats to whosoever will find out his abode."

The Empress's commands were executed next morning, and before the day closed, bills to this effect were stuck up in almost every street of the metropolis. Pancrace, who had gone into the city to get work, observing so many of these bills, which attracted general notice, read one of them, and without going any farther, he returned to his house, and finding his lodger there, said, "You are a pretty fellow! no doubt, some great criminal; if I had known you before, you should never have come into my house." Loudon, who was conscious of no other offence than owing his landlord money, replied, "My dear Pancrace! you know well that I can't pay you just now; I have not even a sous."—"Oh, it is not about the money I am speaking just now. All I want is for you to quit my house. There is a ducat for you. Begone! If I were malignantly disposed, I might obtain a thousand ducats by denouncing you. But, no! I will not stain my hands with your blood. Away! you have no time to lose."

Loudon, more astonished than ever, demanded of his host what he meant; and when Pancrace related the fact of his being advertised for in the manner abovementioned, penetrating the whole affair, he cried out, "My dear Pancrace, this is the best news for us in the world! They want me for the military service; go to the office of the Minister of War, and say that I am lodging with you, but am too badly clothed to appear myself." After a short interval, the Minister himself arrived at the shoemaker's habitation, gave him the promised reward, and furnished Loudon with means to equip himself properly. He was then presented to the Empress, who gave him the appointment of colonel, and sent him to the army, where he distinguished himself so highly, as to become, at the end of four years, a field-marshal. He lived to beat, repeatedly, Frederick the Great, by whom his services had been refused; and who frequently, when speaking of Loudon to his friends, lamented that he should have committed the egregious blunder of turning such an officer away.

*Anec. of Foreign Courts.*

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HORNE TOOKE'S COURAGE.

Mr. Tooke was by no means a man of courage; although, from his bold writings, one might fancy him a hero; a champion ready to defend his opinions with sword or pistol, or even with his fist. One would think that the man who, in answer to an attack of Junius, could write such words as the following, must be a person of no ordinary nerve. They were these:—"The King, whose actions justify rebellion to his government, deserves death from the hand of every subject; and should such a time arrive, *I should be as free to act as any.*" He made use of a similar remarkable expression in regard to the unfortunate King James, in reference to the desertion of his army. Still Mr. Tooke knew himself to be entirely destitute of real courage; and he confessed to an intimate friend that he was a coward. "I should have made but a bad soldier," said he, one day, laughing, "for I have been all my life a complete coward: bravery is engendered by a long habit of fearlessness of danger, in a heart naturally bold; I never had much of this sort of stamina; and during the restless life which I have led, the little portion of courage I possessed oozed out at my finger ends, from the continual fret and worry in which I have been kept. I will tell you the boldest, the bravest, the most courageous thing I ever did in my whole life. I was at a meeting at Croydon, where, having stood forward to advocate a certain question, I was sharply attacked by a fellow of the name of Phillips; but, however, I gave him such a dressing in reply, that, even whilst I went on tearing him to pieces at every sentence, I was actually afraid that he would horsewhip me when I had done, or send me a challenge to fight him. A pretty thing, by the bye, it would be to see two parsons with a pair of pistols under their arms, saluting each other, at the early hour of five, on a cold frosty morning! O, yes, I gave the *Reverend* Mr. Phillips such a drubbing, that even I myself was surprised at it."

"Did his Reverence take no notice of it, then?"

"Not a word, faith! By G—d! he was as great a coward as I was myself! But, let me tell you, Sir, the affair was no less *heroic* on my part; for I thought him as brave as a lion, and I dare say my words made him think the same of me. I assure you, Sir, it requires no small degree of pluck—when you have not the law at your back—to beard a stout bully-looking fellow to his very teeth; when, perhaps, the next morning he may send a bullet through your brains."—*Lon. Clubs.*

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ROGER WILBRAHAM AND SIR P. FRANCIS.

The late Sir Philip Francis, (to whom the authorship of Junius has been attributed,) during many years of his life was a member of the House of Commons, and spoke on all questions of importance on the side of Opposition. He was the convivial companion of Fox, and, during the short administration of that statesman, was made a Knight of the Bath.

Roger Wilbraham, who was also on the same side, came up one evening to the whist table, at Brookes's, where Sir Philip, (who for the first time wore the ribbon of the order) was seriously engaged in the middle of a rubber; and thus accosted him.

Laying hold of the ribbon, and examining it for some time before he spoke, he said: "So this is the way they have rewarded you at last; they have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they? A pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck;—and that satisfies you, does it?—Now, I wonder what I shall have.—What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?"

The newly-made Knight, who had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and who was not very well pleased at the interruption, suddenly turned round, and casting on him a ferocious look, exclaimed, "A halter, and be d——d to you!"

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### COUPLET OF LORD ERSKINE.

This talented nobleman, when an advocate, was often in the habit of indulging in pleasantries upon the eccentricities of the heads of the Court. Among the many epigrams that are left of his lordship's writing, is the following little *jeu d'esprit;* it was circulated about the barrister's benches, and afforded considerable amusement at the expence of Mr. Justice Ashurst, who was remarkable for a long lanky visage, not unlike that which Cervantes sketched as Don Quixote's:—

Judge Ashurst, with his *lanthorn* jaws,
Throws *light* upon the English laws.

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### CERVANTES.

An ambassador from France to Spain, in the time of Cervantes, had an interview with him, and during the visit, he complimented the author of that inimitable work, Don Quixote, by observing to him the great reputation he had acquired by producing so interesting a work, when he was stopped by Cervantes whispering in his ear, "That had it not been for the inquisition, I should have made my book much more interesting."

Many of the good things written by Cervantes, as well as other authors, are lost to us, through the existence of that abominable tribunal of religion and ignorance. One Aonius Palearius was fully aware of this, and said, "That the inquisition was a poignard aimed at the throat of literature." The image is forcible, and the observation just, but the ingenious observer was in consequence burnt.

## DRINKING.

[AN ANCIENT FRAGMENT.]

Three cups of wine a prudent man may take,
The first of these for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best,
The third and last to lull him to his rest,
Then home to bed. But if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly and not ours;
Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends;
The sixth breeds feuds, & falling out of friends;
Seven begets blows and faces stain'd with gore;
Eight, & the watch patrole breaks ope the door.
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swill'd sot drops senseless on the ground

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### ORIGIN OF THE USE OF COFFEE.

A prior of a monastery, in that part of Arabia where this berry grows, having remarked that the goats who ate of it became extremely brisk and alert, resolved to try the experiment on his monks, of whose lethargic propensities he was continually complaining. The experiment turned out successful; and it is said that it was owing to this circumstance the Arabian berry came to be so universally used and admired for its pleasant refreshing qualities.

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## EPIGRAM.

*(For the Olio.)*

On the relict of the late Mr. Good marrying a gentleman of fortune of the name of Better:—

*Good* in the grave is Nature's debtor;
This change has made his widow *Better.* P.

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### ASTLEY THE EQUESTRIAN.

Astley, the celebrated equestrian, had an amphitheatre in Dublin, where he often experienced rough usage from the lower orders, on account of his incessant expressions of ultra-loyalty; which loyalty, however, recommended him to the favour of the people in power.

On the convalescence of the King, George III, in 1789, Lord Buckinghamshire celebrated the happy event by a splendid display of fire-works on Stephen's Green; the whole to be conducted by Astley. When every thing was duly arranged, our pyrotechnist set off for the castle, to apprise the viceroy; and, on his way stationed an artillery soldier on the leads of a house, at the top of Grafton-street, who was to let off a signal rocket for the commencement of *le feu d'artifice.*

This arrangement was overheard by some disloyal wags, who moved down the street after Astley. Having allowed as much time to pass as would suffice for him to go to the Castle, probable delays

there, and return, out roared one of them in the voice of one in haste, and exactly resembling Astley's, the sound being pitched to the roof of the mouth, and imitating the London cockney dialect—"Halloo! you 'tilleryman! let auf that there rocket!"

Away went the rocket, and off went the fire-works; of which there was not one scintilla remaining by the time the *cortége* arrived from the castle; to the extreme joy and amusement of the Dublin wags; but to the great mortification of poor Astley, who stamped and swore like a trooper.

He offered twenty guineas reward for the discovery of the delinquent; but this only made the affair more public, for no one would 'peach, and whenever he performed at his theatre, his ears were sure to be saluted, from the gallery, with the ominous words—"Halloo! you 'tillerman! let auf that there rocket!"—*Clubs.*

## SINGULAR WILL.

THE following singular will of William Hickington, was proved in the Deanery Court of York, in the year 1789.

This is my last will,
I insist on it still,
So sneer on, and welcome,
And e'en laugh your fill:
I, William Hickington,
Barber of Pocksington,
Do give and bequeath
As free as I breathe,
To thee, Mary Jaram,
The Queen of my haram,
My cash and my cattle,
With every chattel,
To have and to hold,
Come heat, or come cold,
Sans hindrance or strife,
(Though thou 'rt not my wife,)
As witness my hand,
Just here as I stand,
This twelfth of July,
In the year seventeen seventy.
W. HICKINGTON.

### DEMETRIUS AND THE RHODIANS.

WHEN Demetrius, the celebrated commander, attacked the Island of Rhodes, and laid siege to the principal and richest town in it, he was preparing to attack and destroy, and consume by fire, some public buildings without the walls of the town, which were protected only by a slight guard. These buildings contained the famous picture of Jalysus, the work of that illustrious painter Protogenes.—Enraged against the Rhodians, he envied their possession of so beautiful a work; but the Rhodians sent ambassadors to Demetrius with this message:—"What is the reason," say they, "that setting fire to the building you would destroy this picture, when, if you conquer us, you will possess the whole town, and by right of victory the picture unhurt will be yours but if you are unable to subdue us, we desire you to consider whether it is not dishonourable, because you cannot conquer the Rhodians, to make war upon the deceased Protogenes." Having attentively listened to the message sent by the ambassador, he considered within himself, and resolved to relinquish the siege, and spare at once the picture and the town.

### CHARLES DRELINCOURT, M.D.

THE following tributary and elegant stanza is paid to the memory of Charles Drelincourt, who died in 1697.

Mortal! who can better save thy life,
When at Death's ghastly door you lie,
Than he who, by this holy book,
Is gone to immortality.

### THE LAST FEE.

THE late Dr. B———, of Bristol, who died very rich, coming into the bed-room of a patient a few minutes after he had expired, perceived something glittering through the clenched fingers of one hand; he gently opened them, took out the guinea, and put it into his pocket, observing, "This was certainly intended for me!"

### EPIGRAM ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

*By Sheridan in his youthful days.*

Of old to debtors that *insolvent* died,
Egypt the rights of *sepulture* denied;
A different trade enlighten'd Christians drive,
And charitably *bury them alive.*

### ORIGIN OF THE FOLLOWING COUPLET.

WHEN Philip of Macedon defeated the Athenians in a great battle at Cheronea, Demosthenes sought safety by flight; and when he was reproached for this disgraceful flight, he promptly replied as follows:—

He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

### DR. LIONEL LOCKYER

Was a noted empiric, and the inventor of a pill called after his name; he died about the year 1672 The following stanza and epitaph are reminiscences of his character:—

"The true effigies here you may behold,
Of him who, for preventing others ill,
Hath gain'd a medicine far exceeding gold,
And known to all the world for Lockyer's pills."

HIS EPITAPH RECORDS, THAT

"His virtues and his pills were so well known,
That envy can't confine them under stone,
But they'll survive his dust, and not expire,
Till all things else, at the universal fire.
This verse is lost; his pills embalm him safe,
To future times, without an epitaph."

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DAYS. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. 15. | Tues. | St. Paul, the first Hermit.<br>Sun ris. 53m af. 7 — sets 7 —4 | Jan. 15. | The life of St. Paul is said to have been written by St. Jerome in 365, who received the account from St. Anthony, St. Paul when twenty-two years of age, fled from the persecutions of Decius to a cavern, and was fed the latter part of his life by a raven, until he was ninety, and then died.<br>Born on this day, B. C. 105, at Arpinum Mar. Tull. Cicero, the illustrious Roman Orator. This great man was sacrificed by Augustus to the resentment of Marc Antony, to whom his head and hands were carried in triumph.<br>1776. Anniversary of the birth of H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester. |
| — 16 | Wed. | St. Marcellus Pope.<br>Sun ris. 52m af 7 — sets 8m — 4.<br>High Water, 16m af. 1 morn 48 —— 1 after. | — 16 | St. Marcellus succeeded Marcellinus in the Ponificate, A. D. 308. He was banished by the Emperor Maxentius; his death happened 17 months after his election to the papal chair.<br>1794.—Expired on this day of dropsy, the celebrated historian of Rome, Edward Gibbon, in the 57th year of his age.<br>1809.—Died the gallant commander Sir John Moore, of a wound received under the walls of Corunna. This hero, like the immortal Wolfe drew his last breath amidst the cheers of victory. |
| — 17 | Thurs | St. Anthony.<br>New Moon 0h 24m morn. | — 17 | St. Anthony was Patriarch of Monks. He is said to have been born at Coma, near Heraclea, in Egypt, in 251, and died ÆT. 105, A. D. 356. He lived the life of a recluse, and founded several monasteries, and is related to have been particularly solicitous about animals, regarding all created things worthy of protection; it is said from the time of his death there fell no rain for three years. On this day the blessing of beasts takes place at the shrine of St. Anthony at Rome.<br>1746.—The battle of Falkirk, in Scotland, was fought on this day, when the Pretender beat the King's troops under General Hawley. |
| — 18 | Frid. | St. Peter, (Old 12th Day.)<br>Sun rises 4h af. 7. — sets 11 — 1. | — 18 | This saint is considered to have been the first Catholic Bishop; he is said to have kept the key of Heaven. Hence many churches dedicated to this saint have a vane on their steeples.<br>1776.—Died on this day, John Baskerville, the celebrated printer and letter founder of Birmingham. The types of Baskerville were famed for the beauty and sharpness which they possessed. |
| — 19 | Satur. | St. Martha, Maris, Audifax & Abachum. | — 19 | St. Martha was married to St. Maris, and with their sons, St. Audifax, and Abachum, were put to death by the orders of Aurelian, A. D. 270.<br>1729. Died on this day, William Congreve the dramatist and poet, ÆT 57. |
| — 20 | SUN. | 2nd aft, Epiph.<br>LES. for the DAY<br>51 c. Isaiah mo.<br>53 c. ——— even<br>St. Fabian Pope,<br>Sun rises 47m af 7 — sets 13——4 | — 20 | St. Fabian was the nineteenth bishop of Rome: he was chosen to that office in the year 241, and suffered martyrdom in the Decian persecution.<br>1779.—On this day died the famed actor and author, David Garrick, at his house in the Adelphi.<br>1790.—Died at Cherson, in Russia on this day, John Howard, the philanthropist. This generous and humane man was born in the parish of Hackney, 1726. |
| — 21 | Mond. | St. Agnes.<br>High Water, 57m af. 4 morn. 16———5 after. | — 21 | St. Agnes, the patroness of purity, was beheaded at the age of 13, by order of Dioclesian, whose cruel edicts were issued March A. D. 303.<br>1766.—Expired on this day at Bath, James Quin, the celebrated player. Quin was the teacher of elocution to George III, for which he had a pension during his life-time. |
| — 22 | Tues. | St. Vincent.<br>Sun rises 44m aft 7—sets 16 aft 4. | — 22 | This saint was born at Ossa, in Grenada. He suffered martyrdom by order of the Emperors Dioclesian and Maximian, in the year 304.<br>1651.—Born on this day, the eminent statesman and philosopher Lord Bacon.<br>1800.—Died at Hampstead on this day, G. Stevens, known as the editor and able commentator of Shakspeare's Works. |

The Chaplet of Pearls.

## JUDGE JEFFREYS.

The following extracts are from the life of Judge Jeffreys, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, in the reign of James II, which we insert, to show as far as such illustration will allow, the infamous conduct of this inhuman judge, and how justly he deserved the opprobrium cast upon him by his countrymen in his own time, as well as at the present hour. The first extract exhibits his barbarous conduct on the western circuit, where his condemnations were immense. Our next is the severe speech of Lord Delamere against him for his corrupt character as a Judge, while holding the office of Lord Chief Justice of the County Palatine of Chester. The last is a petition against him, when a prisoner in the Tower, after the flight of his once great upholder in iniquity, James the Second, from the widows and fatherless children in the West of England, (who had been deprived of their husbands and parents by his malignant tyranny,) desiring that he might be delivered up to them, as a retaliation for the wrongs they had received from him; the whole of which may be looked upon as curious memorials, and of sufficient interest to warrant our giving them a place within these pages:—

### CRUELTY OF JUDGE JEFFREYS IN DORSETSHIRE.

Mr. Battiscomb, a man of very tolerable estate and engaging manner, was so ill-fated as to become an inmate of Dorchester Gaol, and so ill-advised as to defend the equity of his cause, which had liked to have choked Jeffreys, who furiously ordered him to a place of execution, there "to be hung by the neck till he should be dead." All the ladies in Dorchester were interested in the fate of the young man, who, by the way, when the judge's fit was over, had offers of life made him on the condition of his betraying some friends, which he resolutely repelled; and thus, having shut out the last hope of mercy, had become doubly an object of admiration: several girls, one especially, went to Jeffreys, and asked his life, but he is said to have repulsed them *en brute*. There are some lines extant, written upon this unhappy damsel,

sufficiently curious for us to give them insertion here.

Harder than thine own native rocks,
To let the charming Sylvia kneel,
And not one spark of pity feel;
Harder than senseless stones and stocks!
Ye gods! what showers of pearls she gave!
What precious tears! enough to save
A bleeding monarch from the grave.

By every hapless virgin curst:
Winter blasts not more unkind,
Deaf as the rugged northern wind;
By some Welsh wolf in murders nurs'd.
Hast thou eyes? or hast thou none?
Or are they worse than marble grown?
Since marbles weep at Sylvia's moan.

Rebels stiff, and supple slaves,
All the frantic world divide;
One must stoop, and t'other ride;
Cringing fools and factious knaves:
Tho' falling on the loser's part,
Gently Death arrests my heart,
And bas in honey dipt his dart.

Life, farewell! thou gaudy dream,
Painted o'er with grief and joys,
Which the next short hour destroys;
And drowns them all in Lethe's stream.
What blest mortal would not die,
Might he with me embalmed lye,
In precious tears from Sylvia's eye!

The prisoner suffered at Lynne, and his character is thus given us:—"All that knew or saw him, must own Mr. Battiscomb was very much a gentleman. Not that thin sort of animal that flutters from tavern to play-house, and back again, all his life made of wig and cravat, without one dram of thought in his composition; but one who has solid worth. His body made a very handsome and creditable tenement for his mind; and 't had been pity it shou'd have liv'd in any other."

Here is another instance of the judge's brutality to females. Two persons named Hewling were among the condemned at Taunton, who had two sisters, and they hung upon the state coach imploring mercy at his hands; whereupon the incensed magistrate bade his coachman lash their fingers with his whip. And he moreover refused one of these sisters a respite of two days only for her brothers, though she offered him one hundred pounds for that little favour.

The miseries which were inflicted upon the inhabitants of this county, are concluded with an account of a most hor-

rible sentence of whipping, which was pronounced upon one Tutchin, a young man of Hampshire. This fellow appeared to a charge of rebellion, under the assumed name of Thomas Pitts, and was acquitted for want of evidence. This happened at Taunton; but as Tutchin was a man of Dorset, and was to be punished in that county, we mention him here. Jeffreys soon found out his true name, and asserted, that "he was never so far outwitted by a young or old rogue in his life." He then tried to fish out of Mr. Tutchin the names of some of his confederates, but failed; upon which he grew furious, and not being able to hang him, issued forth the following sentence: "Imprisonment for seven years, and once a year to be whipped through all the market towns in Dorsetshire; to be fined one hundred marks, and find security for his good behaviour during life." This was a blow indeed; and the ladies in court immediately burst into tears; but Jeffreys called out, "Ladies, if you did but know what a villain this is, as well as I do, you would say that this sentence is not half bad enough for him." And the clerk of the arraigns was so much astonished, that he could not help observing upon the number of market-towns in Dorset; he said, that "the sentence reached to whipping about once a fortnight, and that Mr. Tutchin was a very young man."—"Ay, he is a very young man, but an old rogue," retorted the invincible judge; "and all the interest in England shan't reverse the sentence I have passed on him." Tutchin himself had that keen regard for his bones, and was so fully sensible of the discipline intended him, that he actually petitioned the King to be hanged with his fellow-prisoners. It seems that the court felt the enormity of the chastisement proposed; but all that transpired was, "Mr. Tutchin must wait with patience." Then the young man tried to buy a pardon, but in vain; and then came the small-pox, a day or two before his first lashes were to have taken place, and reduced him so low, as to occasion a reversal of the sentence by Jeffreys himself

### DELAMERE'S SEVERE CHARGE AGAINST JUDGE JEFFREYS.

"The County for which I serve is Cheshire, which is a County Palatine, and we have two judges peculiarly assigned us by His Majesty: our puisne judge I have nothing to say against him, for he is a very honest man for aught I know; but I cannot be silent as to our chief judge, and I will name him, because what I have to say will appear more probable: his name is Sir George Jeffreys, who I must say, behaved himself more like a jack-pudding, than with that gravity which beseems a judge: he was mighty witty upon the prisoners at the bar; he was very full of his jokes upon people that came to give evidence, not suffering them to declare what they had to say in their own way and method, but would interrupt them, because they behaved themselves with more gravity than he; and in truth, the people were strangely perplexed when they were to give in their evidence; but I do not insist upon this, nor upon the late hours he kept up and down our city; it's said he was every night drinking till two o'clock, or beyond that time, and that he went to his chamber drunk; but this I have only by common fame, for I was not in his company: I bless God I am not a man of his principles or behaviour, but in the mornings he appeared with the symptoms of a man that overnight had taken a large cup. But that which I have to say is the complaint of every man, especially of them who had any law-suits. Our chief justice has a very arbitrary power, in appointing the assize when he pleases; and this man has strained it to the highest point; for whereas we were accustomed to have two assizes, the first about April or May, the latter about September; it was this year the middle (as I remember,) of August, before we had any assize; and then he dispatched business so well, that he left half the causes untried; and, to help the matter, has resolved that we shall have no more assizes this year."

### PETITION AGAINST THE IMPRISONED JEFFREYS.

"The humble Petition of the widows and fatherless children in the west of England:—

"We, to the number of a thousand and more, widows, and fatherless children, of the counties of Dorset, Somerset, and Devon; our dear husbands and tender fathers having been so tyrannously butcher'd, and some transported; our estates sold from us, and our inheritance cut off by the severe and harsh sentence of George Lord Jeffreys, now, we understand, in the Tower of London, a prisoner; who has lately, we hear, endeavoured to excuse himself from those tyrannical and illegal sentences, by laying it on information by some gentlemen who are known to us to be good Christians, true Protestants, and Englishmen. We, your poor petitioners, many hundreds of us, on our knees have begged mercy for our dear husbands and tender parents from his cruel hands, but his thirst for blood

was so great, and his barbarism so cruel, that instead of granting mercy for some, which were made appear to be innocent, and petitioned for by the flower of the gentry of the said counties, he immediately executed; and so barbarously, that a very good gentlewoman at Dorchester, begging on her knees the life of a worthy gentleman, to marry him, and make him her husband, this vile wretch, having not common civility with him, and laying aside that honour and respect due to a person of her worth, told her, 'Come, I know your meaning; some part of your petition I will grant, which shall be, that after he is hanged and quartered, * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * and so I will give orders to the sheriff.' These, with many hundred more tyrannical acts, are ready to be made appear in the said counties, by honest and credible persons; and therefore your petitioners desire, that the said George Jeffreys, late Lord Chancellor, the vilest of men, may be brought down to the counties aforesaid, where we, the good women in the west, shall be glad to see him, and give him another manner of welcome than he had there three years since. And your petitioners shall ever pray," &c.

## THE FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

*By the Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D.*

From an unpublished tour through France and Switzerland, in the year 1818.

Amidst all the magnificence of Switzerland, there is nothing to surpass the grandeur of the scenery which encircles the summit of the *Rigi*, called the *Rigi Culm*. This mountain, situated near the Lake of Lucerne, is not, however, so remarkable for its elevation, as for the singularity and advantage of its position. You might imagine that the Creator of all things had thrown up a standing-place for the intelligent admirers of his works, in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, which is a kind of world in miniature, where beauty and sublimity occur in endless diversities, in continued alternations, and in eternal rivalry. From this point the spectator contemplates on the one side, beneath his feet, the lakes and less mountainous regions of Switzerland, stretching like a map to the far distant horizon; and on the other a semi-circle of the Alps, with their mighty breadth and snow-covered peaks. The day which had been devoted to the ascent of the Rigi, was one of perfect serenity and clearness. Over all the azure skies not a cloud was to be seen; not a sound was to be heard; all nature seemed to repose in sunshine and stillness: so that fancy might have deemed it a scene for angels to alight upon; a resting-place between heaven and earth!

A little below the Alpine ridges was to be seen a streak of brilliant clouds, which lifted them to an apparent height far superior to their real elevation, bewildering the imagination with an indistinct impression of scenery, that partook of a kind of celestial character. What superadded to the effect was the circumstance of a small white cloud, occasionally detached from the fleecy girdle, and wafted by some gentle breeze along the pure and peaceful atmosphere.

There was, however, one spot which partook of a very different character from the rest. No mind endowed even with the common sensibilities of our nature, could survey it without emotions of melancholy interest, for it was the grave of multitudes, who were suddenly precipitated into eternity by the *fall of the mountain of Rossberg;* an event distinctly traceable in the long strip of dusky brown, which bespoke ruin and desolation; and exhibited, as seen from the Rigi, a striking contrast with the surrounding verdure and fertility. In travelling towards the town of Art, we had previously stopped to examine the effects of the catastrophe, and to indulge in those reflections upon the uncertainty of life which are always calculated to benefit the mind, and which such a melancholy prospect was calculated to inspire.

The valley, once rich and fertile, but now partly filled up with huge and scattered fragments of earth, stretched along from the southern extremity of the Lake of Zug to that of the Lake of Lowertz, a distance of five or six miles. On one side, and in immediate proximity, the Rigi ascends to the height of about four thousand three hundred and fifty-six feet above the level of the Lake of Lucerne; on the other, the Ruffiberg, or Rossberg, (more familiarly called the Rouffi) rises to about three thousand five hundred and sixteen. Both these masses belong to a chain of mountains, which, geologically considered, seem to have been formed of the fragments or debris, and rolled flints of the primitive mountains, which, being mingled with sand, or gravel and calcareous sediment, have formed these conglomerations which are technically denominated *pudding-stone*. In the neighbourhood they are commonly called *Nagelflue*, because they assume the appearance of a cement stuck all over with the heads of nails. It is obvious that from the nature of their formation, these masses

can acquire no great solidity, and must be easily operated upon by the external elements, or by internal forces.

Little, if any doubt, can be entertained that the Rigi and the Rossberg, were originally one mass, which was torn asunder by some convulsion of nature, accompanied probably by an irruption of waters from the south. Convincing proofs of this pristine union were visible before the last catastrophe, both in the colour and the direction of the rocky masses; and it should seem that even the whole valley of Art, now covered with verdure, woods, and orchards, formerly constituted a part of the Lake of Zug. The distance from Art to the village of Goldau, reckoning in the continental way, is about half an hour; whence was a distinct view of the Lake of Lowertz, with its two beautiful islands. The valley then enlarges, and by travelling southward, you reach Bussingen; thence coming round to Lowertz, the road is frequently shaded with noble trees, the cottages decorated with vines, and the whole of this Arcadia with pastoral simplicity. Ruin, however, has continually been at work in this favoured region. An old manuscript mentions the village of Röthen, which was built on that part of the Rossberg from which the portion of the mountain was separated in the last catastrophe, and which was destroyed by similar means.

Near the summit of the Rossberg was a solitary thatched cottage (chaumière), the inhabitant of which was alarmed by an unusual noise in the mountain, about two o'clock in the afternoon of September 2d, 1806. Superstitiously attributing it to some malignant demon, he immediately ran to Art for a clergyman to appease the evil spirit. During his absence the moment of the explosion rapidly approached. His wife in the meantime happily escaped with her infant child in her arms, terrified by the repeated crushing sounds she heard, which were followed by the falling of stones and fragments of rock. In a moment the cottage was swept away. Travellers, who were proceeding from Ober Art to Goldau, observed the top of the Rossberg in a state of agitation, while its trees and orchards appeared as if shook by some giant hand. The whole forest of Goldau was speedily overthrown with a tremendous crash. It was now five o'clock. The rapidity and force with which large masses of stone were driven to great distances can scarcely be imagined; we calculated that some, of no inconsiderable magnitude, were propelled at least an English mile, or perhaps half a league. Entire hills were thrown down, and others substituted in their stead by the falling and rolling fragments. The Lake of Lowertz was suddenly raised above its banks, by the displacing of a considerable portion of its waters; while houses and villages, with their peaceable inhabitants, woods, meadows, pasturages, all disappeared at once! The consternation which seized upon the whole country, and the immediate and agitated search of surviving friends after parents, children, brothers, sisters, and neighbours, can neither be described nor forgotten. The laughing valley became at once, and for ever, a gloomy sepulchre!

It has been supposed, and with great probability, that the immediate cause of this calamity was long in preparation, by the gradual accumulation of water and rubbish in the interior of the mountain. This at length burst forth in a torrent of mingled mud and stone, which overwhelmed every thing in its course, and rushed into the Lake of Lowertz; while the woods and pastures on the surface suddenly sank into the unoccupied chasm. This opinion derives support from the statement of some shepherds, published at Schwytz, in which they speak of having discovered a cavern, at a considerable height up the mountain, the small opening of which was suddenly enlarged into the form of a prodigious arch. They add, that a collection of water was found within it, the extent of which they could neither explore nor fathom. At a greater elevation were several holes, into which, if a stone were thrown, there was found no reverberation; plainly indicating that the mountain was perforated in this manner to an unascertainable depth.

The extent of the mischief cannot, perhaps, be fully determined. The villages of Goldau and Busingen, with the hamlet of Hueloch, were covered with ruin; the same may be reported of the greater part of the village of Lowertz; while the loosened fragments rolled upon Unter and Ober-Röthen, and swept away a multitude of isolated habitations and buildings in the plain. The waters of the Lake of Lowertz, being forced in the opposite direction to the descending mass, endangered the village of Seven, on the other side of the lake, and even destroyed a few houses. On the little islet was found a vast accumulation of wrecks; and in the village of Steinen a quantity of fish had been driven with the waves, and floated about the streets.

It has been calculated that nearly one thousand persons suffered by this convulsion of nature, which was rendered more melancholy by the sudden and sur-

prising manner of its occurrence. Several gentlemen and ladies of distinction, who were at the instant crossing the bridge of Goldau, perished; while some of their companions, who had preceded them only a short distance, were saved. One or two remarkable escapes have been narrated, which there is reason to believe are authentic.

A servant at the village of Businger, fled into a barn: but the place of refuge soon afterwards became a perfect wreck. Providentially a beam was impeded by a fragment of rock, and thrown over his head in a slanting direction, so as to afford him an effectual protection from even the slightest injury. An infant at the breast was caught and borne along the surface of the agitated lake, till it was safely deposited in the neighbouring meadow. Some persons went from Lowertz to extricate, if possible, a servant girl from a most perilous situation, in consequence of the house in which she dwelt being overwhelmed with the torrent of mingled mud and stone. She had separated and returned from the fugitive family, with whom she was attempting to effect her escape, to search for one of the children that was missing. At the moment of entering the house, it seemed to be swept along with great rapidity; and scarcely had she reached the apartment where she hoped to find the object of her pursuit, ere she found herself in darkness, and, to her own apprehensions, sinking as into a deep chasm. The voice of the child was distinctly heard, but she was incapable of stirring from the place to afford assistance. Concluding that all was lost, she told the child it was the end of the world, that all aid was impossible, and nothing remained but patiently and submissively to wait for death. During this conversation they heard, indistinctly, the sound of the evening bell at the village of Steinen, which in some degree inspired the hope of deliverance. Throughout the whole night, however, they numbered every hour, which successively was deemed their last, till, at the break of day, her master, who had come to search for his wife, but only to find her a stiffened corpse buried in the mud, was enabled to extricate both servant and child from their imminent danger.—*From the Amulet.*

## FAIRY GAMBOLS.

Night's silver lamp ascends the skies,
By myriad splendid stars impearl'd,
And bids her midnight beauties rise,
To light and charm a wearied world.

Yon mould'ring turret's time-worn form,
Her soft and trembling beams illume,
She smiles amidst the coming storm,
And brightens from surrounding gloom.

Now the fleet-footed fairies lave
Their spotless limbs in pearly dew,
Or sit beside the lucid wave,
Or deck the scene that Spencer drew.

On some gay flow'rets emerald stem,
Perchance their magic feet alight;
Whose silvery sandals bear a gem,
Dropt from the starry sphere of night.

Or sprightly, o'er the spiral grass,
With giddy graceful ease they glide;
A dew-drop is their looking-glass,
Their mirror is the sleeping tide.

When morning opes her cloudless eye,
The fairies seek their mossy cell;
There in soft smiling slumbers lie,
Till waken'd by the evening bell.

*The Forget Me Not.*

## REMINISCENCES OF DRS. JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

At the Literary Club held at the bottom of St. James Street, which was attended by most of the literary, and some of the political characters of the then period, at one of the dinners of the club, when was present Drs. Johnson and Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Mr. Richard Burke, Dr. Percy, and a numerous company. It was remarked by one of the party that there was an offensive smell in the room, and he thought it must proceed from some dog that was under the table; but Mr. Burke, with a smile, turned to me, and said, "I rather fear it is from the beef-steak pie that is opposite to us, the crust of which is made with some very bad butter, that comes from my country." Just at that moment Dr. Johnson sent his plate for some of it, and Burke helped him to very little, which he soon dispatched, and returned his plate for more; Burke without thought exclaimed, "I am glad that you are able so well to relish this beef-steak-pie." Johnson, not at all pleased that what he ate should ever be noticed, immediately retorted, "There is a time of life, Sir, when a man requires the repair of a table."

Before dinner was finished, Mr. Garrick came in full-dressed, made many apologies for being so much later than he intended, but he had been unexpectedly detained at the House of Lords, and Lord Camden had absolutely insisted upon setting him down at the door of the hotel in his own carriage. Johnson said nothing, but he looked a volume.

During the afternoon some literary dispute arose: but Johnson sat silent, till the Dean of Derry, very respectfully said, "We all wish, Sir, for your opinion on the subject." Johnson, inclined his head, and never shone more in his life than at that period; he replied, without any pomp, he was perfectly clear and explicit, full of the subject, and left nothing undetermined. There was a pause, and he was then hailed with astonishment by all the company. The evening in general passed off very pleasantly. Some talked perhaps for amusement, and others for victory. We sat very late, and the conversation that at last ensued, was the direct cause of my friend Goldsmith's poem, called "Retaliation."

Dr. Goldsmith and myself never quarrelled; for he was convinced that I had a real regard for him, but a kind of civil sparring continually took place between us. "You are so attached," says the Doctor, "to Hurd, Gray, and Mason, that you think nothing good can proceed, but out of that formal school;—but now I'll mend Gray's elegy by leaving out an idle word in every line!" —"And, for me, Doctor, completely spoil it."

"The curfew tolls the knell of day,
The lowing herd winds o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his way,
And———"

"Enough, enough, I have no ear for more."

"Cradock (after a pause), I am determined to come down in the country, and make some stay with you, and I will build you an ice-house."—"Indeed, my dear Doctor," I replied, "you will not; you have got the strangest notion in the world of making amends to your friends wherever you go; I hope, if you favour me with a visit, that you will consider that your own company is the best recompense." "Well," says Goldsmith, "that is civilly enough expressed; but I should like to build you an ice-house. I have built two already, they are perfect, and this should be a pattern to all your country."

"I dined yesterday," says he, laying down his papers, "in company with three of your friends, and I talked at every thing."—"And they would spare you in nothing."—"I cared not for that, I persisted; but I declare solemnly to you, that though I angled the whole evening I never once obtained a bite."

"You are all of you," continued he, "absolutely afraid of Johnson,—now I attack him boldly, and without the least reserve."—"You do, Doctor, and sometimes catch a Tartar."—"If it were not for me, he would be insufferable: if you remember, the last time we ever supped together, he sat sulky and growling, but I resolved to fetch him out."—"You did, and at last he told you that he would have no more of your fooleries."

It was always thought fair by some persons to make what stories they pleased of Dr. Goldsmith, and the following was freely circulated in ridicule of him, "That he attended the Fantoccini in Penton-street, and that from envy he wished to excel the dexterity of one of the puppets." Mr. Joseph Cradock was of the party, and remembered no more, than that the Doctor, the Rev. Mr. Ludlam of St. John's College, and some others, went together to see the puppet-show, that we were all greatly entertained, and many idle remarks might possibly be made by all of us during the evening. Mr. Ludlam afterwards laughingly declared, that he believed he must shut up all his experiments at Cambridge and Leicester in future, and take lectures only, during the winter, from Fantoccinis, and the expert mechanists of both the Royal Theatres."

The greatest real fault of Dr. Goldsmith was, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket, he would go into certain companies in the country, and in hopes of doubling the sum, would generally return to town without any part of it.

One of the worst affrays that Dr. Goldsmith was ever engaged in, was with Evans the bookseller, of Paternoster-row. Evans was the editor of the Universal Magazine, and had suffered a most offensive article to be inserted therein, which turned to ridicule, not only the Doctor, but some ladies of the highest respectability. The Doctor, unfortunately, went to dine with the family in Westminster, just after they had read this insulting article, and they were all most highly indignant at it. The Doctor agonized all dinner-time; but as soon as possible afterwards, he stole away, set off in great haste for Paternoster-row, and caned Evans in his own shop. This was every way a terrible affair, and I privately consulted with Dr. Johnson concerning it. He said "that this at any time would have been highly prejudicial to Goldsmith, but particularly now," and he advised me, as I was intimate with both, that I should call upon Evans, and endeavour to get the matter adjusted. I followed his advice; and Evans really behaved very kindly to me on the occasion. I truly urged that "this publication had cut off Dr. Goldsmith from the society of one of the most friendly houses that he had ever frequented, and that he could not

have tortured him in a more tender point." Evans calmly attended to me; and after much negociation, and the interference of several discreet friends, this vexatious affair was at last finally got rid of. The name of Johnson on such an affray, will perhaps remind the reader that he himself once knocked down a very worthy bookseller in his own shop, at Gray's Inn (as related by Boswell.) The story was currently reported, and caused the following extempore, which has never extended before beyond a private circulation:

"When Johnson, with tremendous step, and slow,
Fully determin'd, deigns to fell the foe,
E'en the earth trembles, thunders roll around,
And mighty Osborne's self lies levell'd with the ground.

"Lie still, Sir," said Johnson, "that you may not give me a second trouble!" —Mr. Nichols once asked Dr. Johnson, "if the story was true."—"No, Sir, it was not in his shop, it was in my own house." *Cradock's Memoirs.*

## THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS.

Sir Emeric de Pavia, a valiant Lombard, whom King Edward the Third had made Governor of Calais, was walking moodily on the ramparts of that town: his step was hurried and impatient. He often raised his hand and passed it rapidly across his brow, as if he would by that act wipe away some torturing recollection from his brain. Sometimes he stamped furiously on the ground, and at others sat down on the battlements; and while he leaned his head on his clenched hands, the sweat poured from his brow, and his whole frame shook convulsively. At times he looked towards the sun, which had nearly attained his meridian height and was gilding the broad expanse of ocean, the town and castle of Calais, and the distant plains of Picardy with the full effulgence of his beams. At others he stretched his eye across the Channel, and looked wistfully, yet fearfully, towards the white cliffs of Dover. So entirely absorbed in his own reflections was the Governor, that he did not observe a person near him wrapped in a long black cloak, who seemed narrowly to watch his motions. The stranger's face was enveloped in his cloak. At first he seemed to avoid coming in contact with Sir Emeric; afterwards, however, he crossed his path repeatedly, evidently intending, but not being able, to attract his notice. At length, during one of the most violent of Sir Emeric's paroxysms, the stranger approached him, and tapping him on the shoulder, said in a low but distinct tone of voice, "Then the tale that was told to me is true."

"Ha!" said the Governor, starting and grasping his sword, "who and what art thou? What is the tale that has been told thee?"

"That Sir Emeric de Pavia is a traitor!" said the stranger.

"Dastard and liar!" said the Governor: "who and what, I say again, art thou that darest to call Emeric de Pavia a traitor?"

"Behold!" said the stranger, flinging back his mantle and exhibiting the fine majestic features of a man about thirty-five years of age, which were well known to Sir Emeric. The latter fell on his knees, and in a suppliant tone exclaimed, "Guilty, my most gracious liege, guilty, pardon, pardon!"*

"Emeric," said King Edward, for it was he, "thou knowest that I have entrusted to thee what I hold dearest in this world, after my wife and children,—I mean the town and castle of Calais, which thou hast sold to the French, and for which thou deservest death."

"Ah! gentle King, have mercy on me!" said the Governor; all that you have charged me with is true, most true; but there is yet time to break the disgraceful bargain. I have not yet received one penny of the filthy lucre for which I agreed to deliver this town and castle to your Grace's enemies."

"Emeric," said the King, raising him from his suppliant posture, "I have loved thee well, and even from a child have loaded thee with marks of my favour. Your plot, well and secretly contrived as it was, could not be kept hidden from me. I had certain intelligence of it a month ago. News was then brought me at Westminster, that thou hadst sold this place to Sir Geoffrey de Charni for twenty thousand crowns, and that this day he is to proceed from St. Omers with his forces and arrive here at midnight, for the purpose of receiving possession from thee. Was my information true or false?"

"It was most true, my liege," said Emeric, again attempting to throw himself at the King's feet.

"Listen to me," said the King, preventing him; "it is my wish that you continue on this treaty. When Sir Geoffrey's forces arrive, lead them to the great tower; and on this condition I pro-

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 49.

mise you my pardon. I have just arrived from England with three hundred men-at-arms, and six hundred archers, but have arrived so privily, that no one but thou knowest that I am here. The Prince of Wales and Sir Walter Manny are with me. Go with me that I may give you directions for placing the men in ambuscade in the rooms and the towers of the castle. Sir Walter Manny shall conduct this enterprise; and my son and I, who would at present remain unknown, will fight under his banner."

Again did the repentant Governor throw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and again did the latter raise him from his suppliant posture, and assure him of his pardon, and of his entire oblivion of the intended treason, if he remained faithful to him at the present crisis.

Sir Geoffrey de Charni, accompanied by the Lord of Namur, the Lord de Crequi, Sir Odoart de Reny, and numerous others of the most distinguished among the French lords and knights, arrived from St. Omers, with all the forces he could collect, crossed the bridge of Neuillet, and sat down about midnight before that gate of the castle of Calais which is called the gate of Boulogne. Here he halted, to give time for his rear to come up, and here he found Sir Emeric de Pavia anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"My gallant Lombard," said Sir Geoffrey, "is all well, and are you ready to deliver up possession of the castle?"

"All is well, Sir Knight," said the Lombard, "and the castle is yours on payment of the twenty thousand crowns."

"Then Sir Odoart de Reny," said Sir Geoffrey, addressing that Knight, who stood by his side, "take with you twelve knights and one hundred men-at-arms, and possess yourself of the castle. That once in our power, we shall soon be masters of the town, considering what strength we have with us—that strength, should it be necessary, may be doubled in a few days. Myself will remain with the rest of the army here in silence; for I mean to enter the town by one of the gates, or not at all."

Thus saying, he delivered to Sir Odoart the twenty thousand crowns in a bag, with instructions that he should give them to the Lombard as soon as the French forces had crossed the drawbridge.

"Thou art a very knave, Sir Emeric," said Sir Odoart to the Governor, as they rode together to the drawbridge, "to turn recreant to so gallant and chivalrous a king as thine. Thou hast earned the crowns doubtless, but Heaven save me from entitling myself in the like manner to such a booty."

"Thou art marvellously honest on a sudden," said the Lombard; "but to a plain man's apprehension there seems to be no such wondrous difference between the tempter and the tempted, the briber and the bribed, especially when the former is breaking a solemn truce, as should entitle him to plume himself on his superiority to the latter."

"Lead on, lead on, Sir Emeric," said his companion, "we are e'en haggards, and thou art but a coystril; so, as thou sayest, we need not quarrel as to which soars highest."

At a sign from the Lombard, the drawbridge was let down, and one of the gates of the castle opened. Sir Odoart, having entered with his detachment, placed the bag in Sir Emeric's hands, saying, "The twenty thousand crowns are, I believe, all there. I have not time to count them, for it will be daylight presently."

Sir Emeric taking the bag from his hand, flung it into a room, the door of which he locked.

"Now, Sir Odoart," he said, "follow me, and I will conduct you to the great tower, that you may sooner possess yourself of the castle. Behold it there!" he added, pointing to a door before them. "Push back the bolts and enter." Thus saying, he disappeared. Sir Odoart and the French advanced: the bolts gave way at their touch, and the great door of the tower flew open.

At that moment, a cry of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" rang in their ears, and about three hundred men, armed with swords and battle axes, rushed upon Sir Odoart and his little band. They seemed to be commanded by a knight in green armour, who advanced before them. "What!" said he to Sir Odoart, who, seeing the impossibility of resisting so disproportionate a force, had given up his sword to him, while his followers imitated his example, "do these Frenchmen think to conquer the castle of Calais with such a handful of men?"

"Sir Knight," said Odoart, "that double villain, the Lombard, has betrayed us, or the standard of King Philip of France had floated on the towers of this castle ere now."

"The standard of King Edward," said the Green Knight, "King of France and England, floats there now, and ill betide the hand that shall attempt to pluck it down. But let us onward to the gate leading to Boulogne:—guard well the prisoners. Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" Thus saying, the captives were shut in the tower, and the English mounting their horses, made for the gate of Boulogne.

In the mean time Sir Geoffrey, with

his banners displayed, and surrounded by his forces, was awaiting at the Boulogne gate, with some impatience, the return of messengers from the castle. "If this Lombard," he said to the knight who stood next him, "delays opening the gate we shall all die of cold."

"In God's name," replied the knight, "these Lombards are a malicious sort of people; perhaps he is examining your florins, lest there should be any false ones, and to see if they be right in number."

The day was now breaking, and the gate of the castle was distinctly visible to those outside, when on a sudden it burst open, and amidst deafening shouts of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" a numerous troop of armed warriors, well mounted, gallopped towards the French forces. The Green Knight led them on, preceded by the banner of Sir Walter Manny; and numerous other banners, such as the Earl of Suffolk's, the Lord Stafford's, and the Lord Berkeley's, were seen among the English troops. "Betrayed! betrayed!" said Sir Geoffrey de Charni to those who stood about him. "Gentlemen, if we fly we shall lose all; it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly, in the hope that the day may be ours."

"By St. George!" said the Green Knight, who had approached near enough to hear de Charni's words, "you speak truth—evil befal him who thinks of flying!" then, retreating a little, the English dismounted from their horses, and advancing on foot, for the most part armed with battle-axes, they attacked the enemy.

The battle was short, but desperate and sanguinary. The English, incensed at the treachery of the French, and the latter infuriated at the unexpected opposition which they encountered, vied with each other in the fury and zeal with which they contested the victory. Six banners and three hundred archers left the main body of the English army, and made for the bridge of Neuillet, where they found the Lord Moreau de Fiennes, and the Lord de Crequi, who guarded it. The cross-bowmen of St. Omer and Aire were also posted between the bridge and Calais, and met a furious assault from their enemies. They were immediately discomfited and pursed to the river, where more than six hundred of them were drowned. The knights of Picardy for a long time maintained their post against very superior numbers; but reinforcements still pouring in to the English from the town, the French were at length obliged to surrender, or seek their safety in flight.

The Green Knight performed prodigies of valour. He was frequently seen surrounded by the enemy, but hewing his way through them with his battle-axe Sir Geoffrey de Charni, Sir Henry du Bois, and Sir John de Landes, were all made prisoners by him; and scarcely had one knight surrendered to him, before he was seen attacking another or defending himself from the assault of numbers. He had many times, during the engagement, attempted to come in contact with a French knight, Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, whose extraordinary prowess struck as much terror among the English as that of the Green Knight's did in the opposite ranks; they were scarcely able ever to exchange a blow, before two large bodies meeting where they were fighting, compelled them to break off the engagement. At length, however, the Green Knight and his opponent met without the intervention of any obstacle. The conflict around them was suspended, as if by the mutual consent of the combatants, and the two armies stood by and gazed at the contention between their respective champions. Twice did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont fell the Green Knight to the ground; but he arose, like another Antæus, from his fall each time apparently with renewed strength and vigour. Their battle-axes were struck from each other's hands; their spears, which were then resorted to, shivered into a thousand splinters; their swords were the only weapons left to them. With these they held for a long time a doubtful conflict, until at length that of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont broke against the shield of the Green Knight, and the latter, pressing irresistibly upon him, threw him to the ground, and planted his knee upon his breast. A tumultuous shout of applause immediately burst from the ranks of the English; and the French, who had already, although fighting with the utmost valour, been defeated at every point, threw away their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

"Brave Knight," said Sir Eustace to his conqueror, "I yield to your superior prowess, nor blush to be overcome by strength like yours."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, raising his fallen antagonist, and returning him the sword which he presented him, "you of all men have least cause to blush for the events of this day. By St. George! I have encountered many a tall and stalwart knight in my time, but never one who gave me so much trouble as you have done."

"May I crave your name, courteous Knight," said Sir Eustace, "that when the friends of Eustace de Ribeaumont learn that he had been vanquished, they may know it was by the hands of one who has doubtless distinguished himself in many a fiercer field than this."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, "fear not that the most fastidious of your friends will think your fame for honour or valour tarnished by surrendering yourself to me. As for my name," he added, lifting his beaver, "when next you see these features you will know it. Shall you remember them?"

"They are features, Sir Knight," said de Ribeaumont, "which when once seen are not easily forgotten; but I would speedily pay my ransom money and regain my liberty—when, therefore, I pray you, shall we meet again?"

"To-night at supper, in Calais castle," said the Green Knight; and as he spake, the conquerors and the prisoners simultaneously moved towards the gate of Boulogne.

That evening a superb banquet was given in the castle of Calais, to which the French and English knights were alike invited. There was no distinction made between the guests of the two nations, except that the tables of the prisoners were more superbly decorated, and more profusely supplied than those of the captors. A table was placed on an elevated platform at the end of the room, the seats at which were not occupied at the time that the principal part of the company was assembled; but the astonishment of the French knights was extreme, when the doors were thrown open, and the King of England, the Prince of Wales, and a numerous train of the most distinguished barons and warriors of England, entered the room. As yet they had imagined that the most eminent person in the ranks of their opponents had been Sir Walter Manny. The wonder and interest of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont were, however, the most intense of all; for, as he gazed on the features of him who wore the crown and held the sceptre, he recognized the Green Knight, and perceived that he had been opposed in single combat to the King of England.

The banquet passed off cheerfully, with many expressions on the part of the Frenchmen, of wonder and delight at the distinguished rank of the persons to whom they had been opposed, and the courtesy with which they were treated. At its conclusion, King Edward rose from his seat, and having laid aside his crown, advanced bareheaded, except that he wore a chaplet of fine pearls around his head, down the hall, attended by his son and the lords who had sat down at table with him, for the purpose of retiring from the assembly. As he moved down the hall the knights rose up, and he entered into familiar and courteous conversation with them, especially with his prisoners. As he approached Sir Geoffrey de Charni, his countenance altered and assumed a severe expression. "Sir Geoffrey," he said, "I have but little reason to love you, since you wished to take from me by stealth last night, and during the continuance of a solemn truce, what had given me so much trouble and cost me so large a sum of money to acquire. I am, however, rejoiced to have detected and frustrated your attempt. You were desirous of gaining Calais town and castle at a cheaper rate than I did, and thought that you could purchase them for twenty thousand crowns; but through God's assistance you have been disappointed."

This rebuke was given with so much dignity and feeling, that Sir Geoffrey was unable to utter a syllable in his defence, and the King passed on unanswered. The last person whom he addressed was Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, who stood at the hall door through which the monarch was about to make his exit, and fell on his knees before him.

"Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont," said the King, extending his hand to him, and raising him, "of all men living you are the knight whom I have found most valiant as well in attacking his enemy, as in defending himself. I never found any one in battle who gave me, body to body, so much to do as you have given me today. I adjudge the prize of valour to you, above all the knights of my court, as what is justly due to you."

The knight would have expressed his sense of the honour conferred, but the King stopped him by taking the chaplet of pearls, which was very rich and handsome, from his own brow, and placing it on Sir Eustace's head: "Sir Eustace," he added, "I present this chaplet to you as the best combatant this day of either party, whether French or English; and I beg you to wear it this year at festivals, for my sake. You are a personable gentleman, young and amorous, and well accepted among the ladies; wherefore, if you will only wear it at all public balls, and declare unto them that the King of England gave it to you as the reward of your valour, I will now release you from your captivity, quitting you wholly of your ransom."

Thus saying, the King left the hall, after the knight, whose feelings could not find utterance, had knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of gratitude and acquiescence. Not only did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, as long as he lived, wear the chaplet in remembrance of the gift of so renowned a prince, but his family ever afterwards bore for their arms three chaplets garnished with pearls.—*Neele's Romance of History.*

## APOTHEGMS.

AMBITIOUS MEN

Who meet with disappointments, either become quite desperate, or sink into a state of indolence and insensibility.

METAPHYSICS,

However useful to detect the subtilty of the arguments of others, are often very detrimental to the proficients in them—Reason herself may be lost by refinement.

MIRTH,

Compared with cheerfulness, is as the huzza of a mob to the sober applause of a thinking people.

MEN

Often complain of the fickleness of fortune—the error lies in their mistaking her benefits for perpetual gifts, instead of being grateful for a temporary loan.

COUNTY RACES

Are meetings where the men assemble to quarrel about horses, and the women about precedence.

EDUCATION

Should be the mirror of former prejudices.

"WHAT YOU PLEASE,"

Means, I expect much more than I can in reason ask for.

## DERIVATIONS OF NAMES AND PLACES.

"ADDLE-STREET," an alteration of "King Adel-street," so called from "King Athelstan or Adelstan." "Aldermanbury," so termed from the "Alderman's Court Bury" being held there. "Aldersgate," from its being "calder or older than Aldgate." The "Almonry, Westminster," from its being the "Eleemosynary, or place where the alms of the Abbey were distributed." "Austin Friars, the name derived from a religious house or monastery standing on the spot, dedicated to St. Austin, which monastery was dissolved 13th Hen. VIII." "Barbican," from "Barbacan, or Beacon, a Watch Tower." "Kingdom," from the Saxon "Cyningdome, which signified jurisdiction and dominion." "Clough, this word implies the side of a hill."—"Bourn," a water spring, or the brook issuing therefrom. "Doughty," is derived from the Saxon "Dugud or Dought," meaning strength or valour. "Gossip," from "Godsip or Godsib," the name given to sponsors or godfathers. The title of "Lord," is an abbreviation of the Saxon word "Laford or Hlaford," which signifies one who is able by his wealth to be an afforder of bread.—"Basinghall-street," so termed from the "Hall or Mansion of the family of the Basings," which stood on the site of Blackwell Hall. 'Mere,' from 'Meere,' meaning a lake or pool. "Sepulchre," comes from the Saxon word 'Slapigrava,' which meant a sleep-grave. "Rood," means a Cross; therefore the expression "by the Rood," meant by the Cross; Holy-rood, the chapel of which may be construed, the chapel of Holy Cross.—"Steeple," from "Stipel," a high tower. "Taberd or Tabard," a short gown, anciently worn, which reached down below the knee; it is now applied to the Herald's Coat. "Tomboy," a romp, from the "Tumbe or Tumbod of the Saxons," which word meant to dance. "Wald, Weald or Wold," means a forest, or woody part, as the Weald of Kent, which implies the forest part of the county.—"Whitsunday," from "Wied-Sunday; Wied, or Wihed," meaning sacred: hence Whitsunday may be termed Sacred Sunday. "Bury-street" by Saint Mary Axe, so called from a court and gardens belonging to the Abbot of Bury in Suffolk. "Giltspur-street," from the knights riding through into Smithfield to jousts and tournaments, with their gilt spurs on.—"Idle lane," from its being the residence of Idol-makers and Carvers. "Shoreditch," according to Weever, was so called from Sir John Shoreditch and his family, who were lords thereof in the reign of Edward the Third, and not from the fabulous story of Jane Shore.

## Illustrations of History.

THE DISCOVERY OF PRINTING.

THE useful art of Printing was discovered at Haarlem, in Holland, by Coster; and the printing of the first book took place in the year 1430. It was a piece of Dutch Theology, printed only on one side of the page, to resemble manuscript.

The first attempt at printing was upon loose leaves, the printed part being accompanied with cuts engraved upon soft wood, somewhat in the manner of the ballads of the present day. Coster's method was to cut out the letters upon a wooden block. He took an apprentice, John Faust, and bound him to secrecy; but Faust ran away with the secret, and set up for himself at Mentz. He had a servant named Peter Schoeffer, who was the first inventor of metal types. With these novel types Faust was so delighted that he gave him his daughter in marriage and made him his partner in trade. The first book printed by them is said to have been Cicero de Officiis, which bears the

date of 1465; but other books are mentioned with earlier dates, 1457, 1442. By them was printed a number of bibles in imitation of manuscript, which were carried by Faust to Paris for sale. The people of Paris to whom they were shown was literally astounded; they carefully examined and compared together the different copies, and found them such exact counterparts of each other, that they were all of one opinion, and that was their being produced by some diabolical art, and accused Faust as a wicked practicer. Poor Faust, upon seeing how matters stood, was compelled at once to discover the important secret. The accusations preferred against Faust, gave rise to the story of the Devil and Dr. Faustus.

After the discovery of the art of printing, thus brought about at Paris, it was soon propagated over the whole of Europe. The first book printed in England, is said to have been Rufinus on the Creed, printed at Oxford in 1468.

At first the impression was taken off with list, coiled up, such as the card-makers use at this day. But when single types came into use, they employed stronger paper, with vellum and parchment. At last the press was introduced and gradually improved, until it arrived at its present state of perfection. The same observation applies to the ink: at first, the common writing ink, extracted from nut-galls and other materials, was employed; and the printing ink of lamp-black and oil, at present used, was introduced by degrees. Rolling press printing, or the press for taking impressions from copper-plates, was not used in England till the time of King James the First, and then it was brought over from Antwerp, by the industrious John Speed, the old English historian and map publisher.

## Customs of Various Countries.

### ST. PAUL'S DAY.

This day being the first festival of an apostle in the year, a curious custom was observed in the olden time, by sponsors or visitors at christenings, of presenting spoons, called apostle spoons, from their having representations of the Apostles carved on the top of them. Those who were opulent presented to their god-children a set of these articles, amounting to twelve in number, others a smaller number, and poor persons offered the gift of one, with the figure of the saint upon the top of the handle, after whom the child was named.

The festival of the conversion of Saint Paul, whatever the reason may be, has always been reckoned as particularly ominous of the future weather of the year. If the day were fine and clear, there would be a year of plenty; if gloomy, it presaged the death of the cattle; if snow descended, there would be a scarcity of produce; if blusterous and windy, it was with our forefathers a sure sign of war. In Bournes's antiquities is the following:—

**If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,**
**It doth forebode a fruitful year.**

### ORIGIN OF THE LOAF CUSTOM AT COVENTRY.

This custom originated many years ago, from the circumstance of a poor and destitute weaver passing through the town of Devizes, and being overtaken by hunger, and in the utmost need, applied for charity to a baker, who kindly relieved him with the gift of a penny-loaf. The weaver thus relieved was enabled to reach Coventry, where, after many years of successful industry, he became a man of considerable wealth, and by his will, in remembrance of the bounty of the Devizes' baker, he bequeathed a sum in trust for the purpose of distributing, on the anniversary day when he was so relieved, a halfpenny loaf to every person in the town, and to every traveller that should pass through the town that day a penny-loaf. The will is faithfully administered, and the Duke of Austria, and his suite, in the year 1786, passing through the town on the day of the Coventry loaf, in their way from Bath to London, a loaf was presented to each of them, of which the Duke and Duchess were most cheerfully pleased to accept. The custom struck the Archduke so forcibly, as a curious anecdote in his travels, that he minuted down the circumstance. The high personages took delight in breakfasting on the loaf given, considering it as a tribute of gratitude for the favour seasonably conferred. It may truly be said, that on the anniversary of this custom, no person is in want of the staff of life.

## SINGULAR TENURES.

At Langsett, in the parish of Peniston, in the county of York, a farm, at Broad House, pays yearly a snow-ball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas; the snow-ball not being easily obtained at Midsummer, accordingly the flower

called snow-ball, a vulgar name for the guelder rose, is allowed as a substitute.

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One Solomon Attfield held land at Repland and Atterton, in the county of Kent, upon condition, that as often as our Lord the King should cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs should go along with him, to hold his head on the sea, if it was needful.

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In the reign of the third Edward, one John Compes had the manor of Finchfield given him, for the service of turning the spit at his coronation.

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## Anecdotiana.

### ANTIOCHUS THE GREAT,

Monarch of Syria, after having been conquered by Scipio Asiaticus, and deprived of a considerable portion of his dominions, was often heard to acknowledge himself much obliged to the Romans for that privation, as for an important service; since, by narrowing the boundaries of his kingdom, they had relieved him from the laborious management of too extensive an empire.

### POWER

Will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough, to be trusted with unlimited power; for whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for himself.

### LOOK AT HOME.

The hint given to Thales, the Milesian philosopher, was a powerful one, and well intended, though roughly executed. A girl of dubious character, seeing him gazing at the heavens as he walked along, and perhaps piqued at his not casting an eye at her attractions, put a stool in his path, over which he stumbled and broke his shins. The excuse she made was, that she meant to teach him to look at home before he indulged himself in star-gazing.

### EPITAPH ON WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

This curious relic of history was found by the Bishop of Bayeux, in the tomb of William the Conqueror, in the Abbey of St. Stephen, at Caen in Normandy, where the Norman Conqueror was buried, it was engraved on a brass plate in Latin. The underwritten lines are a translation by an old writer:—

He that the sturdy Romans rul'd, and over English reign'd,
And stoutly won, strongly kept, what so he had obtained,
And did the swords of those of Mains by force bring under awe,
And made them under his command, live subject to his law;
This great King William lieth here, entombed in a little grave,
So great a Lord, so small a house sufficeth him to have;
When Phœbus in the virgin's lap, his circled course apply'd,
And twenty-three degrees had past, even at that time he died.

### THICK SKULLS.

Oviedo, in his General History of the Indies, observes that "Indian sculls are four times as thick as other men's, so that coming to handy strokes with them, it shall be requisite not to strike them on the head with swords, for many have been broken on their heads with little hurt done." Dr. Bulmer observes, from Purchas, "that blockheads and loggerheads are in request in Brazil, and helmets are of little use, every one having a natural morion of his head; for as to the Brazilians' heads, some of them are as hard as the wood that grows in the country, that they cannot be broken." Stowe, in his Survey of London, speaks of the scull of a man above three-quarters of an inch thick, found at St. Catharine's Cree church.

### SMOKING.

Boxhornius, the learned professor at Leyden, injured his health by smoking too much. So addicted was he to this practice, that he wore a hat with a hole in it to support his pipe, so that he could smoke whilst he was studying and writing.

### FOOTE THE MIMIC.

This witty character, at times, spared neither friend nor foe. He had little regard for the feelings of others; if he thought of a witty thing that would create laughter, he said it. He had never availed himself of the good advice given him by Henry the Fifth to Falstaff, "Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;" and of this there is an example extant. If Foote ever had a serious regard for any one, it was for Holland; yet at his death, or rather indeed after his funeral, he violated all decency concerning him. Holland was the son of a baker at Hampton, and on the stage was a close imitator of Garrick, who had such a respect for him, that he played the Ghost to his

Hamlet merely to serve him at his benefit. Holland died rather young, and Foote attended as one of the mourners. He was really grieved, and although his eyes were much swollen with tears, when a friend said to him afterwards, "So, Foote, you have just attended the funeral of our dear friend Holland;"—Foote instantly replied, "Yes, we have just shoved the little baker into his oven."

PROOF OF INSANITY.

In a cause once tried at the Derby assizes, respecting the validity of a will, evidence was adduced to prove the testator (an apothecary's wife,) a lunatic; and, among many other things, it was deposed that she had swept away a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, pills, boluses, and clyster-pipes, into the street, as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping physic into the street be any proof of insanity."—"True, my lord," replied the counsel; "but sweeping the pots and clister-pipes away, certainly was."

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE

Is a proud pillar, but it is built in the midst of a desert of ignorance, and those who have ascended the highest, have gained a more extended view of the *waste*.

GIBBON THE HISTORIAN

Being seated in an elegant apartment, quaffing Noyeau, and talking infidelity, was cautioned as to the danger which such doctrines might bring upon society. "Sir," said the historian, "the doctrines we are now discussing, are not unlike the liquor we are drinking;—safe, pleasant, and exhilarating to you and I, that know how to use, without abusing them; but dangerous, deleterious, and intoxicating, if either were broached in the open streets, and exposed to the discretion of the mob."

EPIGRAM ON A QUAKER'S TANDARD.

**Ye lie, friend Pindar! and friend Thales!—**
**Nothing so good as water? Ale is.**

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

In the Reading Mercury of the 30th of June, 1821, will be found the following:—

*To Grocers.*—Wanted a situation by Charles Rewett, who can bear confinement, having been apprenticed to Mr. Charles Child, of Reading, who would not allow him to go and see his parents for the last six months, though living within six miles of Reading.

BISHOP HURD AND LORD MANSFIELD.

When Bishop Hurd had been appointed preceptor to the Prince of Wales, he presented his coadjutor, Mr. Arnald, with high encomium to Lord Mansfield, but his Lordship was so displeased with the flattery that was so freely offered to, and accepted by the Bishop, that he said in his own sarcastic manner to a nobleman afterwards who had been a witness to it, "I am sorry that my friend Hurd's nostrils should require such gross incense."

DR. PERCY AND MR. GARRICK.

Dr. Percy, who was on intimate terms with this great actor, wrote to him for an admission to his theatre. Mr. Garrick had then adopted a rule, never to receive either note or letter in his dressing-room, when he was just ready to appear upon the stage, and this slight circumstance caused a lasting quarrel between the two former friends. Great pains were taken to effect a reconciliation between them, but Dr. Percy always most indignantly replied,—"that he had put it once into Mr. Garrick's power to have obliged him, but as he had chosen to neglect it, he should not give him a second opportunity."

DR. JENNER'S EPITAPH.

The following epitaph was engraved on the tomb of Dr. Jenner, whose remains are interred in the chancel of the parish church of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire

**Within this tomb hath found a resting place,**
**The great physician of the human race—**
**Immortal Jenner! whose gigantic mind**
**Brought life and health to more than half mankind.**
**Let rescued infancy his worth proclaim,**
**And lisp out blessings on his honour'd name;**
**And radiant beauty drop her saddest tear,**
**For Beauty's truest, trustiest friend lies here!**

LORD NELSON'S NIGHT-CAP.

Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile,—"*Honor est a Nilo.*" (Horatio Nelson,) was shortly after on a visit to his Lordship, at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he forgot to put a night-cap into his portmanteau, and, consequently, borrowed one from his Lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, and was shortly after alarmed by finding the cap in flames. He immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them to his Lordship with the following lines:—

**"Take your night-cap again, my good Lord,**
**I desire,**
**I would not detain it a minute;**
**What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,**
**Is sure to be instantly in it."**

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. 23. | St. Raymond. | Jan. 23. | This saint was born, in 1175, at the Castle of Pegnafort in Catalonia: so fond was he of his religious profession, that he changed the edifice in which he was born into a convent of the order of St. Dominick. His death happened A.D. 1275.<br>1570.—On this day, James, Earl of Murray, Regent of Scotland, during the minority of James VI. was deliberately shot at Linlithgow by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, in revenge, it is supposed, for having debauched his wife. |
| —— 24 | St. Timothy. | —— 24 | St. Timothy was a disciple of St. Paul, by whom he was made Bishop of Ephesus, A.D. 64. This saint was stoned to death in the year 97, by order of the Emperor Nero.<br>70.—Born at Rome on this day the Emperor Adrian. This illustrious Roman, when visiting Britain, caused a wall to be built, extending from the Frith of Forth to the river Tyne. He died in his 62nd year, A.D. 139. On his death-bed he composed his celebrated address to his departing soul. |
| —— 25 | Conversion of St. Paul. | —— 25 | This saint was beheaded at Rome A.D. 66. by order of his persecutor the infamous Nero. The festival of the *conversion* was instituted very early. Pope Innocent III. ordered it to be kept as an holiday of obligation. In England mention is made of its being a solemn festival in the time of Henry III.<br>1759.—Born on this day, near Ayr, the admired poet of nature, Robert Burns. This talented individual, like the great Shakspeare, has rendered immortal, by his verse, the banks of the river which watered his native place. His labours have gained him posthumous renown, though during his life he experienced the most chilling neglect. |
| —— 26 | St. Polycarp. | —— 26 | St. Polycarp was Bishop of Smyrna; he suffered for his religion A.D. 166.<br>1815.—On this day the ex-Emperor Napoleon escaped from Elba, and landed in France. |
| —— 27 | St. John Chrysostom. | —— 27 | This saint was Archbishop of Constantinople A.D. 407, at which place he died in 409. His eloquence obtained him the surname of Chrysostom or Goldenmouth: he was one of the most strenuous defenders that the Catholic Church had in the 4th century.<br>1773.—Born on this day H. R. H. the D. of Sussex. |
| —— 28 | St. Margaret. | —— 28 | This saint was the daughter of Bala IV. King of Hungary. She died A.D. 1271; her relics are still preserved at Presburg.<br>1596.—On this day died on board of his own ship, near Nombre De Dios, Sir Francis Drake, our first circumnavigator. Fuller observes of him, that "he lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it." |
| —— 29 | St. Sulpicius Severus. | —— 29 | St. Sulpicius was a disciple of St. Martin; he died A.D. 426.<br>1820.—This day died our greatly revered Monarch Geo. III. ÆT. 81. The reign of this Sovereign was the longest of any that ever held sway in England, and the most pregnant with great events.<br>Accession of his present Majesty Geo. IV. |
| —— 30 | St. Martina. Martyrd. of King Charles I. | —— 30 | This saint, who was a Roman Virgin of noble origin, was beheaded for her faith, after having been tortured by command of the Emperor Alexander IV. A.D. 228.<br>1649.—Aniversary of the beheading of Charles I. This Monarch's downfall is ascribed to his sinister and illiberal conduct towards his opponents. |
| —— 31 | St. Peter Nolasco. | —— 31 | This saint was born at Languedoc. He died A.D. 1258. Saint Peter was the founder of the order of our Lady of Mercy, the founding of this order is stated to have been occasioned by the Virgin Mary's appearing to him in a vision.<br>1820.—On this day the proclaiming of Geo. IV King of England took place. |

*See page 69.*

## TALKERS.

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THERE are as many varieties of Talkers as there are of tulips: to classify them would require the nice discernment and patient perseverance of an ethical Linnæus; and when done, it would be an useless classification, unless, indeed, Taste could be brought to have a love for the cultivation of them, with an ulterior view to the improvement of the several classes, by marrying a common female scold of the last class with a refined male babbler of the first: and thus effect by artificial means what Wisdom, with all her old endeavours, could never work by any means,—an improvement of Talkers generally.

There is, however, a pleasure in holding up a few of the first classes of Talkers to notice, similar to that, perhaps, which a tulip-fancier feels, when he displays to the wondering eyes of one not in the fancy, (who had perceived, on being shewn a bed of them, that they were all tulips, but did not discern the nicer streaks of difference between them,)

some faultless *tulip* which the *Dutch* ne'er saw.

The most common class of talkers is composed of Babblers. There are several varieties of these; but the most disagreeable is the Long-tongued Babbler. One of them is sufficient to set a whole village at war, or disturb the peace and sacredness of virtuous privacy. Rather than be silent, he will wound his dearest friend with a tongue, which, like Laertes' foil, poisons where it touches—and even him who uses it. From this sort of talker you learn the origin of Miss A's finery, and Miss B's *faux pas;* the rise of Mr. C's wealth, and the state of Mr. D's embarrassment, &c.

If you have doubts of the character of Browne, he hesitates at a fault—hems—hints at a second—hems again, and out comes a third. If you think well of White, he damns him with 'faint praise,' —recollects to have heard something whispered not entirely redounding to his honour;—not that he believes it—idle rumours are not gospel truths: and then he

tells you what Thompson thought, but never said, and what Dixon said, but never thought, of poor W. He publishes a mischievous piece of truth or scandal (either answers the purpose of the day) in the morning, and follows the sound of his own rumour as a weather-mutton follows his own bell. Gifted with the interfering spirit of Marplot, he gets the wages of Marall for his labours,—cuffs and contempt. The Babbler is commonly an unhappy person, for he has meddled too much with the happiness of others to be happy himself; and having made it the sole business of his life to betray some hurtful truth, or harmless ill of all, no one thinks it absolutely necessary to speak well of him, either in epitaph or elegy.

Another variety is the Dull or Harmless Babbler. This is a talker in his turn and out of his turn—in season and out of season; and yet has nothing to communicate. Yes—you may learn from him that it rained yesterday; and that it is not impossible that it may rain to-day. He is Francis Moore's counter-prophet: the one foretells when showers will fall—the other registers their descent.

The next in succession are the Small-talkers. These are tea-table appendages who sometimes hang by the sinister bend of ladies' elbows; and are usually 'prim, puss-gentlemen,' all prettiness and pettiness. Ceaseless tonguers of 'words of no tone,' they lisp, or cultivate some delicate mispronunciation of one of the four-and-twenty letters, or of a few well-selected syllables. They have a chicken's perseverance in picking up the smallest grain or chaff of tea-table intelligence, and are not greedy in keeping it to themselves. —no,—you may have their second-hand nothings at less than they cost. Their intelligence is a stewed frog in an Ontario of broth—as one dew-drop in the desert of Arabia,—or as an inaccessible island in a sea of three months' sail; you may steer round it, and by it, and never touch the land: it is a *Thule* beyond the *Ultima Thule* of mental navigation, and lies beyond the reach of any intellectual Cook or Vancouver: you think you descry it in the offing, and tacking, hope to drift on its shore; but when you really see it under your bow, you may coast round it, and cast out your grapple-an-

chor to hold-to, but you should as soon tie up your horse with a sun-beam, or get a will-o'-the-wisp to light you like a well-bred link-boy to your lodgings, as make ground there. The light of their minds need not be hidden under a bushel; a pill-box would be a dome of 'ample space and verge enough' for it: like one 'good deed in a naughty world,' it might shine therein, and then not gild its confines. Their most delicate, prim mouths are like perfumers' shops, and breathe nothing but 'sweets.' Their talk is redolent of essence of Tyre, bloom of Ninon, violet washes, pomade divine, and a hundred other essences. They 'die of a rose in aromatic' anguish, and are recovered by lavender-water and other 'soft appliances' fifty times in an evening in their over-exquisite moods.

The third are Talkers of the objective class. Be your opinions what they may, however undeniable, correct, settled, or well-digested, they can object to them. They can find flaws in diamond-wit of the first water; motes in the brightest rays of the mind; and beams in the eyes of Truth. I know such an one. If you would take out of his mouth an advantage which he is gaining in argument, throw down a bad pun as burglars toss a bribe of meat to a house-dog who is getting the vantage-ground of them, and he will instantly drop the argument (as that fabulous dog dropped his substantial meat in the river for its duplicate shadow) to tear the poor pun to pieces, analyzing *nothing* till he proves it is *something;* and when he has satisfied himself that a bad joke is not a good one, he is, from mere politeness, obliged to laugh, however reluctantly.

The fourth is the contradictory class. Let your opinions to-day be to the letter what their's were yesterday, and they instantly run an opposition coach against you, upset you on the mudbank of their own opinions, and leave you sprawling and bespattered, to get up as you can. When you have run them to a stand on one point, and they find you are agreeing with them, and they cannot object to the matter of your opinions, they have still a resource left in objecting to the manner. You speak unaffectedly, and they censure you for mediocrity, plainness, and want of spirit: you talk on stilts, to be on a level with them, and then you presume too much for so young a man, of so few opinions. You speak with slowness and distinctness, and they dislike a drawling speaker: they would as lief be tied to a 'lover's lute,' or 'a Lincolnshire drone:' you speak high and quick, and your voice is shrill as a cricket's, and there is no following it, like a grasshopper's. You modestly betray that you are well read in the classics, and they accuse you of pedantry: you conceal your reading, and they suspect you know very little either of books or men. You bring them old opinions, and they doubt whether you have any of your own: you deal in new ones, and they object to them as untrue, yet adopt them as sound, and put them forth, where they are safe from detection, as their own. In short, you strive in vain to agree with men who will not, or cannot, agree with themselves; and you have a good-natured talker's reward for your pains—words.

A specimen of the fifth class is the Talker in admirations. His conversation (if such it may be called) is all exclamation, like a German drama: and is made up of such jargonisms as Good-God! God bless me! Is it possible! Who would have thought it! You astonish me! Very shocking! Very pleasant, &c. &c.

The sixth are the interrogative class. Their talk is all question: one might think that their tongues were shaped like an interrogation. You feel in conversing with one of these like a catechized charity boy, when he is asked what his godfather promised *not* to do for him. Talk for an hour with one of these, and you will only hear from him such interrogatory affirmations as these:—'And so Jones is well?—and Johnson's married?—and you really prefer Pope to Pomfret?—and you seriously deny that Cobbett is the author of 'Junius?'—and affirm that Dr. Watts did *not* write 'Fly not Yet?'

The seventh and most insufferable class are the exclusive Talkers. One of these will undertake to talk for all the persons present. If you impatiently throw in a word, it is like flinging a stone into a current; it disturbs and cannot impede it, but rather impels it still faster onwards: or it is like striking a spark into a barrel of gunpowder—a fresh explosion of words spreads a hubbub and confusion all around. Though he tells you every thing you already know, you cannot tell him any thing that he does not know. He can tell you what a new book contains that is to come out next Tuesday, as well as if he was himself Wednesday: or anticipate the merits of a great picture on the easel. If you mean to see a new tragedy, he has seen it, and he destroys all the delight you anticipated in its newness, by repeating its best points, and unravelling its plot. If you set out with an anecdote he snatches it out of your mouth, as a covetous dog would a desired bone from his best companion and dearest puppy-friend, and tells it for you; you object that your's was a different version of the same

story, and gently persist in telling it your own way; he knows the other version as well as you do, and re-relates it for you, but thinks his own way preferable: if you persist, after all, in telling it for yourself, he will insinuate to-morrow that you are in your *anecdotage;* and declare that you are the worst teller of a good thing since Goldsmith. Indeed, you cannot do a more impolitic thing than start an anecdote in his hearing, for that one is too certain of reminding him of a hundred others; and the last one of that first century of good things is so nearly related to the first of the second century, that he cannot choose but relate it, and you dare not choose but hear it. If you commence a favourite quotation, he takes up the second line, goes on with it, and ends by quoting twice as much as you intended: this invariably leads him to recollect another poem by the same author, which no doubt you have heard, but which somebody else, who is present, would perhaps like to hear; and then he begins without further prelude, and you may if you please go to sleep *ad interim*, if you have no fear of his reproach for want of taste before your eyes to keep them open. You have been to Paris, and he informs you of your expenses on the road; or you are going to Scotland, and he narrates most pathetically the miseries of a German inn. Of all talkers these are the most insufferable.

The seventh class are the Exaggerators, —not your professional, but amateur fibbers. These are a pleasant set of talkers enough, only you must not take them too literally. It is a humour that even witty persons cannot always appreciate: to your thoroughly sensible and one-and-one-make-two sort of minds 'it is a stumbling-block and a reproach.' It is, perhaps, as to its conversational value, mere nonsense: it is what an ingenious punster (fracturing a French word in pieces) considers *bad-in-age*, and not tolerable in youth. But, most sensible reader, shut not thine ears wholly against it: if thou wouldst enjoy Sense at any time listen sometimes to his less capable brother, Nonsense. After the mind has been wearied by abstruse studies, worldly cares, imaginary ills, or positive griefs, is not nonsense like letting a long-strained bow relax; or giving slackness to a lute-string? Nonsense is to sense like shade unto light, making by contrast what is beautiful still more beautiful:—it is like an intended discord in a delicious melody making the next concord the sweeter: like silent sleep after sorrowful wakefulness; the calm which succeeds a storm: like cheerfulness after care; condescension after hauteur: like the freedom of night-gown and slippers after tight boots and bursting buttons; or a night of dancing after a month of gout: like that delicious giggle some schoolboy gives way to when some hush-compelling Busby turns his back; or the laugh politeness has suppressed till one has shut the door on a puppy or pedant: and it is like an olive to the palate of a wine-bibber, sickly in itself, but giving a *gusto* to the old port of the mind, or to the brisk, bubbling champagne-wine of wit.—One of the most delightful of exaggerators is ***** ****: it is, perhaps, the pleasantest ingredient in his lighter writings; and in his more serious ones, it is only a more serious twanging of the same string. This is sometimes mistaken for mere affectation, but it is merely a vivid magnifying of minor objects into an exaggerated importance, by exhibiting them through a kind of mental microscope. This humour too, is the peculiar charm of his table-talk, and makes it very sprightly and sparkling: give him an idea which is stretchable into exaggeration, and he will extenuate it into the most ludicrous elongations and monstrous distortions, resembling those long faces we have seen thrown out by magic lanthorns. Dean Swift was, perhaps, the greatest master in this kind of talking and writing.

There are several other classes, which I shall notice in brief. The slow Talkers, as tedious as the *Te Deum;* the quick Talkers, sudden as a postman's knock, and not always as full of information; the loud Talkers, to a nervous man, as agreeable as the din of a dustman's bell, or a death-knell in November; and the Talkers about taste, whose language is of no country, but is a jargon of all countries, and consists of parrot-like repetitions of *virtu, gusto, tout-ensemble, contour, chiaroscuro*, Titianesque bits of colour, Turnerian crispness and clearness, Claudian mellowness, Tintoretto touches, &c. &c. affected term on term, to the degrading of Taste into a chaotic cant of words.—*Posthumous Papers.*

## SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION.

It may be necessary to inform such of our readers who are not conversant with the subject of Tasso's Heroic Poem, *Jerusalem Delivered*, that it is founded on the attempt made by the Christian Powers of Europe to deliver the Holy City from the Saracens. The chief instigator of these Holy Wars, was Peter the Hermit, and the portion of the poem which forms

our first illustration, is the choosing Godfrey of Bulloigne, commander of the Christian Forces, assembled to carry their intentions into execution.

When from his seat the hermit Peter stood;
Who sate with princes their debates to share,
The holy author of this pious war.
What Godfrey speaks with ardour I approve,
Such obvious truths must ev'ry bosom move;
'Tis yours, O chiefs! to own its genuine pow'r,
But let me add to his one counsel more.
When now, revolving in my careful mind,
I view our actions past, by strife disjoin'd;
Our jarring wills; our disunited force;
And many plans obstructed in their course;
Methinks my judgment to their spring can trace
The troubled motions that our cause disgrace.
'Tis in that power, in many leaders join'd,
Of various tempers and discordant mind.
If o'er the rest no sovereign chief preside
T' allot the several posts, the tasks divide;
To scourge th' offender, or rewards bestow;
What riot and misrule the state o'erflow!
Then in one body join our social band,
And trust the rule to one important hand;
To him resign the sceptre and the sway,
And him their king th' united host obey.
Here ceas'd the reverend sage. O zeal divine!
What bosoms can withstand a pow'r like thine?
Thy sacred breath the hermit's words inspir'd,
And with his words the listening heroes fir'd;
Dispell'd their doubts, their passions lull'd to rest,
And vain ambition chas'd from every breast.
Then Guelpho first and William (chiefs of fame)
Saluted Godfrey with a general's name,
Their chief elect: the rest approv'd the choice,
And gave the rule to him with public voice.
His equals once to his dominion yield
Supreme in council, and supreme in field?*

*Book* I.

## AGATHA GHERANZI.

*By John Bird, Esq.*

THE joy of Mantua was great and undissembled at the approaching nuptials of the bravest of her sons with the fairest and most amiable of her daughters. Vincentio, the only child of the widowed marquis Petroni, had served under the viceroy Beauharnois, with honour to himself and credit to his native city, and had even attracted the particular observation of the penetrating and sagacious Napoleon, by his coolness and intrepidity on several occasions of great difficulty and peril. The youth, in common with most of his compatriots, had regarded the Emperor as the destined emancipator of his country from her long slumber of thraldom and abasement, but a clearer knowledge of the character and views of that ambitious and selfish commander had long taught him the fallacy of his hopes; when the reverses consequent on the battle of Leipsic dissolved the proud but baseless fabric of despotism, and restored the young warrior to the arms of a fond and doating father. The admiration that greeted his return to Mantua was loud and deserved. Toil and travel had but perfected the graces of his noble form: the ever-changing life and duties of a soldier had contributed only to foster the enthusiasm of his soul, the ardent and generous impulses of his nature. He had trod the red fields of war with unsullied step, and for him its laurel had no poison.

First among those who welcomed his return to his native city were the long attached friends of his father, the count and countess Gheranzi, whose only daughter, with somewhat of a prophetic spirit, had been playfully betrothed to him in their years of childhood. Vincentio had left Agatha a blooming girl, lively as a fawn, and not less gentle; he found her a lovely woman, whose beauty was her least perfection. Amazed, delighted, enamoured, with the natural ardour of his temperament he sought and won her affections; and by families long united in friendship, and rich in ancestry and wealth what more could be desired than that cementing tie which the union of children, mutually loving and beloved, was about to produce! The count Gheranzi, it is true, was once heard to say, that, had not Agatha rejected the prince of Castel-Monti, his house might have looked down on that of Petroni; but a gentle remonstrance from the more generous countess silenced the latent discontent which this observation seemed to imply. On the other hand, the marquis Petroni, who lived but in his son, hastened the nuptial preparations with an anxiety which seemed to border on folly; but he was declining in years and health, and it could not reasonably therefore be matter of surprise that he should be desirous, by the marriage of that son, to secure him from further wanderings. Two days only were to elapse before the celebration of the holy rite, to which all Mantua looked forward with impatient joy, when the marquis was suddenly taken ill, and in a few hours breathed his last in the arms of his distracted child. The violence of the seizure had deprived him almost instantly of the power of speech; and, as it seemed, at a time when some fatal secret was labouring in his breast. The expiring struggles of humanity are at all times awful; but when to the throes of nature are added the pangs of conscience, how dreadful are the last moments of man! In vain did Vincentio attempt to tranquillize his wretched parent; even as his eyes glazed in death his looks were of sorrow and despair.

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 65.

The count Gheranzi assisted at the last obsequies of the marquis, with great apparent grief for his friend and sympathy in the feelings of his successor; and from his lips, after the mournful ceremonies were concluded, Vincentio received the only consolation which his heart could then admit—an assurance, that after such reasonable delay as reverence for the departed claimed from affection and duty, the nuptials should be solemnized.

"I tremble at delay!" said the mourner.

"You need not," replied the count: "I swear to you, by the soul of your lamented sire, that Agatha shall be yours."

A few days only had, however, elapsed when a marked change was seen in the deportment of the count, who now seemed to shun the young marquis as sedulously as he had before sought him. Dark whispers were abroad, that the late marquis, from extravagance and a propensity to gaming, indulged in secret at Venice and other places, was a ruined man; and each succeeding day served but to strengthen affirmations which none ventured to deny. Vincentio awaking from a dream of grief, found himself suddenly abandoned by those whom he had deemed his friends; while a host of creditors were loudly clamouring for the discharge of obligations, the existence of which he had believed impossible. Alas! the dying agonies of his father were now explained. He knew too well the ruinous consequences of his infatuated career not to reflect on the approaching misery of a beloved son with the bitterest remorse. He felt too late how fatal had been a rivalry, never acknowledged but always existing, between the houses of Petroni and Gheranzi; and how unavailing had been his endeavours to rear the tottering fabric of his fortunes by the desperate expedient of gaming, till, drawn into a vortex from which he vainly endeavoured to escape, he at last owed his ruin to the very means by which he had hoped to avert it. These unwelcome truths were but too soon revealed to the heart-stricken Vincentio. Far, however, from brooding over evils that were irremediable, he roused at once the latent energies of his nature to grapple with the calamity, and extract from the bitter draught presented to him a salutary balsam, if such might be, to aid and strengthen him in the hour of trial. The amount of claims he found would leave him in possession of a fortune too limited to uphold the dignity of his house, yet still sufficing in some distant spot to yield all that love could desire. Would the count under such circumstances hold his promise sacred? Alas! his conduct seemed but too evident of his purpose. Would Agatha herself accept a portionless yet not degraded noble? The question almost unmanned him.—"To lose her!—but no, I cannot, will not resign her! From her own lips will I learn my fate—and if she reject me——" The thought was too painful. With a desperation of purpose, in which the impetuosity of his temperament was but too apparent, he sought the villa Gheranzi.

The sun was just setting as he entered by a private gate, that led to the gardens; and sunset in that delicious climate is a scene of splendid beauty. The richly-blending hues of leaf and flower were now bathed in a flood of light, as resplendent as fleeting. Tint after tint, gradually receding in brilliancy, yet not less beautiful in the softer glow reflected from that crimsoned west which the sun had now forsaken, faded into shadow, unbroken save by the vivid fire-fly, that seemed to triumph in the swift falling gloom which veils the repose of nature: and oh, how lovely is that repose!—Agitated as was the soul of Vincentio, the voice of passion yielded insensibly to the silent yet not less powerful influence of that sweet hour of stillness and serenity.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "what is the splendour of courts or palaces to the flowery enamelling of nature—the blue o'er-arching canopy of heaven!—In a spot like this—" A light step interrupted his meditations;—it was Agatha herself.

"Vincentio here?" she exclaimed.

"Aye!" cried he, seizing her hand with a melancholy earnestness—"I am Vincentio still—art thou still Agatha?"

"I am," replied the maiden firmly.

He sank on his knee, and pressed her hand to his lips. "Forgive me, Agatha, if I doubted thee for a moment. I am a wretched bewildered outcast. Alas! it may be that you are yet a stranger to my utter destitution and misery!"

The tears of Agatha fell fast on his burning cheek. "That misery, Vincentio, could alone excuse this unmanly burst of passion.—I know much—perhaps not all; tell me the worst."

"I am ruined, Agatha! and by whom?—my fond, misguided father! I might indeed"—and his eyes flashed fire as he spoke—"I might yet whistle off these gasping creditors, and laugh their claims to scorn: they cannot compel—Away, away, unworthy thought!—shall I outrage the memory of my departed sire, and, to uphold my own name, abandon his to scorn and contumely? No, Agatha! not even for thee, all angel as thou art, could I blast the honour of my dead father."

"Vincentio! my own, noble Vincentio! dearer to me in this lone hour than

in thy zenith of fame and fortune! whatever be thy fate, Agatha is still thine!—By yon blue heaven I swear never to wed another?"

'My angelic Agatha!"

'Nay, nay, my friend, I but renew a vow yielded under happier auspices. My faith was given to thee alone;—art thou not still Vincentio!—Let all things change but woman's love!—be mine like yon glorious star, that shines more brightly as the light of day recedes!"

"Is this well done, young man?" said the count breaking hastily on their conference; "is it well done to intrude on the privacy of my daughter?—have the doors of my house been closed against you, that you thus seek entrance by unaccustomed paths?"

"Your pardon, count!" replied Vincentio somewhat proudly: "if to avoid the casual encounter of menials, who might look with scorn on my altered fortunes, need grace or pardon. I knew not that I should be so blest as to meet my Agatha here."

"Well, well!" cried the count abruptly, "be your motives as they might, it is now time we should understand each other."

Vincentio shuddered, but spoke not.

The count continued, with some embarrassment:—"You must be quite aware that our projected alliance is now at an end."

"My father;" cried Agatha faintly.

"At an end?" repeated Vincentio.

"The count does but jest with you," exclaimed the countess, coming forward.

"My lady countess, we looked not for your presence," cried the count peevishly; "and for jesting, it were ill-timed on this occasion. I speak with strong regret, but from a sense of duty which must not be controlled. When I promised my daughter to you in marriage, marquis, I pledged her to one of nobility illustrious as my own, and of wealth equal, if not superior. Prove to me that you are still the same, and Agatha is yours."

"This is but mockery," cried Vincentio; you know too well, count, the ruin that impends over the house of Petroni: yet promises, my lord, are, or should be, sacred."

"The honour of our house demands it," interrupted the countess.

"Peace, peace, my lady!" cried the count; "you are too hot. What promise have I broken?—all engagements of this nature are conditional; and on one condition I am yet willing to fulfil mine."

"And what condition is there," exclaimed Vincentio, "that count Gheranzi can ask and I deny?"

The count seemed confused, but the swift-spreading shadow aided him as he proceeded: "I am not to learn that there are claims on the Petroni property which would absorb perhaps the whole; nor am I to be informed that it is at your option to admit or reject them. Shake off these incumbrances."

"And shall I do so, count?" exclaimed Vincentio, his eyes lightening with indignation and scorn; "and would you take to your arms a son who had renounced the duty, the reverence, the affection of a child; one whom the finger of scorn would pursue as a renegade from all that man holds sacred or woman glorious?—Would you give your daughter, and such a daughter, to one whose wealth was purchased by infamy, whom the never-dying voice of an outraged parent would haunt in his halls of pride, aye, even in the arms of love?—Oh Agatha! why am I compelled to this?"

"It is enough," said the count; "our contract is dissolved."

"Dissolved?" repeated Vincentio, in a voice of thunder; "then is there no faith in man!"

"Remember!" exclaimed Agatha faintly.

"I do remember," continued her lover, "that unhallowed night, when, over the grave of him whose memory is dishonoured even by this parley, you, count, swore to give me your daughter—Nay, nay, hear me out—I was then rich—It matters not for words—I was esteemed so—I was the honoured, the illustrious, the almost deified marquis Petroni. What am I now? a suppliant—an outcast!"

"You are too warm."

"It may be so; yet have I not cause?—What reservation was there?—none—by yon bright heaven I swear it!—To me, rich, or poor, was Agatha affianced, and at your hands, in the face of heaven, I now claim her."

A dead pause succeeded, which the countess was the first to break.

"Is this true, Gheranzi?"

"I have been absolved from my oath," the count slowly murmured; "the holy father——"

"Name it not!" cried the countess passionately: "there is no power, save His in whose presence we now stand, that could absolve a free-will vow: and, oh Gheranzi!" continued his noble partner, more calmly, but with not less fervour, "can you desire it? If calamity hath overwhelmed the fortunes of Petroni, Petroni himself is still unsullied, and the house of Gheranzi, by adopting him as its own, will gain a treasure far greater than he has lost:—our wealth is ample."

"And shall I bestow it on a beggar?"

"Oh shame, shame!" exclaimed the countess: "hear not, Vincentio, our degradation; hear not the wretched man, who for the vile dross of earth would barter even heaven.—Agatha, listen to a mother—"

"Say rather to a father," interrupted the count, "since a mother so far forgets her duty.—Agatha, my curse, a father's deadly curse, be on you—no knees to me—"

"Forbear, Gheranzi!" cried the countess wildly, "for the love of heaven, forbear! Behold me, thy wife, the daughter of a princely house; behold thy weeping child, and him whom thy unhallowed words have stricken to the soul; behold us at thy feet, and breathe thy horrid imprecations if thou canst!"

"If I can!" cried the infuriated count. "May, then, the curse of heaven——"

"No, no, Gheranzi! it will but recoil on your own head.—Oh, for the sake of her whom thy passion will destroy"—for Agatha now lay fainting at his feet—"for his sake whose noble forbearance in this hour of trial might shame thy unholy wrath—how? speak you not?—are all my adjurations vain?—Nay, go not, Gheranzi!—if we part thus, we part for ever."

"Then be it so!" exclaimed the count.

The countess looked wildly at him for a moment, pressed her hands on her forehead, and fell to the earth insensible. They hastened to raise her—alas! in vain. In the violence of her emotion, the very strings of life had loosened; a vessel had burst on the brain, and the noble, the generous countess was a corpse.

The events of some succeeding weeks must be passed lightly over. The count was for a time inconsolable, and the emotions of Agatha were such as to endanger her life; during this period, the agony of Vincentio was almost beyond endurance. The remains of the countess were borne to the family tomb with princely pomp and magnificence, which seemed intended as a feeble atonement to the dead for injustice to the living. Vain as is that last subterfuge of intruding conscience it contributed to lull the remorse of the count, whose ruling avarice once more arose, as the better feelings of his nature grew less vivid, and rendered him as averse as before from the fulfilment of his engagements. The fading cheek, the dim eye, and the pleading looks of Agatha, had less power over his will than the reviving desire of an alliance with the prince of Castel-Monti, whom the knowledge of the altered fortunes of Petroni had emboldened to renew his pretensions. Vincentio, on the recovery of his mistress had suddenly quitted Mantua, and was not yet returned. The count, re-assured by his absence, had urged the addresses of Castel-Monti on Agatha with an earnestness, which, in her enfeebled state of mind and body, the memory of her oath could alone have enabled her to resist.

"These continued refusals," said he, one day when the prince, again repulsed, had left the palace with some indication of resentment; "these repeated refusals, my child, are unkind and undutiful. Petroni, it is clear, has wisely and justly abandoned his pretensions, and you are now therefore free." A faint shriek from Agatha interrupted his counsels—Vincentio stood before them.

For some time no one found utterance for feelings which were bitter enough in all.

"I stand before you, count," at length Vincentio said, "poor, but stainless. I durst not risk temptation, even for Agatha. My father's manes are appeased—his debts are no more!"

"And the wealth of Petroni is also no more?"

"It is nearly so, count."

"You know my determination—ask me not to repeat it."

"Will nothing then change it? has the past spoken in vain?"

"We thought you had relinquished this fruitless passion," cried the count, evading the question; "and the prince of Castel-Monti—"

"How, Agatha! have you too, forgotten your vow?"

"A vow, Agatha!—what folly is this?" exclaimed the count.

"Vincentio!" cried the maiden, "I have sworn to you—I swear to you again, in the presence of my only parent, never to wed another. Oh, my father! you must, you will forgive your poor Agatha, for her sake who is now no more, and in whose blessed name I also vow never to wed even my own, my best-beloved Vincentio, till your consent shall hallow our union!"

"You have been unwise in this," cried the count.

"Agatha!" exclaimed Vincentio, "though by this vow you have perhaps blighted my hopes for ever, I honour, I revere, the feeling from which it springs; and oh, if it be possible, I love thee more dearly than ever! Say not, count, that we must part. Can I, ought I, to relinquish that hope which, come weal or woe, shall shine my beacon, my guiding-star through all!"

"I will not be urged," replied the count, in great embarrassment; "let me

know the present state of your fortunes. if there be any chance of a retrieval, I may yet be prevailed on to comply; but the honour of my house forbids me to bestow my child on one, whose title is his only possession. In a week we will talk of this again."

At the expiration of a week, Vincentio again appeared, but with a gloomy earnestness in his manner, wholly different from his usual frank and unreserved deportment.

"I find," said he, speaking with great agitation, "that there are certain sums owing to my late father, which time and perseverance may yet recover."

"It is well," said the count; "you talk now like a just and honourable man." —Vincentio started.—"I will not deal harshly with you," continued the count: "you are both young; much is due to the memory of our late regretted countess; and a year's delay will not be too much. If, therefore, on the festival of St. Michael in the ensuing year you prove to me that you are in possession of funds sufficient to uphold your dignity, Agatha shall be yours. If, on the contrary, your efforts are unsuccessful, you shall on that day renounce your pretensions, and, mark me! release her from the further observance of her rash and foolish vow."

"Your conditions are hard, I had almost said unjust," exclaimed Vincentio.

"They are at least unchangeable," replied the count drily: "you know the oath that Agatha has sworn to me, and you know also the only terms on which my consent shall ever be yielded to your union."

"You leave me, then, no choice," cried Vincentio mournfully: "but may I not see Agatha ere I depart?"

"For what purpose?"

"Alas, I know not!—Oh, count, you little know what you have this day counselled—Heaven grant that the issue may never recoil upon you."

He sighed and departed.

*(To be Continued.)*

## LINES WRITTEN ON A FINE DAY IN WINTER.

*For the Olio.*

How doubly splendid is a sun-gilt day,
'Mid the dark gloom of winter! when the elements
Seem lost to Nature's smile; and discontent
Frowns in displeasure from his drear abode,
And frights each joy from life.—Then, the light,
Breaking her prison walls of fog and mist,
Cheers up the dull creation; then, rude mirth,
And romping gaiety, go hand in hand,
Joyous o'er mountains, rivers, lawns, and groves,
'Midst hills and dales, through heads, hearts and minds,
Making all mirthful; doubly bright, appears
The gladden'd landscape.

So, through the gloom
Of long liv'd sorrow, breaks a ray of hope,
Chasing grief's melancholy; so, pleasure's picture,
(Long lost amid woe's dusky glimmering,)
Is, by its splendour, brought once more to sight,
And lengthen'd out in all its sweet perspective,
Where distant prospects bless the longing eye,
With beauties countless.

R. JARMAN.

## THE FALLS OF THE NIAGARA.

From the Honble. Frederick De Roos's Travels in the United States and Canada, we gather the following account of his visit to these stupendous falls:—

Never shall I forget the intense anxiety with which I expected the sight of Niagara, and still less the awful moment, when, I first beheld the mighty Cataract expanded before me.

To enjoy this moment I had made great sacrifices and encountered some difficulties; I had not only protracted my absence from home, towards which I was free to return, but had increased my separation from it by a distance of more than twelve hundred miles.

Ample, however, was my reward. I had in the course of my life beheld some of the most celebrated sights of nature;—Etna and Vesuvius;—The Andes, almost at their greatest elevation—Cape Horn, rugged and bleak, buffeted by the southern tempest; and, though last not least, the long swell of the Pacific; but nothing I had ever seen or imagined, could compare in grandeur with the falls of Niagara.

My first sensation was that of exquisite delight at having before me the greatest wonder, in my opinion, of the world. Strange as it may appear, this feeling was immediately succeeded by an irresistible melancholy. Had this not continued, it might perhaps have been attributed to the satiety incident to the complete gratification of "hope long deferred;" but so far from diminishing, the more I gazed the stronger and deeper the feeling became. Yet this scene of sadness was strangely mingled with a kind of intoxicating fascination. Whether the phenomenon is peculiar to Niagara, I know not, but certainly it has been generally observed, that the spirits are affected and depressed in a singular manner by the magic influence of this stupendous Fall.

About five miles above the Cataract, the river expands to the dimensions of a lake, after which it gradually narrows. The Rapids commence at the upper extremity of Goat Island, which is half a mile in length, and divides the river at the point of precipitation into two unequal parts; the larger is distinguished by the several names of the Horseshoe, Crescent, and British Fall, from its semicircular form and contiguity to the Canadian shore. The smaller is named the American Fall. A portion of this Fall is divided by a rock from Goat Island, and though here insignificant in appearance, would rank high among European cascades.

The height of the British Fall is one hundred and seventy-five feet, and its breadth in one unbroken cascade, is seven hundred yards. The extremity of Goat Island, which separates the Cataracts, is three hundred and twenty yards in breadth; the American Fall extends beyond that, three hundred and seventy yards broad and one hundred and sixty feet in height, making a total breadth of nearly fourteen hundred yards. I must not omit to mention, that though the bed of the river sinks to so great a depth, the level of the circumjacent land continues the same below as above the Falls.

On the Canadian side, are situated two inns, and some few cottages are scattered at intervals over the country, which, in point of cultivation, resembles a garden. On the American shore, a little above the Fall, is built the manufacturing village of Manchester. Here are to be found excellent hotels, one of which is kept by a General of Militia, who served with distinction in the last war.

The quantity of water which passes the Cataract is thus computed by an American traveller. The river at the ferry, below the Falls, is seven furlongs wide, and, on an average, twenty-five feet deep. The current runs about six miles an hour; but supposing it to be only five miles, the quantity which passes the Falls in an hour, is more than eighty-five millions of tuns avoirdupois: if we suppose it to be six, it will be more than 102 millions; and in a day would exceed 2400 millions of tuns.

My object being to approach as close to the Cataract as possible; I descended a bank by a steep winding path to the narrow marshy slip which forms the immediate margin of the river; along this I advanced about one hundred yards, till I arrived at the very verge of precipitation. A person may at this point, place himself within an inch of the Cataract, and dip his hand into the water. Proceeding a little farther in the direction of the stream, I came to the cottage of the guide, near which is a circular kind of corkscrew ladder, constructed round a mast, to enable travellers to descend to a path which winds along the upper part of the *debris*, formed by the occasional crumbling of the precipice. By means of this path you gain the lower part of the Cataract, and have a fine view upwards.

The falls when viewed from above, may be compared to a volume of steam rising from some monstrous cauldron.

In the evening I again visited the Cataract, to behold it by moonlight, taking my seat on a projecting rock, at a little distance from the brink of the Fall, I gazed till my senses were almost absorbed in contemplation.

Although the shades of night increased the sublimity of the prospect, and

"Deepened the murmur of the falling flood,"

the moon in placid beauty shed her soft influence upon the mind, and mitigated the horrors of the scene. The thunders which bellowed from the abyss, and the loveliness of the falling element, which glittered like molten silver in the moonlight, seemed to complete in absolute perfection the rare union of the beautiful with the sublime.

## THE OLD SOLDIER.

*(A Street Circular.)*

'Thy Memory for a term, may be thy Monument.'

The Old Soldier, muscular and tall,
Sells laces through the street;
Or stands against a quiet wall,
His customers to greet.

His forehead like a ridge is plough'd
That many a harvest gave;—
The "poor stone blind!"—in accents loud,
He cries relief to crave.

In jacket blue, and waistcoat red,
A cudgel in his fist,
He looks like one to warfare bred,
Without the welfare list;

As an old horse that starts when sounds
The horn along the field;
He startles at the drum-beat's rounds
And marks time with his heels.

He holds a rimless hat before,
Which takes his daily pay,
Sometimes he scarce can count it o'er
It is so small each day.

His wife conducts his footsteps right,
With infant in her arms,
He feels its beauty by the light,
And glories in its charms.

That infant strokes his hind hair white
And fondles on his face;
Unconscious that the parent sight,
Is absent from its place.

Egyptian darkness clouds his brow,
Fever has changed his skin;
He's not in martial splendour now,
To courage though akin.

The 'Dashing Sergeant' he no more,
Recruits to enlist, invites;
The 'White Cockade'—he proudly wore,
Educes no delights.

When 'General death,' shall call him by,
The muster-roll to drill;
May the 'Old Soldier' peaceful die,
And close his wars of ill!

P.

## SHAKSPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE

A clergyman, of the name of Gastrill, had made a purchase of certain property of lands and tenements, in, and near the town of Stratford, the most valuable part and parcel of which, in the estimation of all but this reckless priest, was the house, called New Place, which Shakspeare built, and in which he resided until his death. To this house was a garden, and in that garden stood a tree, which had been planted and cherished by the poet—that mulberry tree so congenially commemorated by Garrick and Arne. This ungracious son of the church occupied the house for his own dwelling, and although fully aware that this tree was held sacred by the whole town and neighbourhood, callous to all good neighbourly feeling, finding that it overshadowed a part of his house, one evil night, he ordered it to be cut down.

The first emotion excited by the discovery of this profanation was general astonishment;—this was succeeded by a general fury against the perpetrator, and the enraged populace surrounded the premises, and vowed vengeance against Gastrill and his family. He absconded in terror, and it was said, such was the resentment of the townspeople, that they resolved, not only to banish him, but that no one of his name should henceforth be allowed to dwell among them.

It is an ill wind that blows good to no one. This was verified in the future fortune of a carpenter in the town, who purchased the tree, divided it into parts of various dimensions, and had numberless articles of turnery and carving made out of them, and obtained considerable wealth by his trade in these universally sought relics, which were held by many almost sacred. It is asserted that there are ten or a dozen sculls at least, of the same holy saint to be seen at different convents in various parts of Spain, and it is supposed that as many mulberry trees, within the last half century, have been converted into inkstands, tobacco-stoppers, and various turnery ware, all as veritably relics of this identical stump. One genuine fragment, however is in the possession of Mr. Kean, which was presented to the elder Angelo by Garrick, and given by his son to this living tragedian. It was purchased at Stratford at the time of the jubilee. Garrick had a chair, curiously carved, of the same wood, which was disposed of at the auction of Mrs. Garrick's effects.

The downfal of this tree was for a long time the common topic of conversation at the public dinners and club meetings at Stratford. The corporation having obtained a part of the trunk, it occurred to one of the members of the civic body, to have some device made thereof, as an offering to Garrick. A motion being made to that effect, it was unanimously carried, and the following letter was written to him by the steward, and a member was appointed to wait upon him accordingly:

"Sir,

"The Corporation of Stratford, ever desirous of expressing their gratitude to all who do honour and justice to the memory of Shakspeare, and highly sensible that no person, in any age, has excelled you therein, would think themselves much honoured, if you would become one of their body. Though this body do not now send members to parliament, perhaps the inhabitants may not be less virtuous; and to render the *freedom* of this place the more acceptable to you, the corporation propose to send it in a box made out of that very *mulberry tree* planted by Shakspeare's own hand. The story of that tree is too long to be here inserted: but the gentleman who is so obliging as to convey this to you, will acquaint you therewith. As, also, the corporation would be happy in receiving from your hands, some statue, bust, or picture of Shakspeare, to be placed within their new town-hall. They would be equally pleased to have some picture of yourself, that the memory of both may be perpetuated together, in that place which gave him birth, and where he still lives in the mind of every inhabitant."

This complimentary epistle, from the townsmen of the great dramatic poet, went to the player's heart. He accepted the freedom with warmth, and the box which contained it with rapture; and, in return presented them with his whole length picture, painted by Mr. Robert Wilson, the father of the present member for Southwark, which was placed in the Town Hall, as was subsequently a statue of Shakspeare presented also by Garrick.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

### PAPER AND BOOKS

*For the Olio.*

HAVING detailed some account of printing in our last, we this week follow with the attendants of that art, Paper and Books. And in endeavouring to give as correct an idea as possible of the origin of these highly essential articles in Europe, we find that the Romans used for their writings, the Papyrus of Egypt, a kind of rush attaining in its growth, the height of ten cubits, which from its cheapness was an article of general utility. But before the Greeks and Romans adopted this substitute for paper, they wrote upon plain wooden boards, called *schedæ*, or *schedulæ* and on such schedulæ was written in Hebrew, the Gospel of St. Matthew, which according to Baronius was found in the tomb of Barnabas, sometimes the written wood was overlaid with wax, bearing the name *pugillares cerei*, this mode being resorted to as a medium for the carrying on a secret correspondence. According to Pliny the custom of writing on boards may be looked on as coeval with the Trojan war. The ancient jurists gave to their writings the appellations, *tabulis*, *ceris*, and *pugillaribus*, the first of which implied a carefully written work, whilst the other terms denoted a careless manuscript or copy. The Romans for ordinary communication used tablets of wood covered with wax, if more than one, they were strung together at the corners, and conveyed to the person for whom they were intended by messengers.

The richest of the Romans used as paper, thin pieces of ivory called Libri Elephantini; and Ulpian states that the principal transactions of great princes, were usually written with a black colour on ivory. These tablets, from their being so expensive, were wholly confined to the opulent. After the invention of the Egyptian paper, the Greeks and Romans continued still to use their tablets and wax, though they were provided with a material far more convenient in the papyrus, and considerably cheaper, until time mastered their prejudices. But when the Saracens conquered Egypt in the seventh century, the communication between that country, and the people settled in Italy, or in other parts of Europe, was entirely broken off, thereby putting a fatal stop to their procuring the Egyptian writing material. In their necessity for a substitute for the article that they was deprived of by the Saracenic war, they resorted to the use of skins to write on, and from this circumstance we may date the invention of parchment, the price of which when it came into general use, rose so extremely high that manuscripts written thereon were of the greatest value. This material was in use until the eleventh century, when the art of making paper from rags was discovered, nearly three centuries previous to the establishing of paper mills, which is said to have taken place in the fourteenth century, and soon after this, France, Genoa, and Holland, had almost the exclusive manufacture, and by these countries, it was imported into other Kingdoms and States. The first paper mill in England is said to have been established by a German of the name of *Spiellman*, at Dartford, in the year 1588, but till the year 1690, scarcely any good paper was made in this country, it having been previously imported from the countries of Europe above stated, many attempts have been tried to fabricate paper from other materials in the stead of rags, but as none have come into general use, it must be presumed that the old mode claims the precedence.

Having said thus much of paper we turn to books, the word book being applied as a general name to any literary composition, or that which forms a volume. The derivation of the name comes from the use of the finest part of the inner bark of trees, called *liber*, and from which originated the word Book, these barks when coiled up into a roll, were termed *volumen*, a volume. The term book is also applied to the division of a volume, signifying a part of the whole. The most ancient known book in the world is the Pentateuch of Moses, and in profane literature the poems of Homer, though some place Hesiod's works before those of the father of Greek poetry. The works of Homer were painted in golden characters on the skins of animals. Many manuscripts of the eighth, ninth, and following centuries in existence on the continent are written on parchment, with part of the former manuscript erased, to make way for some new composition, to be substituted merely from the scarcity of writing materials in those days. And it is probable that this mode of procedure occasioned the destruction of several works of the ancients, a book of Livy, or Tacitus being erased to make room for the Legendary tale of a saint, or the superstitious prayer of a missal. Montfaucon affirms that the greater part of the manuscripts on parchment seen by him, had some former book erased. The number of manuscripts were small, previous to the eleventh century, when the means of increasing them were supplied. Many circumstances prove the scarcity of books during these ages.

Private persons seldom possessed any books whatever, even monasteries of note, had only one missal. It is said that Lupus, abbot of Ferrieres, in a letter to the Pope, A D. 855, beseeches him to lend him a copy of Cicero de Oratore, and Quintilian's Institutions, "for," says he, "although we have part of those books, there is no complete copy of them in all France."

The price of books was so high, that persons of moderate fortune could not purchase them. A countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the Homilies of Haimon, Bishop of Halberstadt, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. And even so late as the year 1471, when Lewis the eleventh of France borrowed the works of Rasis, the Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine in Paris, he was obliged to deposit in pledge a quantity of plate, and procure a nobleman to join with him as a surety in a deed, binding himself under great forfeiture to restore it. When any person made a present of a book to a church or monastery, in which were the only libraries during these ages, it was deemed a gift of such value that he offered it on the altar, *pro remedio animæ suæ*, in order to obtain the forgiveness of his sins. In the reign of Henry the sixth, Caxton, the first promulgator of books in England, established a press at Oxford; but the University press being discovered to be so remote from the seat of Government, and too great a distance from any sea-port, other presses were established at St. Albans and the Abbey of Westminster; in the latter place Caxton printed his first book, the game of Chess. His next performance was the "Dictes and Sayenges of the Philosophers, translated out of French, by Antone erle Ryvyres, Lord Scerles, emprynted by Wyllyam Caxton at Westmestre, 1477." Having brought our account down to the production of the first books in England, we shall here close this article on the subject, as most of our readers are aware that the present improved stage in the art of constructing books is the result of experience gained by many men through succeeding ages.

J.R.J.

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES—No. V.

### WHIPPING THE APPLE TREES.

*For the Olio.*

In the parish of Warlington in Surrey, the following custom existed a few years since, it referred to the rites performed in honour of Pomona.

Early in the Spring the boys go round to the several orchards in the parish, and whip the apple-trees, in order to procure a plentiful crop of fruit, and after having done it, they carry a bag to the house, when it is usual for the owner of the trees, or orchards, to reward them with a gift of meal, they then depart to perform the same ceremony at the next *orchard*, or premises where there is apple trees.

### THE TOWN OF MONTGOMERY.

At this place our forefathers observed a practice towards scolds and lewd women, to prevent the many evils that arose in the town from their strifes, fightings, defamations, &c. and the many other disturbances such as shoutings and bawlings which they might commit. It is as follows, when they are taken, they are immediately adjudged to the goging stode, (which goging stode answers to the cucking or ducking stool resorted to in early times, at the punishment of scolds when they were ducked in the water for their shrewish propensities,) there to stand with naked feet, with their hair hanging dishevelled, for as long a time as would enable them to be seen by persons passing that way, according to the will of the chief bailiffs.

J. O——.

### THE FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

This festival is of high antiquity, and the early Christians observed it by using a great number of lights, in remembrance, as it is supposed, of our Saviour's being declared by Simeon, "a light to lighten the Gentiles:" hence the name of Candlemas-day. In superstitious times, an imaginary power over the elements was ascribed to wax-tapers, similar to that which the early Greeks and Romans attributed to torches.

From candlemas the use of tapers at vespers and litanies ceased, until the ensuing All-Hallow Mass. In Ray's collection of Proverbs, is the following:—

"On Candlemas day,
Throw candle and candle-stick away."

It used to be considered in early times, that if it was clear and sun-shiny on this day, that it portended hard weather would follow; but if gloomy and foul, it presaged a mild and gentle season would ensue. Observe the following old saw to this effect:

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight:
If on Candlemas day it be shower and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.

### THE BLESSING OF CANDLES AT ROME

This practice is treated of by Butler, in his account of the festival under this head

as it used to be observed. But a more modern writer having given the details of this religious rite as she witnessed it in 1820, we give it in her words. "The ceremony takes place in the beautiful chapel of the Quirinal, where the Pope himself officiates, and blesses, and distributes with his own hands, a candle to every person in the body of the church; each going individually, and kneeling at the throne to receive it. The ceremony commences with the cardinals, then follow the bishops, *prelati* canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c. down to the sacristans and the meanest officers of the church. When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representative of the Roman Senate and people, receive theirs.

This ceremony over, the candles are lighted, the pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chaunting, round the anti-chapel: the throne is stripped of its hangings, the pope and cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put on their ordinary robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung. The Benediction of the Candles takes place in all the parish churches.—*Lady Morgan's Italy.*

## Science and Art.

### ICE IN INDIA.

THE method adopted by the Indians to obtain ice, about the latitude of the Tropic of Cancer or further north, is very ingenious. In India it hardly ever freezes naturally. They dig pits in the ground above two feet deep, which they line with dried sugar canes or Indian corn. On this they place very shallow dishes made of unglazed and very porous earthen ware, and filled with soft water, that has been boiled. They are deposited in the evening, and in consequence of the evaporation from the outside of the dishes, a considerable portion of the water is found frozen next morning. The ice is collected before sunrise, and rammed into a cellar underground, and lined with straw, where in consequence of its own accumulated cold it freezes into a solid mass.

### DIGESTION.

THE compound action of digestion in man and the larger animals, is by many but imperfectly understood. The food is taken into the mouth, where it is masticated and mixed with the saliva; it is then swallowed and conveyed into the stomach, where it remains till it becomes converted into a kind of pulp, known by the name of *chyme*. This chyme passes gradually into the intestinal canal, where by a certain action of the bowels, and the agency of the bile, the juices of the pancreas or sweetbread, and perhaps other means yet undiscovered, it is separated into two distinct substances; one a liquid matter, similar to milk in appearance, called *chyle*, and a solid matter of greater consistence, which is protruded along the canal, and gradually thrown out of the body as excrementitious. The chyle is absorbed by the lacteals passing into the thoracic duct, from which it is conveyed into the left subclavian vein, mixes with the blood, and is gradually conveyed into that important liquid. The blood circulates through the whole body, and furnishes materials to all the organs to supply their waste, and continue their functions; from it too all the different liquids of the body are secreted. Thus digestion serves to increase the quantity of blood, from which, as from a storehouse, every thing necessary for the supply of the animal is drawn.

## Anecdotiana.

### EFFECTS OF A ROMAN PROCLAMATION.

THE following anecdote is recorded in history. Titus Quintus Flamininus, the Roman General, after having defeated Philip, King of Macedon, caused a proclamation to be made at the Isthmic games, where universal Greece was assembled, that all the Greek cities which had been subject to the Macedonian yoke, should thenceforward be free and independent, and exempt from tribute. On the annunciation of such joyous and unexpected tidings, so loud a shout of exultation was raised by the countless multitude around, that some birds which happened to be flying over the scene were stunned with the noise, and fell stupified to the ground.

### EPIGRAM.

*For the Olio.*

TASTE.

"Taste," cries the Artist—"Taste!" the Glutton cries,
Taste lives in all mortality's desires;
Yet taste is useless when we lack supplies,—
For—want of taste, the starving man expires.

P.

### GOLDEN NOTES.

IT is related of one of the French Kings, that on being told the people made free with his character in their songs, he answered, "It would be very hard if they were not allowed to sing for their money."

### ANGELO THE FENCING MASTER.

At an interview that took place between his late Majesty George the Third, and the highly talented President of the Royal Academy, the late Benjamin West, when he was commissioned to paint the picture of the Battle of the Boyne, the king persuaded him to make a study of the elder Angelo, the celebrated horseman and fencing-master, for the equestrian figure of King William, for that well known composition; saying, "few painters place the figure properly upon the horse, and Angelo is the finest horseman in the world." Mr. West adapted..... ..... and Mr. Angelo sat for the figure accordingly, upon his own horse, Monarch.

It is a curious coincidence, but through a fortuitous circumstance, the same person sat to the sculptor as a model for the equestrian statue of King William now standing in Merrion Square, Dublin.—*Angelo Reminis.*

### HENRI QUATRE.

The town of Chartres was besieged by this renowned warrior, and at last capitulated. The magistrate of the town, on giving up his keys, thus addressed his Majesty, "This town belongs to your Highness by divine law, and by human law." "And by *cannon* law, too," added Henry.

## EPIGRAM.

*For the Olio*

### SAPIENT FOLLY.

If fools and wise men are allied,
By strong and nat'ral ties;—
Philosophers at once decide,
"'Tis folly to be wise,"

P

### RATS AT RIO JANEIRO.

The City of Rio Janeiro and its environs, are infested by these disagreeable vermin to such a surprising extent, that, at meal times, is not at all uncommon to see them sporting round the room, nor do the canine race take any heed of them, as they may be often seen feeding off the same heap of garbage. The dental powers of these rats are very great, even to such an extent, that a thick clumsy door of hard wood is often perforated by them in a single night.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH.

When Queen Elizabeth, in her progress through the Kingdom, stopped at Coventry, the Mayor attended by the Aldermen, addressed her Majesty in rhyme, in the following words:—

We men of Coventry,
Are very glad to see,
Your Royal Majestie,
Good Lord, how fair you be!

To which her Majesty was pleased to return the following gracious answer:—

My royal Majesty,
Is very glad to see,
Ye Men of Coventry,
Good Lord, what fools ye be!

### LORD ERSKINE AND DR. PARR.

These two worthies were considered, even by their personal friends, to be the vainest men of the age. The Doctor once said to the Ex-chancellor in one of their social meetings, "Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die." Lord Erskine replied, "Doctor, it is almost a temptation to commit suicide."

## FEBRUARY.

Is the second month of the year, and was so placed in the calender by Numa, who was chosen by the people of Rome to succeed Romulus as their King. This month was considered by the Romans as under the protection of Neptune, who had dominion over the waters. Numa Pompilius called this month Februarius, because of the God Februus, who presided over the purifications, or because of Juno surnamed Februa, for in this month, the Lupercalia was celebrated in honour of her, when the women were purified by the priests of Pan Lycæus, who were called Lupercals. During this month, the Romans held their feast called Terminalia, in honour of Terminus the god of Bounds. They also held their feast Equiria in the Campus Martius, which was solemnized with a horse-racing. This month is also said to have derived its name from the Feralia, sacrifices that were offered to appease the manes of the Gods. Our Saxon Ancestors called February *Sprout Kele*, by *Kele* meaning *Kele-Wurt*, known as cole-wurt, or the kale of the cabbage tribe, which was considered as the greatest pot herb then used, and given as a wholesome sustenance to Husbandmen. The Romans, when they were without practitioners in medicine, had so good an opinion of this herb, that they caused large quantities to be planted for its medicinal properties, as a remedy against sickness. It has been observed by a modern writer, that if this month was not the precursor of Spring, it would be the least pleasant season of the year, November not excepted, from the thaws taking place, attended with a mixture of cold and damp. Pisces or the fishes, is the Zodiacal Sign for this month.

J. R. J.

# Diary and Chronology.

FEBRUARY.—For the origin of this month, see page 79.

| DATE. | DAYS. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. 1 | Friday | St. Bridget<br>Sun rises 28m af 7<br>sets 32 — 4<br>Full Moon 4m af 1 | Feb. 1 | Our saint who is recorded to-day was a native of Ulster; she is said to have flourished in the early part of the sixth century, and to have founded several nunneries, and became patroness of Ireland.<br>1824—Expired on this day Dr. John Lempriere, the author of the Classical Dictionary, and Universal Biography. The former work is universally esteemed. |
| —— 2 | Satur | Candlemas day<br>St. Lawrence<br>High Water,<br>Morn. 55m af 2<br>After. 10 — 3 | —— 2 | This saint was a native of Rome. He became archbishop of Canterbury in the year 611. It is said of him, that he caused the whole of Britain to observe Easter after the rules of Rome, and caused a uniformity in religion. He died A D. 619.<br>1626—On this day the ill-fated King Charles the First was crowned at Westminster, with his Queen, by archbishop Abbot. |
| —— 3 | SUND | Septuages. Sunday<br>LESS. for the DAY,<br>Morn. 1 ch Genisis<br>Even. 2 ——<br>St. Blase | —— 3 | St. Blase was bishop of Sebaste in Armenia; he suffered martyrdom A. D. 316, under the persecution of Licinius, by command of Agricolaus, governor of Cappadocia. He is the patron saint of the wool-combers, who, in several parts of England, have a procession to commemorate the bishop for his being the discoverer of the art of wool-combing.<br>1794—On this day a dreadful accident occurred at the Haymarket theatre, when sixteen persons lost their lives. |
| —— 4 | Monday | St. Andrew Corsini<br>High Water,<br>Morn. 51m af 3<br>After. 6m af 4 | —— 4 | St. Andrew Corsini was a member of the illustrious family of Corsini of Florence; he was consecrated to a devout life by his parents before birth. When bishop of Fiesoli he practised great austerities. His death took place A. D. 1373.<br>1554—Anniversary of the burning of John Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, before the door of his cathedral in that city, in the reign of the bigoted Mary.<br>1746—Died on this day the Rev. Robert Blair, the author of the celebrated poem "The Grave." |
| —— 5 | Tuesday | St. Agatha<br>Sun rises 21m af 7<br>sets 39 — 4 | —— 5 | Our saint was a native of Sicily; suffered martyrdom by order of Decius, about the year 251.<br>1790—Expired on this day, Dr. William Cullen, the eminent physician of Edinburgh. Dr. C. is said to have raised the Edinburgh University to an unequalled height in medical science.<br>1816—Anniversary of the death of Richard, viscount Fitzwilliam. This nobleman by his will bequeathed to the University of Cambridge £100,000 South Sea Stock, to erect a museum; he also left the University his collection of books, paintings, and drawings to be placed therein. |
| —— 6 | Wednes | St. Vedast<br>High Water,<br>Morn. 56m af 4<br>After. 16 — 5 | —— 6 | To St. Vedast we have a church dedicated in London; he died a bishop, A. D. 539.<br>1685—Expired on this day, at Whitehall, Charles II. æt. 55, in the 37th year of his reign; his death took place 25 years after his restoration. |
| —— 7 | Thursd | St. Richard | —— 7 | This saint, who was king of the West Saxons, died A. D. 722.<br>1823—Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, the authoress of several romances, died on this day; the production of this talented lady which is most esteemed is the "Mysteries of Udolpho." |
| —— 8 | Friday | St. John of Matha, died A.D. 1213<br>Moon's last quarter, 55m af 7 even. | —— 8 | 1576—Born on this day, Robert Burton, the author of the celebrated work the "Anatomie of Melancholie," which may be considered as a treasure for its learning, pleasant humour, and sterling sense. |
| —— 9 | Saturd | St. Apollonia died, A.D. 249. | —— 8 | 1811—Expired on this day the celebrated astronomer Dr. Maskelyne. |
| —— 10 | SUND. | Sexagesima Sunday<br>LESS. for the DAY<br>Morn. 3 ch Genesis<br>Even. 6 ——<br>St. Soteris | —— 10 | St. Soteris was a relation of St. Ambrose; she died a virgin martyr in the 4th age. |

*See page* 85

## RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

### JOHN WILKES.

Of all the Lord Mayors of London, for the half century of Mr. Wilkes's public career, none could be mentioned less acquainted with the polite customs of life than Alderman Burnel, who had raised himself from a very obscure grade to great wealth, and to the civic chair. He was of the Right Worshipful Company of Bricklayers.

Wilkes was an amateur of marrow pudding, and so was Alderman Burnel. At a private dinner, of about twenty-four guests, at the London Tavern, where his Lordship presided, all the marrow puddings had vanished, excepting one single dish.

Wilkes was yet engaged upon some favourite *morceau*, with his eye on the marrow pudding, when, unfortunately for both parties, the alderman attacked this too, and Wilkes began to consider that his share would be none; so, not able to restrain his vexation, he exclaimed, as the Alderman was returning to the charge, "My lord—why—surely—you are helping yourself with a trowel."

When the patriot, John Wilkes, lived at the corner of South Audley-street, with one front looking into Grosvenor-square, he had the misfortune to have the glass composing his parlour windows destroyed by the Mount-street rioters. These windows were, perhaps, the most valuable of any in the world, for the whole of the lower sashes, composed of very large panes, were of plate glass, engraved with Eastern subjects in the most beautiful taste. These were naturally the more valued by Mr. Wilkes, as they were the ingenious labour of his daughter.

When Horne Tooke heard of this memorable smash, he smiled, and observed, "Through my old friend, Jack, many a mob has done these things for others—now the visitation comes upon himself;" adding, "but I am sorry to hear this too—O! the mischievous rabble!"

### DR. BOSSY

Dr. Bossy, the itinerant empiric, was certainly the last who exhibited in the British metropolis, and his public services ceased about forty years ago.

Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step-ladder. On one side was a table, with medicine chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table, with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm-chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold laced cocked hat, and bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad literatim*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humorist.

An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair: she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was lame to boot; indeed, she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's *three* warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response, in his *Anglo-German* dialect.

*Doctor.* Dis poora voman vot is—how old vosh you?

*Old Woman.* I be almost eighty, Sir; seventy-nine last Lady Day, old style.

*Doctor.* Ah, tat is an incurable disease.

*Old Woman.* O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.

*Doctor.* (Smiling). No, no, good vomans—old age is vot is incurable; but by the plessing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora vomans vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hosipetals have you been in?

*Old Woman.* Three, Sir, St. Tho-

mas's, St. Bartholemew's, and St. George's.

*Doctor.* Vot, and you found no reliefs?—vot none? —not at alls?

*Old Woman.* No, none at all, Sir.

*Doctor.* And how many medical professioners have attended you?

*Old Woman.* Some twenty or thirty, Sir.

*Doctor.* O mine Gote! Three sick hosipetals, and dirty (thirty) doctors! I should vonder vot if you have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora vomans has become mine patient. Doctor Bossy gain all patients bronounced inguurables; pote mid the plessing of Brovidence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Coode beoples, dis poora vomans, vas teaf as a toor nails; (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater,) Gan you hear dat pell?

*Old Woman.* Yes, Sir.

*Doctor.* O den be thankful to Gote. Gan you valk round dis chair? (offering his arm.)

*Old Woman.* Yes, Sir.

*Doctor.* Sit you town again, good vomans Gan you see?

*Old Woman.* Pretty so-so, doctor.

*Doctor.* Vot gan you see, good vomans?

*Old Woman.* I can see the baker there, (pointing to a mutton-pye-man, with the pie board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him.)

*Doctor.* And what else gan you see, good vomans?

*Old Woman.* The poll-parrot there, (pointing to Richardson's hotel.)

"Lying old b——h!" screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter.

Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom, "'Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de gosbel."

Those who knew Covent Garden half a century ago, cannot have forgotten the famed Dr. Bossy. And there are those too, yet living in Covent Garden parish, who also recollect Richardson's grey parrot, second in fame only (though of prior renown,) to Colonel O'Kelly's bird, which excelled all others upon record. This Covent Garden mock-bird had picked up many familiar phrases, so liberally doled out at each other, by the wrangling basket women, which were often, as on this occasion, so aptly coincidental, that the good folks who attended the market, believed pretty poll to be endowed with reason. The elder Edwin, of comic memory, who resided over the north-east piazza (improperly so termed,) used to relate many curious stories of this parrot. Among others, that one day, the nail on which her cage was hung, in front of the house, having suddenly given way, the cage fell upon the pavement from a considerable height. Several persons ran to the spot, expecting to find their old favourite dead, and their fears were confirmed, as the bird lay motionless, when suddenly raising her head, she exclaimed, "Broke my back, by G—d!" Every one believed it even so, when suddenly she climbed up with her beak and claw, and burst into a loud fit of laughter. Nearly underneath her cage had long been a porter's block, and, doubtless, she had caught the profane *apostrophe* from the market garden porters, on pitching their heavy loads.

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SHERIDAN.

The high estimation the abilities of this once great man are held in, induces us to give the following, which will, perhaps, throw an additional ray of light on his character as a humorist and a real wit:—

Old Mr. Sheridan, who had naturally planned romantic schemes for the advancement of his highly gifted son, disapproved of his marriage with a public singer; and the elder Linley, on the other hand, lost by the match the emoluments which he then was deriving from the celebrity of his sweet daughter's extraordinary talents as a vocal performer; for the young lady had become so great a public favourite, that her musical engagements would have soon realized a fortune for herself, and that father conjointly, who had spared neither money nor pains in the adornment of her mind, and in the cultivation of her professional abilities. The young poet, Sheridan, indeed, had, by his captivating manners, and superior address, deprived the family of the Linleys, in every sense, of its greatest treasure. Putting this consideration aside, the parental appeals of each house were regarded as idle complaints; for, as old Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall, said, "Who is to settle the precedence between the family consequence of the green-room and the orchestra?"

But at length the differences of these modern Montagus and Capulets were reconciled without sepulchre, sword, or poison, and instead of the two families having to mourn two young lovers lost, the families met in social intercourse, each continuing dear in each other's affection.

It has been said that Garrick could not

endure to see his amiable spouse "trip it on the light fantastic toe;" neither could young Sheridan endure to hear his sweet bride, "warble her native wood-notes wild;" though, to do justice to her memory, art had amply improved her strains. Some few months after their nuptials, the Angelos, friends of Sheridan, the Linleys, and Willoughby Lacy, spent an evening at Christmas, at Richard Brinsley's house, Orchard-street. They kept it up to a late hour; and music making part of the after-supper entertainment, Mamma Linley asked her daughter to sing a certain little favourite air; but a single glance from her juvenile lord and master, kept her mute.

With reference to these family appeals, however, his friends happily steered so friendly a course, that no ill-will ensued; their reconciliating powers being often employed to heal the wounded feelings of these very worthy parties, and bring about a reconciliation.

Among innumerable instances of the playful talent and ready wit of Richard, or, as he was more familiarly addressed, *Dick* Sheridan, is the following:—

It relates to the splendid masquerade which was given at the Pantheon, soon after that superb structure, the first great effort of the science of the late James Wyatt, was opened to the public. This magnificent building was then in the zenith of its glory. The elder Angelo, on more than one public occasion, was appointed honorary master of the ceremonies at this resort of high fashion. On this, however, he went merely as a visitor, in character. The preceding day, Mr. Angelo entertained a dinner party, when the masquerade being the subject of conversation, it became a general question what character he meant to assume. "You, who have made so conspicuous a figure in the Carnival at Venice," said the elder Sheridan, "must shine in an English mumming." Many characters were suggested, when Angelo, at the instance of his wife, chose that of a mountebank conjuror. This being settled, in compliance to the lady hostess, by general acclamation, Richard Brinsley said, "Come, Doctor Angelo, give me pen, ink, and paper, and I will furnish you with a card to distribute to the motley crowd, who will surround ou." The materials produced, he wrote the following *jeu d'esprit*, talking, laughing, and entering into the chit-chat, all the while he composed it.

"A CONJUROR.—Just arrived in the Haymarket, from the very extremity of Hammersmith, (where he has spent a number of years in a two pair of stairs lodging,) *A most noted and extraordinary Conjuror*, having visited above nine different parishes in the space of a fortnight, and had the honour of exhibiting before most of the Churchwardens between Knightsbridge and Brentford.

"It is not in the power of words, (unless some new language were invented for the purpose) to describe the extraordinary feats he performs.

"He takes a glass of wine, (provided it be good,) and, though you should fill it up to the very brim, he will drink it off—with the greatest ease and satisfaction.

"He makes no scruple of eating a plate of cold ham and chicken, if it be supper time—before the face of the whole company.

"Any gentleman or lady may lend him five or six guineas, which he puts into his pocket—and never returns, if he can help it.

"He takes a common pocket handkerchief out of his pocket, rumples it in his hand, blows his nose, and returns it into his pocket again, with the most astonishing composure.

"When gentlemen are talking on any subject on which there appears a difference of opinion, he joins in the conversation, or holds his tongue—just as it happens.

"Any nobleman, gentleman, or lady may look him full in the face, and—see whether they know him or not.

"In short, it would appear quite incredible to enumerate the unheard-of qualities he possesses, and the unprecedented wonders he performs; and all for his own private emolument, and for no other motive or consideration whatever!"

This was immediately despatched to the printer's in Wardour-street, and five hundred copies were composed and struck off, dried, pressed, and ready by twelve at night, which was considered a great effort of the press in those days, printing not then being despatched as now, by the miraculous expedition of a steam-engine of thirty horse power."—*Angelo Remin.*

## SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION.

The point of action, in the fable of the poem that we have chosen for this week's embellishment, is where Sophronia, a Christian virgin, accuses herself of secretly stealing away by night the image of the Virgin from one of the mosques of Aladine, King of Jerusalem, which had been previously transported from the Temple of the Christians by the Pagans. Her lover learning that she was about to become a victim to the tyranny of Aladine, gets him

self brought before the King, and proclaims her innocence by taking the fact upon himself.*

Ah! hope no more thy pardon here to find,
O glorious virgin! O exalted mind!
In vain, against the Tyrant's fury held,
Love for defence opposes beauty's shield,
Now doom'd to death, and sentenced to the flame,
With cruel hands they seize the beauteous dame
Her veil and mantle rent bestrew the ground,
With rugged cords her tender arms are bound.
Silent she stands, no marks of fear express'd,
Yet soft commotions gently heave her breast;
Her modest cheeks a transient blush disclose;
Where lillies soon succeed the fading rose.
Meanwhile the people throng (the rumour spread)
And with the rest Olindo there was led:
The tale he knew, but not the victim's name,
Till near the tragic scene of fate he came;
Soon as the youth the prisoner's face survey'd,
And saw, condemn'd to death, his lovely maid,
While the stern guards their cruel task pursue,
Through the thick press with headlong speed he flew.
She's guiltless! (to the king aloud he cries)
She's guiltless of th' offence for which she dies;
She could not, durst not, such a work demands
Far other than a woman's feeble hands;
What arts to lull the keeper could she prove?
And how the sacred image thence remove?
She fondly boasts the deed, unthinking maid!
'Twas I the statue from the mosque convey'd
Where the high dome receives the air and light,
I found a passage, favour'd by the night;
The glory mine, the death for me remains,
Nor let her thus usurp my rightful pains;
The punishment be mine, her chains I claim;
Mine is the pile prepared, and mine the kindled flame. *Book* II.

## AGATHA GHERANZI.

*(Continued from page 73.)*

Agatha, informed by her father of the result of their conference, grew more composed, and by degrees regained much of that elasticity of mind which had shed its fairy beams over her earlier years. Naturally sanguine, and unversed in worldly affairs, she looked forward with hope, almost with confidence, to the result of those efforts which she understood from time to time employed the unceasing attention of Vincentio. Of the nature of those efforts little was known. His absences from Mantua were frequent, and often protracted; but the few domestics whom he yet retained, and who were ancient servants of the family, preserved a religious silence on all that respected their master; yet there were those who pretended to read in their dejected looks and faltering speech a tale of disaster and disappointment. The count himself observed that there was much mystery about the actions of Petroni, and even hinted his apprehensions that the hopes of Vincentio pointed to the same fatal source in which the ruin of his father had originated. After the lapse of a few months, however, brighter prospects seemed to open. It was ascertained that Vincentio had remitted considerable sums to his steward, and had even directed certain repairs to be commenced in his palace, which seemed to indicate an intention of restoring it to its former grandeur. Thus time rolled on till one month only of the stipulated period remained to be accomplished, when Petroni suddenly presented himself at the villa Gheranzi. His pursuits, whatever they had been, had much changed him. His looks were wild, his features haggard—and there was a degree of ferocity in his manner utterly foreign to the mild and urbane dignity of his former character.

"I come, count, a suppliant, but to your justice rather than to your mercy. The task you have imposed on me is impracticable; either extend the time, or reduce the demand. I have toiled when even the herdsman slept; I have dared that, which but for Agatha—and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand as he spoke—I had trembled even to look upon—Nay, hear me out—I have amassed a treasure which ought, which must be accepted as a release from further toil."

"Name it," replied the count—"It is a good earnest," continued he, returning the papers to Vincentio, "and requires but a little more exertion to secure the object of your desires. Nay, nay, no entreaties; I am firm, Petroni."

"Say rather hardened," exclaimed Vincentio, with bitterness; "but I have done; I bow to no man. On your head be the consequences of this fatal hour!"

Infuriated by conflicting passions, he rushed into the garden, where, at the foot of a temple which had been erected to the memory of the late countess, he beheld Agatha, seated and looking on the declining sun with a countenance in which peace, innocence, and love, were sweetly depicted. He paused—he trembled, the big drops of emotion chased each other across his pale forehead, as he gazed on her who, still unconscious of his presence, seemed lost in happy musing.

"With thee—with thee, Vincentio—" she slowly murmured. He was at her feet.

"If you love me, Agatha—"

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 81.

"Vincentio, what means this?" exclaimed the affrighted maid.

"It means," said he, wildly, "that I am again rejected, spurned, despised, by your relentless father; that, to gratify his ambition, his avarice, he would force me on courses which my soul abhors. Oh, save me, save me, Agatha!" he cried, his tears bursting forth in an unrestrained flood: "I am lost—dishonoured—wretched here and hereafter, but for thee! Thy gentle hand can alone lead me back from paths which but for thee I had never trod!"

"Vincentio, what mean you?"

"That to win you from your father, I must peril life, honour, my immortal soul!"

"Oh, frightful! frightful! speak not thus! by what means can I—"

"Fly with me! this instant fly! and I am secure and happy!——Happy! oh what a word to express the bliss, the rapture of possessing thee!"

"Vincentio, it must not be!" exclaimed the maiden firmly; "rather let us at this moment bid each other an eternal farewell than violate an oath sacred in the sight of man and Heaven. Nay, nay, look not thus upon me; fortune may smile on us yet."

"I cannot lose you!" cried he wildly; "whatever be the issue, I must peril all."

"Oh Vincentio, what mean you?"

"Ask not! know not!" he exclaimed; "Fate thrusts me onward—whither I dare not look—You are the prize, Agatha, to gain whom nor earth nor heaven shall bar me."

"Oh hold, Vincentio!"

"It is too late," he cried, as he imprinted a burning kiss on her lips; "even this may be the last!"

He looked on her with a countenance in which love and despair were strangely mingled; waved his hand, and was out of sight in an instant.

The agitation of Agatha remained long after the immediate effects of this last mysterious interview with her lover had passed away. Alas! the more she reflected on his dark insinuations, the greater was her terror at their impending issue; yet, unable to comprehend or even to guess at the nature of his forebodings, she could but weep and wonder, and seek in the past noble career of Vincentio a trembling hope and assurance of the future. That he had left Mantua immediately on quitting her she soon learned. She could not, therefore, if she would, have sought him, nor had she even the means of addressing a letter to him, as his old steward had owned to her, on inquiry, that he was wholly ignorant of the place of his retreat.

Time, which pursues its undeviating course through good and ill, passed on; and a few days now only remained before the expiration of that period on which the fate of Agatha depended. Nothing, however, had yet been heard of Vincentio, and her fears augmented almost to distraction as hour after hour stole insensibly away. At this momentous crisis the count received intelligence of the death of a relative near Naples, with the important addition of a large property having devolved on him. With the ardour of one whose whole soul was concentrated in the acquisition of wealth, he gave orders for their immediate departure to take possession of his newly-gained riches. In vain did Agatha urge the nearness of that hour on which her destiny seemed to rest. The count would hear of no opposition.

"Respect for the dead, Agatha," said he, "would at all events oblige us to postpone the nuptials. Indeed, we stand altogether in an altered situation: if there was disparity of fortune before, how much greater is it now?"

"You would not break faith with Vincentio, my father?" exclaimed Agatha, faintly.

"I am not yet called upon to keep it," cried the count, pettishly; "when Vincentio claims the performance of my promise, I shall know how to answer him."

Agatha shuddered; she read in her father's eye the wavering of his heart. Alas! should Vincentio claim her hand at the appointed day, would her father fulfil his engagement? and should he fail, what must be then her part?—"To keep my oath!" she mentally exclaimed;—"have I not sworn?"

They arrived at Rome in perfect safety; the count elated with his good fortune, and Agatha proportionably depressed at the probable consequences of this seemingly auspicious event. There they were advised to take an armed escort to protect them from the brigands who were reported to infest some parts of the road to Naples, and whose depredations of late had assumed a more daring and atrocious character. The count, however, loved money too well to part with it, unless in a case of absolute necessity.

"I have just learned, Agatha," said he to his daughter, the morning after their arrival, "that the prince of Casti will leave Rome to-morrow; and as he is said to have considerable treasure with him he will, of course, take a proportionate escort: in his company, therefore, we may travel securely.—Why, girl, what are you thinking of?"

"Of the festival of St. Michael," replied Agatha reproachfully.

"True, true; the time draws near—two days only, I believe: the greater need, therefore, for haste, that we may reach home in time for Petroni, who will certainly not grudge to tarry for us a short time; to-morrow, therefore, we start for Naples."

They quitted Rome at sun-rise, to be in advance of the prince of Casti, who the count feared, would travel with greater expedition than they could command. On reaching the house in the Pontine Marshes where they were to dine, nothing, however, appeared of the prince or his suite; and after having waited some hours for his arrival, the count had the mortification to learn from a courier who then passed, that his highness, from some unexplained cause, had deferred his journey till the following day. They had no choice, therefore, but to remain at a wretched inn of very questionable safety, or pursue their route to Terracina. In this exigency, the count, whose chief fears were for his wealth, of which he carried as little as possible, decided on the latter course; and speed was too consonant to the feelings of Agatha to meet with opposition from her, even had her apprehensions been greater than they were. As night-fall approached, however, the timidity of the count increased

"We shall be late in Terracina, Agatha; and, to say truth, I like not this mountainous pass; it savours of danger. —Nay, nay, don't be alarmed:—look, girl, to the end of the vista, and see how gloriously the sun is setting—on Terracina, as I live, and the sparkling sea behind it!"

It was indeed a scene of brilliant beauty, suggesting only ideas of peace and innocence. Alas! that the loveliest haunts of nature should be profaned by the lawless rapacity of man! They were already emerging from the pass, calmed and reassured, when a band of brigands, fully armed and masked, rushed from a cavern in the rock and demanded booty. The count, in tottering haste, yet not without an inward struggle, handed the contents of his purse, which to his astonishment, was furiously repulsed by the robber, while Agatha, terrified and trembling at his violence, sunk half-fainting to the back of the carriage.

"This is but mockery," cried one of the party, in a dissonant voice: "we know you for the prince of Casti;—your treasure, or you die!"

"No! on my life! on my soul!"

"Perjure not yourself, old man; it will not save you here, and may damn you hereafter, if priests speak truth."

"No impiety," cried a hollow voice behind.

"You are deceived, on my soul!" exclaimed the count, in great trepidation; "I am no prince, I am a poor traveller; whom you but vainly impede—Drive on, postillions!"

"At your peril!" cried the brigand who had last spoken, and who seemed the leader of the band, approaching the carriage window:—"we are not deceived, sir prince, and you escape us not. Your treasure, or you die!

"Do I dream?" said the count—— "that voice——"

"Delay is death!" exclaimed the brigand, in a voice of thunder: "will you yield?"

The count, seemingly paralyzed by some inward emotion, answered not.

"Heaven forgive me, then!" cried the brigand, as he levelled his carbine: "it is my last stake!"

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed the count, as the ball entered his heart.

Agatha reviving from her trance, looked up, as the body of her dead father sunk on her knees, and at that moment the mask fell from the face of his murderer. It was Vincentio!—Astonishment, horror and despair were depicted on his countenance. She sunk insensible at his feet.

On recovering her senses, she found herself in bed, with her only female attendant weeping at her side. "It was then but a dream!" she exclaimed, "yet thy tears, Marina, and oh! that murdered form!" fixing her gaze on the dead body of her father, which, from want of room, had been deposited in the same apartment.—"Nay, hinder me not!" she cried, as she sunk back exhausted on the bed: "I must go to him—he is my only parent!—Alas! have I a parent?" The sense of her bereavement was too horrible for endurance. Convulsions succeeded each other with frightful rapidity; and in a few hours she was reduced to the brink of the grave.

Long did she remain in this wretched abode, hovering between life and death; and indebted, under Heaven, for her recovery to the unremitting care of the gentle and affectionate Marina. Of the past she seemed for a time to have but a feeble and confused recollection. The sudden alarm, the fatal catastrophe, passed at intervals over her memory like an imperfect image, pale and indistinct; and once she saw, or dreamed she saw, the figure of the murderer, through the scanty curtains of her bed. It was no dream: the shade of her former lover—alas! he

was now only a shade—hovered around her, unseen by her domestics, and ministered to her safety; he was, in fact, uncontrolled lord of the district, and his fiat was fate. Horror-struck at his crime, he had instantly fled the spot, leaving even Agatha, whose glance he dared not again meet, to the care of her attendants; but lost as she was to him now and for ever, her fate was still his; and his first aftercourse was to track her steps to the inn whither they had conveyed her, and the occupants of which were the mere creatures of his will. Strange that the crime by which he had hoped to secure the possession of her should be the means of wresting her from his arms! Retributive justice, though often slow, is not the less sure. Once, indeed, a demoniac impulse, which her utter helplessness alone could have suggested, flashed across his excited imagination; yet, fallen as he now was, his better feelings recoiled with horror even from the thought of injuring such angelic purity. He but lingered round the spot, like an unearthly being over the grave of his hopes, till the reviving senses of Agatha warned him to begone; when he departed, thanks to the inefficiency or weakness of the Roman government, none knew or inquired whither.

Youth, and an excellent constitution, at length prevailed; and Agatha, now Countess Gheranzi, revived to the misery and desolation that awaited her. With a celerity, which seemed to spring from a dread of encouraging the cause of that misery, she fled the scene of her deprivation, and sought that lonely home from which happiness was for ever banished. Here a fixed but serene melancholy succeeded to those paroxysms of grief which had shaken her frame almost to dissolution. Yet, severe as was the task of again mingling with the world, she declined not such consolation as friendship might yield; wholly disregarding, however, on the one hand, the splendid alliances which were urged on her acceptance, and, on the other, the counsels of those who would have persuaded her to retire to a convent, and dedicate her vast fortune to religious uses. Her sorrow was not of an ascetic character: to console the aged and miserable, to heal the wounds of sickness or misfortune, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked--these were the only alleviations to a grief which grew more calm but not less intense, as the strong lights of her sufferings yielded to the soft shading of time. The perseverance of the prince of Castel-Monti, who only of her suitors continued to persecute her with unavailing addresses, disturbed for a space that serenity of woe which the virtuous alone can feel. Even he, however, wearied and somewhat incensed at the firmness of her rejection, seemed at last also to have abandoned a fruitless pursuit.

To the catastrophe of that fatal evening she had never adverted; nor did the public voice reproach her with a supineness, which was variously attributed to timidity or hopelessness of discovering the perpetrators of the deed. The crime was too frequent, and the atonement too uncertain, to excite more than a temporary interest. Vincentio, ever in her thoughts, but never named by her, where was he?—Did he still live?—Could he yet pursue that guilty course, which had led him to the commission of a crime, involuntary indeed, as to the person, but not the less to be abhorred? Alas! had he but made his peace with offended Heaven, his death were now the most welcome tidings that could have reached her; but his fate was wholly unknown; he had never returned to Mantua, and his faithful steward, heart-broken at his absence, had sought from the countess intelligence which he believed, she only could give. It was a heart-rending scene; the tears of the old man fell fast and unrestrained, while Agatha, torn by the conflict of warring passions, with difficulty struggled through an interview which recalled the past in all its vivid horrors.

The prince of Castel-Monti, though seemingly acquiescent in the rejection of Agatha, had kept a strict but unobserved watch on her actions. He had marked, with surprise, the long estrangement of Vincentio, who, it was generally expected would have appeared to claim the hand of the countess, now that every obstacle to their union was apparently removed. Long pondering on the strangeness of his continued absence, he had been led to suspect, that it was in some shape connected with the death of the count; and the shrinking, the alarm, of Agatha, at some slight insinuations which he had purposely dropped, had tended to strengthen his suspicions. If he loved her less than when he had first addressed her, he was not the less desirous of possessing her. His avarice was excited by her great accession of wealth, and his pride, which had been deeply wounded by her disdain of his suit, could only now be appeased by his final triumph. Could he but penetrate that secret, of the existence of which he was every day more firmly convinced, success was certain:—once master of that, the rest followed of course. In this mood he had watched the departure of Vincentio's steward from the villa Gheranzi; and determined, at all hazards, to profit by the occasion, he had, by the

connivance of her major-domo, abruptly entered the presence of Agatha, while her cheeks were yet wet with the emotions of that fearful interview. Incensed at his intrusion, she replied to his artful questions as to the cause of her disorder, with a spirit and self-possession which, though they baffled, did not the less irritate him. Finding, however, that he was but injuring the cause he had hoped to promote, he at length withdrew, breathing secret denunciations of vengeance against the unfortunate countess.

The spirit that had borne her through this cruel attack faded with the disappearance of Castel-Monti, and a vague dread of impending evil, not the less painful because it was dark and undefined, took possession of her imagination. In that utter despondency of soul which so often follows strong excitement, she wandered into the garden; but the balmy gale of evening passed vainly over her fevered brow; and, abandoning herself to the indulgence of feelings which could not be repressed, she sunk down on the steps of that temple which had once before seemed ominous of ill, and wept without restraint. Did then the suspicions of the prince point at the real murderer of her father, and had his features been marked by her attendants? True, as Petroni, he was unknown to all except Marina, on whose fidelity she could at all hazards rely. But should he reappear at Mantua, might not the brigand be recognised in the marquis Petroni?—Might not she at last be compelled to stand forward as the public accuser of one to whom her heart still involuntarily cleaved—ay, even to pursue him to the death? A deep sigh disturbed her meditations: she looked up—Vincentio stood before her! That eye, that gaze, riveted on her countenance in sorrow, in love, in passionate adoration, could be only his; but the haggard face, the matted locks, the spare attenuated form, that seemed to indicate the last stage of suffering nature, bore no trace of his former self. She hid her face in agony.

"Leave me!—fly, for the love of Heaven!—This fatal spot will be your death."

"O might I but die thus," he exclaimed, gazing wildly on her, "I were blest indeed!—But it must not be! I came but to look on you once more ere I yielded up this miserable being:—your pardon I dare not ask."

"Oh yes! yes!—I do forgive you freely, and from my soul: yet oh! if you would not see me expire at your feet, be gone!—already, perhaps, your steps are tracked.—Ha. a noise!—be speedy for your life——"

He heard it not, or, if he heard, disregarded it; his soul seemed to have drunk in that sweet forgiveness, and to be venting its transports in humble praise and gratitude to Heaven. At this moment, the prince of Castel-Monti, at the head of her servants, rushed into the temple—"It is he!" they all exclaimed, as they rushed forward to seize him; but Agatha, by a sudden impulse, which the intense love of woman could alone have inspired, threw herself before him, and, by gestures more impassioned than the words which died on her lips, commanded them to desist.

"You know not what you do, lady!" exclaimed the prince. "it is the assassin of your father!"

"I will avouch him to be the murderer of my master!" cried one of the servants, coming forward.

"And if my eyes deceive me not," said Castel-Monti, with a sneer of exulting malice, which he could not repress, "in that murderer I behold the marquis Petroni, the betrothed of his daughter."

Agatha, pale, cold as marble, bowed her head, but stirred not.

"Lady, his touch is contamination," continued the prince; "leave us to deal with him as he merits. The murder of thy father can only be expiated by the blood of his assassin."

"Oh fatal haste!" slowly murmured Agatha, disregarding the serpent-glance of the prince and the astonished looks of her own domestics.—"Cruel Vincentio! why fled you not?"

"I came but to die, Agatha; and thy forgiveness has severed the last link that bound me to life: yet Petroni must not die a felon's death. Pardon! sweet excellence!" he continued, drawing a stiletto from his belt.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, too well interpreting his fatal purpose, yet powerless to prevent it; "not so, Vincentio!—My life!—my fortune!—I will save you yet!"

He looked on her with eyes that beamed love, gratitude, almost exultation, as he buried the fatal weapon in his heart. Even as he fell dead at her feet, he caught at her upraised hand, and attempted to press it to his lips. Enraged at the sight, the prince snatched it from his grasp:—alas! it fell powerless from his own!—Agatha Gheranzi had ceased to live!

*Forget me Not.*

## HYMN FOR QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

*By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*

This hymn is inserted in a volume of devotional poetry, written and adapted to the weekly Church Service of the year, by the late Right Reverend Reginald Heber, D. D. Bishop of Calcutta.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

When shriv'lling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells high the trump that wake the dead.

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, oh Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

## CURIOUS GRANT OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

(*For the Olio.*)

The following is a copy of an Original Grant under the sign manuel of King Henry the Eighth, to a Lady Lucye, who appears to have been a maid of Honor to his Queen. The original is preserved in the Chapter-house, Westminster, and was discovered about four years since, by the present learned Keeper of the Records:—

By the King,

We wol and comande you to allewe dailly from hinsforth unto our Right Dere and Welbilovede the Lady Lucye, into hir Chambre the Dyat and fare hereafter ensuying.

Furst, evry mornyng at Brekefast oon chyne of Beyf, at our Kechyn, oon Chete Loff, and oon Maunchet at our Panatry Barr, and a Galon of Ale at our Buttrye Barr.

Item, at Dyner, a Pese of Beyfe, a Stroke of Roste, and a Reward at our said Kechyn, a cast of Chete Bred at our Panatry Barr, and a Galon of Ale at our Buttrye Barr.

Item, at afternone, a Manchet at our Panatry Barr, and half a Galon of Ale at our Buttrye Barr.

Item, at supper a Messe of Porage, a Pese of Mutton, and a Reward at our said Kechyn, a cast of Chete Brede at our Panatry, and a Galon of Ale at our Buttrye.

Item, at after supper, a Chete Loff and a Maunchet at our Panaty Barr, a Galon of Ale at our Buttrye Barr, and half a Galon of Wyne at our Seller Barr.

Item, evry mornyng at our Woodeyarde, foure Tall Sliyd, and twoo Faggotts.

Item, at our Chaundrye Barr in Wynter evry night, oon preket, and foure Syses of Waxe, wt eight Candell white Lyghte, and oon Torche.

Item, at or Picherhouse, Wokely, Six White Cuppes.

Item, at evry tyme of our remoeving, oon hoole Carte for the Carriage of hir Stuff. And these our Lres shal be yonr sufficient Warrant and Discharge, in this behalf, at all tymes hirafter.

Yeven under our Signet at our Manour of Esthampstede, the xvjth day of July, the xiiijth yere of our Reigne

(Signed) Henry.

To the Lord Steward of our Household, the Treasurer, Comptroller, Cofferer, Clerk of our Grene Clothe, Clerks of the Kechyn, and to all others our Hed Officers of our sayd Household, and to evry of theym.

*Glossary to the above.*

Allewe, i. e. allow.
Hinsforth—henceforth.
Dyat—diet.
Oon—one.
Kechyn—kitchin.
Chete Loff—means a poor loaf or one of coarse quality.
Maunchett—the smallest or finest sort of bread.
Panatry—pantry.
Dyner—dinner.
Pese—piece.
Stroke of Roste—implies the beef was to be a cut of roasted beef.
Messe—mess.
Sliyd—from slidden, the old word for fallen, as used here it means four large pieces of wood from felled or fallen timber.
Chaundrye—chandlery, small ware.
White Lyghte—candles of tallow.
Wokely—weekly.
Hoole—whole.

## GAY'S OPERAS.

The incredible success of the Beggar's Opera was supposed to be entirely owing to the squibs that it played off against the court. Many of these, though let off by Gay, who was a disappointed candidate for court favour, were charged by Pope, whose wit ignited into a fiercer fire.

The song of *Peachum*, as written by Gay, was less severe, until Pope altered the two last lines:—

**The Priest calls the lawyer a cheat,**
**The lawyer be-knaves the Divine,**
***And the Statesman, because he's so great,***
***Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.***

These stood in Gay's manuscript —

**And there's many arrive to be great**
**By a Trade not more honest than mine.**

The still more audacious verses, which the "Wasp of Twickenham" could claim entirely as his own, in the song of *Macheath*, after his being taken, were,

**Since Laws were made for every degree,**
**To curb vice in others as well as in me,**
**I wonder we han't better company**
**Upon *Tyburn* Tree.**

These, it appears, were not noly Pope's, but most of the satirical parts pointed at the court and the courtiers, which make so considerable a part of the opera, were contributed by his epigrammatic pen.

The opera of Polly, a sequel to the Beggar's Opera, and still more satirical and daring, the lord chamberlain would not permit to appear on the stage. Rich, the manager, who had engaged to bring it out at Covent Garden, was sadly chagrined at this prohibition, as he had reckoned much upon its success.—*Angelo's Rem.*

## TO MARY.

*(For the Olio.)*

**Oh, once it was a pleasure**
**To gaze upon thy charms,**
**I fondly deemed a treasure**
**Was destined for my arms;**
**But false, alas! I found thee,**
**To one who lov'd thee well;**
**And tho' heav'nly charms surround thee,**
**I bid them all farewell.**

**Go revel on in madness,**
**If happier thou canst be,**
**And remember not the sadness**
**That thou hast shed o'er me.**
**The links of love that bound us**
**Without a sigh I sever,**
**No more to wreath around us,—**
**We part—and 'tis for ever.**

*Eb. Collins.*

## COMFORTS OF CONCEITEDNESS.

*By Mrs. Hofland.*

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them;" but he who enjoys happiness as the consequence of his greatness is distinct from all three. It is not in the triumph of the warrior, the power of the statesman, the ancestral dignities of the nobleman, or the increasing wealth of the merchant, that happiness can be found, if such advantages are not accompanied by a proudly joyous consciousness of superiority which condenses and combines all that is most precious in fame, riches, or sovereignty itself. Nature, alike generous to all, bestows this happy temperament, this substantial sense of tangible greatness, as freely in one situation of life as another; and although our northern climate and calculating habits forbid the buoyant spirit of happy conceitedness to appear frequently amongst us, yet English pride will sometimes furnish an admirable, perhaps an enviable specimen.

Jonathan Honeywood, grocer and tea-dealer, tallow chandler, and general dealer, in the populous village where I resided some five and twenty years ago, always appeared to me, not only the most contented, but the most blissful man I have ever seen, heard, or read of. There was nothing shadowy, or unreal in his felicity, nothing vapoury or mutable in his sense of enjoyment; for it was established on a perfect conviction, that his own wisdom, knowledge, wealth, and importance,—in one word, his *greatness* was unparalelled.

Mr. Honeywood, when I first knew him, was a hale man, on the right side of fifty, well to do in the opinion of his neighbours, and, in his own conception, uniquely, and even magnificently situated; his form resembled one of his own sugar casks, elongated to five foot six, and his round, full, yet handsome face, in its expression partook the character of the contents. Oh! what a mantling, creaming glow of self-complacency illuminated his countenance, when he welcomed his first customers, who generally smiled in return, though there were not wanting among them the cold, the critical, and the ascetic, who

**"Seldom smiled, or smiled in such a sort,**
**As if they mocked themselves."**

or, in this case, mocked their proud and bustling neighbour. Far happier, however, were those who partook his self-satisfaction, and listened with greedy ears to the assurance, (constantly given them,) that his teas grew on the finest spot of ground in all China, and were reserved by the East India Company for his especial demand. His sugars he might call incomparable, for the canes were cultivated in a peculiar manner, and the extraction conducted by a chemical process used only for him, as the best customer of the Colony; his nutmegs were

grown in the most beautiful garden in Ceylon, by an old school-fellow, who would not sell them to any other purchaser, and, as for his soap and candles he would say, rising two inches perpendicularly as he spoke, "they need no commendation—I make them myself."

A stranger might mistake this for the empty boast of a shop-keeper eager for gain, no such thing! Mr. Honeywood had persuaded himself long ago, that it was all true, and was merely a part of that greatness which environed and pervaded all things connected with him, and of course, with that business, which he did really manage with ability. In like manner his family was, so far as he could judge, the very finest in the county; at any rate, the parish could show nothing like it. "True! his eldest was a little wild, but youth was the season for enjoyment, and for his part he liked John's spirit." There were people who thought James idle; but, in point of fact, he was only studious, he was really proud of his genius. The younger brats were only denominated "dear little angels," despite of greasy faces and dirty pinafores; and his daughter pronounced "incomparable." The defect in her shape "was really a mercy, for a *perfect beauty* was a source of endless anxiety, he should have quite enough to do, as the guardian of so sweet a creature."

"As for his wife,"—Mr. Honeywood generally dropt into a soft, but neither timid nor melancholy cadence, when he touched upon this tender topic, "my wife I may say, is—that is, no persons can live better together than myself, and Mrs. Honeywood."

This fact was indisputable, for his own good temper neutralized the acidity of hers, his industry supplied her extravagance, and his activity superseded her negligence; to all which failings his self-love rendered him blind, for how could his helpmate escape imbibing his perfection; by the force alone, of contiguity? It is true, that, as he was the most loyal of men, he was in the habit of referring much of his connubial felicity to his possession of the same virtues and tastes which characterized 'the good old king.' On these occasions, he affected a knowledge of the sovereign's habits and person, retailed his conversations, or dilated on his domestic virtues, with the familiarity of a groom of the household, altogether surprising to those who were aware that he had never approached within a hundred miles of the royal person.

The same happy intimacy with his subject dilated his rotund form, and animated his bombastic eloquence, when the exploit of any British hero formed the subject of his eulogizing relation. I have seen him twirl his pyramidal papers, and lay them down one after another, with the air of a conqueror, whilst he descanted on the fire and the feelings of Nelson, or protested that Sir Sydney Smith had managed the Pasha of Jaffa, as well as he could have done it himself; and much do I question whether either of these great men had more satisfaction in their achievements than he had. This happy adaptation of another's talents, or rather power, he possessed of diffusing himself into the minds of others, thus inspiring them with wisdom and valour, was, indeed, a gift the proudest might envy.

Often would he address the schoolmaster, or the exciseman, with, "Well my friend, have you seen the paper today? I find that Mr. Pitt has acted exactly as I advised, and Admiral Jarvis has fulfilled my wishes to a T. They are going to make him a peer—that is right—*I* said it must be done, and I shall illuminate for his victory in such a manner as will make the Squire and the Parson look about them."

Notwithstanding such acts of occasional rivalry, Mr. Honeywood was always on the best terms with both these gentlemen; for the former was a very unpretending man of ancient family, whose history the grocer knew better than himself, being, indeed proud of the antiquity of the Honeywoods, who were originally retainers at the Hall. The latter had much of that quiet humour, which could not fail to be amused with the peculiarities of one who was at once ludicrous and estimable, and who, being a staunch churchman, an upright and humane overseer, was frequently admitted to his study, or met in his vestry. In every other point wherein Mr. Honeywood could exhibit his passion for display, on these occasions he wisely omitted none, (for he observed, "that he loved to be appreciated properly by a learned man and a gentleman)" but there was no point on which he made his importance so absolute, as that which belonged to the military character, it was probably, that which the clergyman would feel the most strongly.

'Tis true, Mr. Honeywood, as a member of the Yeomanry Cavalry, (that corps which he assured all his customers, Buonaparte himself deemed invincible,) could not, at that time, be deemed fit for efficient service. He was now, "more fat than that chief beseemed," his straight jacket pinioned those mighty arms, which should have restored peace to Europe, and his narrow buck-skins and pinching boots

forbaie return to his equestrian exercises; but the consciousness that he *had been* a soldier, " bore his spirits up." If he had not " mounted i' th' imminent deadly breach," yet it is certain, that he had " i' th' elegant lively review," when a real general was present; and this glorious recollection was crowning moments for his self-approbation. It rendered his loyalty, courage, competence, industry and ability, incontrovertible; " If he could not argue at a vestry-meeting, decide at the poor-house, and carry all before him at the ' Wheat-Sheaf,' *who could?*"

Fare thee well, honest old Honeywood. Age must have reduced thy loud sonorous pipe, ere this, to " childish treble;" thou canst no longer (despite of summer's heat and winter's frost,) place thy broad shoulders against the buttress, and protest that thou wilt support the church, and thence harangue on the necessity of erecting new stocks, and erasing new principles.

If death hath levelled thee with the statesmen, whom thou applauded, and the heroes whom thou lauded, let it not be forgotten, that, with all thy harmless and happy conceit, thou wert ever the poor man's friend, and that, whilst haranguing, in magisterial tones on the fate of nations, many a time hast thou dropped an unbought parcel into the basket of the aged widow, or refreshed, with a draught of thy best ale, the parched lips of the weary mendicant.

*Friendship's Offering.*

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

It is the hour of *morning's prime*,
The young day of the year,
The day of days, before the time
When brighter hopes appear;
It is the time of early love,
When suns but faintly shine;
It is the day, all days above,
The sweet St. Valentine.

The cold snows on the meadow lie,
And not a leaf is green,
Yet here and there in yonder sky,
A gleam of light is seen.
So Love, young Love, 'mid storms and snow,
Darts forth a light divine;
So darker days the brightness show
Of thine, St. Valentine.

*New Monthly.*

## ORIGINS.

(*For the Olio.*)

WHOA BALL, ADDRESSED TO THE HORSE,

Is said to have arisen thus:—Sir Miles Fleetwood, once recorder of London, was so very severe in his punishments towards highwaymen, that hardly any that were taken and tried by him escaped without hanging. The exercise of such severity, made the fraternity resolve upon making an example of his worship, which they executed according to the manner here given: " they lay in wayte for him not far from Tyburne, as he was to cume from his house at ———, B[illegible]cks; had a halter in readiness, brought him under the gallowes, fastened the rope about his neck, his hands tied behind him, (and servants bound,) and then left him to the mercy of his horse, which he called *Ball*. So he cried, ' Ho Ball! Ho Ball! Ho Ball!' and it pleased God that his horse stood still till somebody came along, which was half a quarter of an hour or more. He ordered this horse, for the service he had been to him in his need, to be well kept as long as he lived; which order was performed to the letter."

OLD NICK.

As cunning as, or as deep as *Old Nick*, is an old proverb, and accounted for in the following way by Dr. Cocchi, who says, that it alludes to *old* Nicholas Machiavel, and so came afterwards to be perverted to the devil.

POLTROON.

This term is derived from *pollice truncato*, from a practice of cutting off the thumb, to avoid military service, of which St. Mark, according to Jerome, set the example.

HONOUR.

Owen says the word honour is derived from the Hebrew word *hon* (riches), and the French *or* (gold). Bion the philosopher says, that riches are the nerves of all human actions, and that neither valour nor ability could subsist without them. W. P.

## Illustrations of History

KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS.

As the series of embellishments commenced in our last number illustrates a subject derived from the wars in Palestine, which form so striking a feature in the early centuries of history, we think we cannot do better than devote a small portion of our work to some account of the orders of knighthood, which arose out of those religious contests.

The first order that originated when the Holy Land began to grow famous by the expeditions of Christian Princes, was the Knights Hospitallers, which took place

about the year 1099, under Girard or Girardus; but more anciently it is stated, there were Hospitalars under John the Patriarch of Alexandria, who for his liberality to the poor was surnamed Eleemosynarius; but these were not Knights, but poor Alms-men, who resided in the Hospital of St. John Baptist at Jerusalem, they were under rules or orders without having any honour annexed to them, and were supported by the charity of the merchants of Amalfi, a city of Italy. The Hospital that these Alms-men resided in was afterwards enlarged and rebuilt by Girard, who took the same saint for the patron of their order. After this transaction they became possessed of wealth and lands, and about the year 1100, Jordan Brisset, a rich and religious man, built them a house and endowed it with lands, near St. John-street, West Smithfield, part of which is now standing, and known by the name of St. John's Gate, which building belonged to one of the priors of St. John of Jerusalem, and from their apparently great austerity in living, they obtained vast possessions in England, especially in the county of Warwick, where they had lands in Grafton, Chesterton, Preston, Bagot, Whitmarsh, Newbold Pacie, Bilney, and numerous other places. The qualifications to obtain the highest order of this Knighthood, were that the party must be eighteen years old, and not less, of an able body, and well descended from worshipful parentage, not born of Jewish or Turkish parents. No one of base birth, except the illegitimate son of a Prince, could be admitted, Fuller says "there being honour in that dishonour." The habiliments of this order was a red belt with a white cross, and a black cloak or mantle having thereon a white cross of Jerusalem, or a cross crossed, which is five crosses together, in memory of our Saviour's five wounds. Their statutes were devised by Raimondis de Padis, their first master. Fuller observes 'there was some difference between their habit in peace and in war.' Their profession was a religious vow to fight against infidels, to entertain and protect pilgrims coming to the Holy Sepulchre, and to live in poverty, chastity, and obedience. Their second master made many additions to their rules, ordering, that they should receive the sacrament three times a year, and hear mass once a day if possible, and abstain from dealing in merchandize, and also refrain from becoming usurers, to avoid fighting duels, and to stand neuter in the quarrels of princes.

"But it is given to most religious orders, to be clear in the spring, and miry in the stream. As these hospitallars grew rich, they unlaced themselves from the strictness of their first institution, and fell into all kinds of licentiousness. Their poverty was a cozenage of the world, for whilst their order sued *in forma pauperis*, they were possessed of nineteen thousand manors in christendom. St. Bernard, in speaking of their chastity, said that their time was mostly spent between lewd women and banquets. And it is not to be wondered at if their forced virginity was the parent of great uncleanness, for in common, those who vow not to go the high way of God's ordinance, often frequent base and unwarrantable bye paths."

The ceremonies observed in the creation of these Knights were as follows, a sword with a cross hilt, is in the first place delivered to them, as a token that they must be valiant, and defend the cause of religion; with this sword they are struck three times over the shoulder to teach them patiently to suffer for Christ, the sword is then wiped, to denote that their life must be undefiled. Gilt spurs are then put upon them, because they are to scorn wealth at their heels; they then take a taper in their hands, which is typical that they are to light others by their exemplary lives; after this they heard mass, and their formalities were ended.

In the year 1291, Sultan Serapha drove them from their possessions in Palestine, and compelled them to take refuge in Cyprus, leaving in their haste all their wealth behind hidden in a vault, which was fetched for them three centuries afterwards by the gallies of Malta. Twenty years after their flight into Cyprus, they fitted out a fleet under Fulke de Videret, their grand master, and obtained possession of the Island of Rhodes for their seat; but this place of resort also, after many sturdy assaults was won by the Turks in 1523. Upon the loss of Rhodes they went to Nice in Piedmont, which city was granted to them by Charles Duke of Savoy. From this place they went to Syracuse in Sicily, where they fought valiantly to defend the country for Charles V; but this monarch not liking their residing in his dominions, he assigned to them the isle of Malta, to be holden by them upon their grand masters paying yearly, by way of tenure, a falcon as an acknowledgment that they held it of him, at which place they now continue under the appellation of Knights of Malta.

The order in England was suppressed by the Eighth Henry, when he dissolved the Monastic Institutions; his daughter Mary, during her reign attempted to restore them, but they lost all during the reign of her successor Elizabeth. J.

## Customs of Various Countries.

### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The custom of choosing Valentines is of long standing, and as early as the fifteenth century it was practised in England. Like many other observances, it is no more than an analogy to a custom that prevailed when paganism flourished. At the festival of the Roman *Lupercalia*, amidst other ceremonies, it was usual to put the names of a number of young women into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstition, substituted in the present instance the names of particular saints in lieu of those of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia used to take place about the middle of February, they chose St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast.

Grose explains Valentine to mean, the first woman seen by a man, or man seen by woman on that day.

Among the proverbial observations concerning Husbandry at various seasons of the year, exists the following,

On Valentine's day will a good goose lay,
If she be a good goose, her dame well to pay,
She will lay two eggs before Valentine's day.

### COLLOP MONDAY.

is the Monday preceding Shrove Tuesday, and was so termed because it was the last day of eating meat before Lent. In the north of England, and many other parts of the kingdom, it is usual, for dinner fare, to have eggs and collops, collops being meat cut into steaks for salting, and hung up to keep.

### SHROVE TUESDAY.

*The finish of the Carnival.*

On this day the festival of the Carnival ends, when the ceremony of '*Femmes folles*,' or foolish women is observed: this custom takes place only when any one has commenced house-keeping in the course of the year. The married women who are not the youngest in the village, meet together, and disguise themselves by putting the front part of their caps behind, to which rags are suspended, and by blacking their faces: thus arrayed they proceed, dancing and singing, to the domicile of the new housekeeper. Having gained admittance, they leap, jump, and dance about, and sing couplets and songs adapted to the occasion, and to the music of the epistle at grand mass. This is a specimen:—

Comme cette semaine nous serons traitees,
Le lundi du bouilli,
Le mardi du roti,
Le mercredi du jambon,
Le jeudi un capon,
Le vendredi du sammon,
Le samedi du poisson,
Le dimanche au matin,
Des saucisses et du boudin.

"What a treat we shall have this week! Monday, bouilli*; Tuesday, roast-meat; Wednesday, ham; Thursday, a capon; Friday, salmon; Saturday, fish; and on Sunday morning, sausages and black puddings."

From this specimen, our readers will be enabled to judge of the rest. The inhabitants of the house are bound to regale the actresses in this burlesque scene; and if they refuse, the women make no scruple of taking away what furniture they like and carry it to the wine house, (cabaret,) where it is deposited as a pledge for the entertainment they may choose to order; and the proprietor of it must pay the cabaretier his bill before he is allowed to redeem his effects. The women say that they come to search for the *andouille*, (a kind of large sausage,) and for the *groulée* a name given to the feast formerly held under similar circumstances.

*Time's Telescope for* 1828.

## Anecdotiana.

### DOCTOR BALGUY.

THE celebrated Doctor Balguy, author of the work on Divine Benevolence, after having delivered an exceeding good discourse at Winchester Cathedral, the text of which was, "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following extempore, but elegant compliment, from Dr. Watson, then at Winchester school:

If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
"That wisdom is sorrow," how wretched are you.

### THE CAUSE OF CONFINEMENT.

A country girl on the point of marriage, was presented a ring by her sweetheart with these words, "Here Betty, here's a present for you; I brought it all the way from Bawtry fair, and I gave ten good silver shillings for it." "Ah! John, but I must give more for it than you did." "Nonsense!" echoed John, "I'll give it to ye, I tell ye." "But I don't mean that, you know John, I must give my liberty for it."

"Liberty!—why yes, you may be *confined* about once a year." B.

* The meat of which soup has been made.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DAYS. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. 10 | SUN. | Sexages. Sunday | Feb. 10 | 1597—On this day Henry Lord Darnley, husband of Q. Mary of Scotland, was murdered. The house wherein Darnley slept was blown up. Many writers have supposed that this tragical scene was acted with the connivance of Q. Mary; but whether it was or not, it has left a stain on Mary's character that will never be effaced. |
| —— 11 | Mon. | St. Saturninus Dativus, of Africa, died A.D. 304.<br>High Water,<br>49m after 9 morn<br>28 —— 10 after | —— 11 | 1694—Born on this day, at Paris, the voluminous writer, Voltaire. He received his education in the College of Louis the Great, and was intended for the law, which vocation he renounced for literary pursuits. His works comprise poetry, the drama, history, philosophy, and fiction. The whole collected have been printed in 70 vols 8vo.<br>1763—Died, at his residence the Leasowes, near Hagley, in Worcestershire, William Shenstone, the eminent pastoral poet and essayist. |
| —— 12 | Tues. | St. Meletius of Antioch.<br>High Water,<br>6m aft. 11 morn<br>43m —— even. | —— 12 | 1554—Beheaded on this day Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley.<br>1825—Anniversary of the death of J. H. Parry, the author of several poems inserted in the Welch Melodies, and projector of 'The Cambro Briton.' A few months previous to his death, Mr. Parry completed and published the first volume of his Cambrian Plutarch. |
| —— 13 | Wed. | St. Gregory the 11th Pope. | —— 13 | St. Gregory, in 715, succeeded Constantine in the pontificate. He died A.D. 731.<br>1688—Anniversary of the proclaiming King William and Queen Mary King and Queen, and also of the Revolution.<br>1691—The inhuman massacre of Glencoe, in Scotland, took place on this day. Glencoe is famed as the birth-place of Ossian. |
| —— 14 | Thurs. | St. Valentine.<br>Old Cand. Day. | —— 14 | St. Valentine was a priest of Rome, who, after enduring a cruel imprisonment, was beaten with clubs, and then beheaded, by order of the second Claudius.<br>1779—On this day the celebrated circumnavigator and discoverer, Capt. James Cook, was killed by the natives of Owhyhee, the largest of the Sandwich Islands. |
| —— 15 | Frid. | St. Sigefrid.<br>New Moon,<br>45m after 10 mor. | —— 15 | St. Sigefrid, Bishop of Sweden, died A.D. 1002.<br>1731—Anniversary of the death of the eloquent Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, ÆT. 69. He was banished the kingdom for life, on suspicion of being engaged in a plot to bring in the Pretender. |
| —— 16 | Satur. | St. Gregory X.<br>High Water,<br>44m aft. 2 morn<br>6 —— 3 after. | —— 16 | Our saint, who was of the family of the Counts of Segui, was elected to the papal chair in 1271; he died A.D. 1276.<br>1497—Born on this day Philip Melancthon, the celebrated German divine—he was coadjutor with Luther in the Reformation. |
| —— 17 | SUN. | Quinquag. Sund<br>LESS for the DAY<br>9 c Gen to v 20 m<br>2 —— ev<br>St. Flavian. | —— 17 | This saint was patriarch of Constantinople in 447; he was afterwards banished to Lydia, and died there in 449.<br>1563—Expired on this day at Rome, the famous painter, sculptor, and architect, Michael Buonarotti, a man of universal talent and acquirement.<br>1673—Anniversary of the death of the celebrated French comedian and author, Moliere. He was seized with death whilst performing a character in one of his own plays at Paris, his native place, in the 53d year of his age. |
| —— 18 | Mon. | St. Simeon.<br>Sun ris 57m aft 6<br>—sets 3 —— 5 | —— 18 | This saint, who was a Bishop of Jerusalem, died A.D. 116.<br>1478—On this day the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edw. IV. was drowned in a butt of malmsey whilst confined in the Tower of London. |
| —— 19 | Tues. | St. Barbatus.<br>Shrove Tuesday. | —— 19 | Our saint was patron and bishop of Benevento; he died A.D. 682.<br>1473—Born at Thorn, in Prussia, on this day, Nicholas Copernicus, the celebrated astronomer. |

*See page* 102.

## THE WEHR-WOLF

### A LEGEND OF THE MOUSIN.

THE ancient Province of Poictou, in France, has long been celebrated in the annals of Romance, as one of the most famous haunts of those dreadful animals, whose species is between a phantom and a beast of prey; and which are called by the Germans, Wehr-Wolves, and by the French, Bisclavarets, or Loups Garoux. To the English, these midnight terrors are yet unknown, and almost without a name; but when they are spoken of in this country, they are called, by way of eminence, Wild Wolves. The common superstition concerning them is, that they are men in compact with the Arch Enemy, who have the power of assuming the form and nature of wolves at certain periods. The hilly and woody district of the Upper Limousin, which now forms the Southern division of the Upper Vienne, was that particular part of the Province which the Wehr-Wolves were supposed to inhabit; whence, like the animal which gave them their name, they would wander out by midnight, far from their own hills and mountains, and run howling through the silent streets of the nearest towns and villages, to the great terror of all the inhabitants; whose piety, however, was somewhat increased by these supernatural visitations.

There once stood in the suburbs of the Town of St. Yrieux, which is situate in those dangerous parts of ancient Poictou, an old, but handsome *Maison-de-Plaisance*, or, in plain English, a country-house, belonging, by ancient descent, to the young Baroness Louise Joliedame; who, out of a dread of the terrible Wehr-Wolves, a well-bred horror at the *chambres a l'antique* which it contained, and a greater love for the gallant Court of Francis I., let the Chateau to strangers; though they occupied but a very small portion of it, whilst the rest was left unrepaired, and was rapidly falling to decay. One of the parties by whom the old mansion was tenanted, was a country Chirurgeon, named Antoine Du Pilon; who, (according to his own account,) was not only well acquainted with the science of

Galen and Hippocrates, but was also a profound adept in those arts, for the learning of which some men toil their whole lives away, and are none the wiser; such as alchemy, converse with spirits, magic, and so forth. Dr. Du Pilon had abundant leisure to talk of his knowledge at the little Cabaret of St. Yrieux, which bore the sign of the Chevalier Bayard's Arms, where he assembleed round him many of the idler members of the town, the chief of whom were Cuirbouilli, the currier; Malbois, the joiner; La Jacquette, the tailor; and Nicole Bonvarlet, his host; together with several other equally arrant gossips, who all swore roundly, at the end of each of their parleys, that Doctor Antoine Du Pilon was the best Doctor, and the wisest man in the whole world! To remove, however, any wonder that may arise in the reader's mind, how a professor of such skill and knowledge should be left to waste his abilities so remote from the patronage of the great, it should be remarked, that in such cases as had already come before him, he had not been quite so successful as could have been expected, or desired, since old Genefrede Corbeau, who was frozen almost double with age and ague, he kept cold and fasting, to preserve her from fever; and he would have cut off the leg of Pierre Faucille, the reaper, when he wounded his right arm in harvest time, to prevent the flesh from mortifying downwards!

In a retired apartment of the same deserted mansion where this mirror of chirurgeons resided, dwelt a peasant and his daughter, who had come to St. Yrieux from a distant part of Normandy, and of whose history nothing was known, but that they seemed to be in the deepest poverty; although they neither asked relief, nor uttered a single complaint. Indeed, they rather avoided all discourse with their gossiping neighbours, and even with their fellow inmates, excepting so far as the briefest courtesy required; and as they were able, on entering their abode, to place a reasonable security for payment in the hands of old Gervais, the Baroness Joliedame's steward, they were permitted to live in the old Chateau with little ques-

ng, and less sympathy. The father ppeared in general to be a plain, rude peasant, whom poverty had somewhat tinctured with misanthropy: though there were times when his bluntness towered into a haughtiness not accordant with his present station, but seemed like a relique of a higher sphere, from which he had fallen. He strove, and the very endeavour increased the bitterness of his heart to mankind, to conceal his abject indigence; but that was too apparent to all, since he was rarely to be found at St. Yrieux, but led a wild life in the adjacent mountains and forests, occasionally visiting the town, to bring to his daughter Adele a portion of the spoil, which, as a hunter, he indefatigably sought for the subsistence of both. Adele, on the contrary, though she felt as deeply as her father the sad reverse of fortune to which they were exposed, had more gentleness in her sorrow, and more content in her humiliation. She would, when he returned to the cottage, worn with the fatigue of his forest labours, try, but many times in vain, to bring a smile to his face, and consolation to his heart.—"My father," she would say, "quit, I beseech you, this wearisome hunting for some safer employment, nearer home.—You depart, and I watch in vain for your return; days and nights pass away, and you come not!—while my disturbed imagination will ever whisper the danger of a forest midnight, fierce howling wolves, and robbers still more cruel."

"Robbers! girl, sayest thou?" answered her father with a bitter laugh, "and what shall they gain from me, think ye? Is there ought in this worn-out gaberdine to tempt them? Go to, Adele! I am not now Count Gaspar de Marcanville, the friend of the royal Francis, and a Knight of the Holy Ghost; but plain Hubert, the Hunter of the Limousin; and wolves, thou trowest, will not prey upon wolves."

"But, my dear father," said Adele, embracing him, "I would that thou would'st seek a safer occupation nearer to our dwelling, for I would be by your side."

"What would'st have me to do, girl?" interrupted Gaspar impatiently; "would'st have me put this hand to the sickle or the plough, which has so often grasped a sword in the battle, and a banner-lance in the tournament? or shall a companion of Le Saint-Esprit become a fellow-handworker with the low artizans of this miserable town? I tell thee, Adele, that but for thy sake I would never again quit the forest, but would remain there in a savage life, till I forgot my language and my species, and became a Wehr-wolf, or a wild-buck!"

Such was commonly the close of their conversation; for if Adele dared to press her entreaties farther, Gaspar, half frenzied, would not fail to call to her mind all the unhappy circumstances of his fall, and work himself almost to madness by their repetition. He had, in early life, been introduced by the Count De Saintefleur to the Court of Francis I., where he had risen so high in the favour of his sovereign, that he was continually in his society; and in the many wars which so embittered the reign of that excellent monarch, De Marcanville's station was ever by his side. In these conflicts, Gaspar's bosom had often been the shield of Francis, even in moments of the most imminent danger; and the grateful King as often showered upon his deliverer those rewards, which, to the valiant and high-minded soldier, are far dearer than riches—the glittering jewels of knighthood, and the golden coronal of the peerage. To that friend who had fixed his feet so loftily and securely in the slippery paths of a Court, Gaspar felt all the ardour of youthful gratitude; and yet he sometimes imagined, that he could perceive an abatement in the favour of De Saintefleur, as that of Francis increased. The truth was, that the gold and rich promises of the King's great enemy the Emperor Charles V., had induced De Saintefleur to swerve from his allegiance; and he now waited but for a convenient season to put the darkest designs in practice against his sovereign. He also felt no slight degree of envy, even against that very person whom he had been the instrument of raising; and at length an opportunity occurred, when he might gratify both his ambition and his revenge by the same blow. It was in one of those long wars in which the French Monarch was engaged, and in which De Saintefleur and De Marcanville were his most constant companions, that they were both watching near his couch while he slept, when the former, in a low tone of voice, thus began to sound the faith of the latter towards his royal master.

"What sayest thou, Gaspar, were not a prince's coronet and a king's revenue in Naples, better than thus ever toiling in a war that seems unending? Hearest thou, brave De Marcanville? we can close it with the loss of one life only!"

"Queen of Heaven!" ejaculated Gaspar, "what is it thou would'st say, De Saintefleur?"

"Say! why that there have been other Kings of France before this Francis, and will be, when he shall have gone to his

place. Thinkest thou that He of the double-headed black eagle would not amply reward the sword that cut this fading lily from the earth?"

"No more, no more, De Saintefleur!" cried Gaspar; "even from you who placed me where I might flourish beneath that lily's shade, will I not hear this treason. Rest secure that I will not betray thee to the King; my life shall sooner be given for thine; but I will watch thee with more vigilance than the wolf hath when he watcheth the night-fold, and your first step to the heart of Francis shall be over the body of Gaspar de Marcanville."

"Nay, then," said De Saintefleur, aside, "he must be my first victim;" and immediately drawing his sword, he cried aloud, "What ho! guards! treason!"—whilst Gaspar stood immoveable with astonishment and horror. The event is soon related; for Francis was but too easily persuaded that De Marcanville was in reality guilty of the act about to have been perpetrated by De Saintefleur; and the magnanimity of Gaspar was such, that not one word which might criminate his former friend could be drawn from him, even to save his own life. The kind hearted Francis, however, was unable to forget in a moment the favour with which for years he had been accustomed to look upon De Marcanville; and it was only at the earnest solicitation of the Courtiers, many of whom were rejoiced at the thoughts of a powerful rival's removal, that he could be prevailed on to pass upon him even the sentence of degradation and banishment.

Gaspar hastened to his chateau, but the treasures which he was allowed to bear with him into exile, were little more than his Rosalie and his daughter Adele; with whom he immured himself in the dark, and almost boundless recesses of the Hanoverian Harz, where his fatigues and his sorrows soon rendered his gaunt and attenuated form altogether unknown. In this savage retirement, he drew up a faithful narration of De Saintefleur's treachery; and in confirmation of it's truth, procured a certificate from his confessor, Father Ægidius,—one of those holy men, who of old were dwellers in forests and deserts,—and directing it "To the King," placed it in the hands of his wife, that if, in any of those hazardous excursions in which he was engaged to procure their daily subsistence, he should perish, it might be delivered to Francis, and his family thus be restored to their rank and estates, when his pledge to De Saintefleur could no longer be claimed. Years passed away, and, in the gloomy recesses of the Hercynian woods, Gaspar acquired considerable skill as a hunter; had it been to preserve his own life only, he had laid him calmly down upon the sod, and resigned that life to famine, or to the hungry wolf; but he had still two objects which bound him to existence, and therefore in the chase the wild-buck was too slow to escape his spear, and the bear too weak to resist his attacks.

His fate, notwithstanding, preyed heavily upon him, and often brake out in fits of vehement passion, and the most bitter lamentations; which at length so wrought upon the grief-worn frame of Rosalie de Marcanville, that about ten years after Gaspar's exile, her death left him a widower, when his daughter Adele was scarcely eighteen years of age. It was then, with a mixture of desperation and distress, that De Marcanville determined to rush forth from his solitude into France; and, careless of the fate which might await him for returning from exile unrecalled, to advance even to the Court, and laying his papers at the foot of the throne, to demand the Ordeal of Combat with De Saintefleur; but when he had arrived at the woody Province of the Upper Limousin, his purpose failed him, as he saw in the broad day-light, which rarely entered the Harz Forest, the afflicting changes which ten years of the severest labour, and the most heartfelt sorrow, had made upon his form. He might, indeed, so far as it regarded all recollections of his person, have safely gone even into the Court of Francis; but Gaspar also saw, that in the retired forest surrounding St. Yrieux, he might still reside unknown in his beloved France; that under the guise of a hunter, he could still provide for the support of his gentle Adele; and that, in the event of his death she would be considerably nearer to the Sovereign's abode. It was, then, in consequence of these reasons, that De Marcanville employed a part of his small remaining property, in securing a residence in the dilapidated Chateau, as it has been already mentioned.

It was some time after their arrival, that the inhabitants of the Town of St. Yrieux were alarmed by the intelligence that a Wehr-Wolf, or perhaps a troop of them, certainly inhabited the woods of the Limousin. The most terrific howlings were heard in the night, and the wild rush of a chase swept through the deserted streets; yet the townspeople—according to the most approved rules for acting where Wehr-Wolves are concerned,—never once thought of sallying forth in a body,—and with weapons, and lighted brands, to scare the monsters from their

prey; but adding a more secure fastening to every window, which is the Wehr-Wolf's usual entrance, they deserted such as had already fallen their victims, with one brief expression of pity for *them*, and many a "*Dieu me benit!*" for *themselves*. It was asserted, too, that some of the country people, whose dwellings came more immediately into contact with the Limousin forests, had lost their children; whose lacerated remains, afterwards discovered in the woods, only half devoured, plainly denoted them to have fallen the prey of some abandoned Wehr-Wolf!

It is not surprising, that in a retired town, where half the people were without employment, and all were throughbred gossips, and lovers of wonders, that the inroads of the Wehr-Wolf formed too important an epoch in their history, to be passed over without a due discussion. Under pretence, therefore, of being a protection to each other, many of the people of St. Yrieux, and especially the worthy conclave mentioned at the beginning of this history, were, almost eternally, convened at the Chevalier Bayard's Arms; talking over their nightly terrors, and filling each other with such affright, by the repetition of many a lying old tale upon the same subject, that, too much alarmed to part, they often agreed to pass the night over Nicole Bonvarlet's wine flask and blazing fagots. Upon a theme so intimately connected with magical lore as is the history of Wehr-Wolves, Dr. Antoine Du Pilon discoursed like a Solomon; citing, to the great edification and wonder of his hearers, such hosts of authors, both sacred and profane, that he who should have hinted, that the Wehr-Wolves of St. Yrieux were simply like other Wolves, would have found as little gentleness in his hearers, as he would have experienced from the animals themselves.

"Well, my masters!" began Bonvarlet, one evening when they were met, "I would not, for a tun of malmsey wine now, be in the Limousin forest to-night; for do ye hear how it blusters and pours? By the Ship of St. Mildred! in a wild night like this, there's no place in the world like your hearth-side in a goodly auberge, with a merry host and good liquor; both of which, neighbours, ye have to admiration."

"Ay, Nicole," replied Cuirbouilli, "it's a foul night, truly, either for man or cattle; and yet I'll warrant ye that the Wehr-Wolves will be out in 't, for their skin is said to be the same as that the Fiend himself wears! and that would shut you out water, and storm, and wind, like a castle-wall. Mass, now! but it would be simply the making of my fortune, an' I could but get one of their hides."

"Truly, for a churl," began Dr. Du Pilon, "an unlettered artizan, thy wish sheweth a pretty wit; for a cloak made from the skin of a Wehr-Wolf, would for ever defend its wearer from all other Wolves, and all animals that your Wolves feed upon; even, as Pythagoras writeth, that one holding the eye of a Wolf in his hand, shall scare away from him all weaker creatures; for like as the sight of a Wolf doth terrify—"

"Hark, neighbours! did ye hear that cry? it is a Wehr-Wolf's bark!" exclaimed Jerome Malbois starting from his settle.

"Ay, by the Bull of St. Luke! did I, Friend Jerome," returned Bonvarlet; "surely the great Fiend himself can make no worse a howling; I even thought 't would split the very rafters last night, though I deem that they're of good seasoned fir."

"There thou errest again," said the Doctor, in a pompous tone, to the last speaker; "Oh! ye rustics, whom I live with as Orpheus did with the savages of Thracia, whence is it that ye possess such boundless stupidity? Thou sayest, Jerome Malbois, that they bark; and could I imagine, that shooting in the dark, thou hadst hit on the Greekish phrase, which calls them Νυξτερι νοι Καυες, or Dogs of the Night, I could say thou had'st said wisely; but now I declare that thou hast spoken full ignorantly, right woodenly, Jerome Malbois; thou art beyond thy square, friend joiner; thou hast overstepped thy rule, good carpenter. Doth not the great Albertus bear testimony, Oh, most illiterate! that Wolves bark not, when he saith:—

'Ast Lupus ipse *vlulat*, frendit agrestis aper,'

which for thine edification, is, in the vulgar tongue,—

But the Wolf doth loudly howl, and the boar his teeth doth grind,
Where the wildest plains are spread before, and forests rise behind.

*Et idem Auctor*, and the same Author also saith, which maketh yet more against thee, *O mentis inops!*

'Per noctem resonare Lupos, *vlulantibus* urbes,'

which in the common is

The wolf by night through silent cities prowls,
And makes the streets resound with hideous howls.

(*To be Continued.*)

## SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION

PRESENTS the fight of Clorinda, a valiant maid on the side of the Pagans, with Tancred, a knight of Godfreys, who she opposes, full of revenge, caused by slighted love.*

Tancred his name—O! grant some happier hour
May yield him, living, prisoner to my power!
So might my soul some secret comfort find,
And sweet revenge appease my restless mind!
She said, and ceased! the king the damsel heard,
But to a different sense her speech referr'd;
While, mingled with these artful words she spoke,
A sigh spontaneous from her bosom broke.
Meanwhile, her lance in rest, the warrior-dame
With eager haste t' encounter Tancred came.
Their vizors struck, the spears in shivers flew;
The virgin's face was left exposed to view;
The thongs that held her helmet burst in twain;
Hurl'd from her head, it bounded on the plain;
Loose in the wind her golden tresses flow'd,
And now a maid confess'd to all she stood;
Keen flash her eyes, her look with fury glows;
Yet, even in rage, each feature lovely shows:
What charms must then her winning smiles disclose?
What thoughts, O Tancred! have thy bosom moved?
Dost thou not see and know that face beloved?
Lo! there the face that caused thy amorous pains;
Ask thy fond heart, for there her form remains;
Behold the features of the lovely dame,
Who for refreshment to the fountain came!
The knight, who mark'd not first her crest and shield,
Astonish'd now her well-known face beheld.
She, o'er her head disarm'd, the buckler threw,
And on her senseless foe with fury flew;
The foe retired; on other parts he turn'd
His vengeful steel; yet still her anger burn'd;
And with a threatening voice aloud she cry'd,
And with a two-fold death the chief defy'd.
Th' enamour'd warrior ne'er returns a blow,
Nor heeds the weapon of his lovely foe:
But views with eager gaze her charming eyes,
From whence the shaft of love unerring flies;
Then to himself—In vain the stroke descends;
In vain her angry sword the wound intends;
While from her face unarm'd she sends the dart,
That rives, with surer aim, my bleeding heart!
*Book III.*

## THE PNEUMATOLOGIST.

——— Unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook.
*Il Penseroso.*

THE year was now on the wane, and the gorgeous tints of summer were mellowing into the less obtrusive hues of autumn. The foliage, so lately of a fresh, glossy emerald green, now partook of a tinge of the sallow; and the sky which for a long period had remained of a pure unstained Ausonian blue, became regularly clouded, as the sun neared his western declension; at which time also, a chill wind arose, attended with those marshy exhalations, so noted throughout the Campagna, as the pestilent source of the malaria. Nature was as yet, however, only half rifled of her sweets; for, in the delightful land of Italy, the natural spirit of life breathes with freedom and health. The vineyards groaned beneath their gushing and purpled clusters;—the fruitage hung in ripeness throughout orchard and garden;—and the flowers of the latter blossomed in all their rich and beautiful varieties.

As if on purpose to disappoint the studious Pietro Giannone of his accustomed and favourite sunset walk, the dews descended almost in a shower; and every thing without doors looked so cheerless and uncomfortable, that he found himself compelled to occupy his twilight breathing time from research, by seating himself beside a window that overlooked one of the principal thoroughfares of the city of Pavia, and surveying the motley groups that were passing to and fro on the pavé. Here some noble Dama whirled along in her chariot to an evening coterie; and there a brawny porter bent under his Herculean load. In one corner stood a patient girl, waiting her turn for a pitcher of water from the public fountain; and, in another, a knot of noisy urchins had congregated for sportive pastime.

As twilight deepened, the crowd were thrown into greater obscurity; but the occasional lighting up of the warehouses of the different merchants, cast a transient gleam over the faces and garments of such as chanced to cross the openings. One after another, in rapid succession, the street-lamps sparkled brilliantly, displaying in a long vista, down the squares and alleys, a far-off line of lights, gradually losing themselves in the distant haziness of night. The fruiterers had removed their linen-covered stalls; and, as the gathering stars began to glitter from on high, the bustle and the business of day gradually subsided into the quiet of evening.

As Pietro sat musing, his mind naturally reverted to the theme of his philosophical researches; and they had that day lain among the intricacies of metaphysical speculation. He had turned from one philosopher to another. He had read and re-read, only to find doubt and perplexity. All was a labyrinth of intricacy—a chaos of contradiction—a maze of obscurity—a sea without a shore!

One result, and one only, was obvious

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 97.

to him,—and that was, the vigorous and unwearied aspiration of the soul after Truth,—the deep interest of the mind in the knowledge of its own hidden nature and destiny. At the same time, he felt chagrined at the miserably narrow and circumscribed view which our human faculties allow us to take of the subject.

Instead of a solution of those doubts, on account of which he had assiduously pored over the folios of a host of ethical sophists, he had ended in greater perplexity than he had set out; for what at first seemed only difficult and tangled, now appeared 'a maze without a plan;' and his attention, fatigued with grasping at illusive theories, had sunk down into that state of dreamy listlessness, which so uniformly follows over-excitement. He did not allow his acquiescence in the noble belief of Socrates, or the profound speculations of Plato, concerning the soul's perpetuity, to be disturbed by the cold, hesitating calculations of the Stagyrite, or the apathetic scepticism of Lucretius and Pliny. From the profane, he had turned altogether to the sacred writings,—from the efforts of unassisted reason, to the illuminated pages of revelation; and he found that Scripture made that as clear as noonday, which had formerly been seen, 'but as through a glass darkly.'

One point of his restless research, however, yet remained unexplained; and he had vainly puzzled himself with the curious, but somewhat idle doctrines concerning the intermediate state of the soul.

Deeply aware of their unsatisfactory tendency, he had scarcely power to prevent his mind from indulging in those mystical trains of thought which had bewildered the Pneumatologists of the middle ages. However, though the reveries of Cardan, Psellus, Sprenger, and Iamblicus, were enough to dazzle and mislead the imaginations of romantic enthusiasts, they were insufficient to satisfy the judgment of one, so discriminating and logical as Pietro; and though the Gnostics of early Christian times, following Plato, had attempted to classify the different orders of angelic beings, and had thus, to their own satisfaction, formed a hierarchy of beatified spirits, according to their own whimsical superstitions, our inquirer after truth but too plainly saw, not only that their structure was raised on idle conjecture, but was in many respects repugnant to sound reason and common sense.

"Yet," thought he, "it is a curious fact, corroborated by the traditions of all nations, and by all historians, however discordant, that a belief in disembodied spirits having 'power to revisit the glimpses of the moon,' and reveal themselves to earthly survivors, universally prevails. It is a matter of record, alike in the Talmud of the Jews—the Iliad of the Greeks—the Æneid of the Romans—and the Edda of the Scandinavians. Can such a point of belief, seemingly co-extensive with the dispersion of the human race, be other than an inherent principle in our nature?"

Vividly did the recollection of that period awaken to memory, when some years before he had pursued the same speculations, in conjunction with his friend Vasco Cellini; and many deep feelings, interwoven with that remembrance, now obtruded themselves. Both were convinced that the soul was an immortal and imperishable essence, embodied for a season in a human and perishable frame; yet, where goes it on its immediate separation from the body? Lies it dormant for ages in the cold grave? Does death absolve all its ties to the earth? Is there an intermediate state between the confines of time and eternity? On some points of faith there existed a difference of belief between the two friends, and this, even in essentials. Truth is no Janus, it looks but one way; and mentally convinced as either was, how were they, between them, to elicit conviction?

Their lodgings having been in the same street, they had been accustomed to enjoy each other's company in unceremonious evening visits, at which they talked over the subjects of their daily researches together. Once, it so chanced, that after much unavailing speculation on the subject alluded to, a colloquy to the following effect took place:—

"This subject, my dear Vasco, is not to be unravelled; for, how can we draw sound conclusions from a topic, which is at best conjectural?"

"True," answered Vasco, "but it is not less on that account a subject of deep interest, and worthy of all the investigation that our limited powers enable us to bestow upon it. I would sacrifice one-half of my paternal inheritance for a solution of my doubts."

Pietro, who was perambulating the apartment with measured steps, stopped short opposite one of the windows; and having drawn aside the hangings, exclaimed—"How brightly yon myriads of stars sparkle in the dark blue firmament! The idea may be foolish, but it has often struck me, that the soul may be transferred from one of those bodies to another, in long succession; continually in its progressive course, becoming more and more purified from the stains of its terrestrial pilgrimage; throwing off its

acquired infirmities; and approximating to the nature of a pure and blessed spirit."

"The idea," replied his companion, 'is as novel as it is orthodox; but proof —proof—proof, Pietro. We toss as before in a sea of idle conjecture. Where is our assurance of such things? Hypothesis—suggestion—probability—are not certainty."

"True, my friend, such things are but idle fashionings out of the inquiring and unsatisfied spirit,—whims of excursive fancy, supported neither by revelation, nor logical deduction. These things lie 'within the veil,' and are shut out from the explorations of human intellect. Imagination may hover around; but, like Noah's dove, it brings no token of assurance. Provided, however, it be not a warring against the fixed laws of nature, one of us may at least be made aware of the truth, even before leaving this sublunary stage. Do you attend to me?"

"I am all attention——Proceed."

"Well, then, my suggestion is this. Let which ever of us die first, return, in spirit, for the immediate information of the survivor."

"Agreed, with all my heart," said Vasco, proffering his hand, which was cordially grasped by his friend:—"But how know we that such things are allowed?"

"At all events," returned Pietro, "one of us shall learn as much by the issue, in the accomplishment, or the non-fulfilment of this paction. If a disembodied soul may return to earth, and reveal the mystery, we are individually bound so to do."

Pietro, sitting with his listless gaze fixed on the flickering fire, felt this conversation repass through his mind, with a vivid distinctness. Perhaps the same intensely renewed perception of the intangible nature of the subject, which had occupied his mind on that memorable evening, by awakening trains of association, had now brought to recollection the ideas connected with such an unsatisfactory speculation more acutely.

As Pietro laid him down to rest, the clock struck eleven. The night was calm; the city silent; and starry darkness reigned over the wide, silent, serene hemisphere. Contrary to his wonted habit, his sleep was dreamy, disturbed, and unrefreshing. The dim pageantries of by-past years flitted before his mind's eye in feverish and gloomy succession, and mixing up with the heavy, lethargic, leaden coinage of the brain, melted away in dim, shadowy indistinctness. In vain, turning from side to side, he courted the refreshing repose which eluded him. Still phantasmagorial crowds awaited the closing of his eyelids; and a mystical perplexity haunted his thoughts.

In this uncomfortable, dissatisfied state, he determined to shake off altogether the disposition to slumber; and, leaving his couch, he put on his morning robe,—lighted his taper,—and sat down, in the silence of the breathless night, to pursue his metaphysical speculations. Hour lapsed away after hour, till at length the grey dawn began to glimmer in at the casement.

The earliest morning was clouded, but silent; so that the twitter of the swallows which harboured beneath the eaves, was distinctly audible. Opposite were some tall poplars, whose summits stood motionless. From the thickness of the air, it was evident that a heavy dew was falling:—the silence felt almost unearthly:—and sorely did Pietro miss his favourite blackbird, whose sweet, clear, thrilling song used to welcome in the dawn. The ticking of the old Venetian clock on the staircase, sounded to his painfully attentive ear like the audible pulse of time. Suddenly a violent knocking was heard at the street door, the portico over which almost shewed itself at his window sill. He started from his reverie, listening in anxious suspense;—what could it be, this untimely summons? He did not bestir himself; but waited a little, in the hope that some one of the servants would answer. In a few seconds it was repeated, and more violently, yet not a foot was stirring. Pietro lost his self-possession, a sudden awe fell shadow-like over his heart, and almost deprived him of the power of motion. The third peal sounded, just as, recovering himself, his foot touched the carpet.

He rushed forward to the window, the sash of which he was about to throw up—when, lo! what meets his view? He beholds his friend, Vasco Cellini, galloping down the centre of the street, on a horse white as the falling snows of January. Behind him streamed a long white mantle; and once he reverted his head, and waved his arm, as if in token of farewell. Could it be real? Was it not a dream? He glanced round the apartment, and then again after the figure; but the illusive pageant had vanished, like a shadow in the sunshine; and nought was seen but the voiceless and deserted street, under the sombre covering of a cloudy sky, and wet with the dews of morning.

The perturbed and agitated student could not help exclaiming aloud to himself—"And art thou, my friend, dead? —Hast thou left this earth for ever?—Are we now separated by the gulph of

eternity? Heaven hath shewed me by thee, that it is impious to pry too narrowly into its hidden mysteries. Light enough has been granted us, to lead our steps through the bewildering labyrinth of life. Plain are the ways of truth; and the road to heaven is not obstructed by complex speculations. There the unlettered hind may as surely go, as the most learned philosopher. I shall henceforth wait in faith: I have been fully and fearfully answered in this thing!"

Pietro mentioned the circumstance at breakfast; and the family tried to make him regard it as a mental hallucination, occasioned by over-exertion of thought; but, aware that Vasco had been travelling in Germany, he requested them to stay their mirth, till a sufficient lapse of time should counteract his impression. From that hour, Pietro Giannone was an altered man.

In four days a letter arrived, stating that the friend of Pietro had been drowned in the Danube, by the upsetting of a pleasure boat. On a fly-leaf of his Bible was found written, in a fine hand: 'This to be forwarded to Pisa, after my decease. It is a legacy from Vasco Cellini, to Pietro Giannone.' *Souvenir.*

## THE BILL OF FARE.

*An Ode.*

Here, waiter, I'll dine in this box;
I've look'd at your long bill of fare·
A Pythagorean it shocks,
To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburthen'd with cash,
Roast beef is the dinner for me;
Then why should I eat *calipash*,
Or why should I eat *calipee*.

Your trifles, no trifle I ween,
To customers prudent as I am;
Your peas in December are green,
But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With ven'son I seldom am fed,
Go, bring me the sirloin you ninny,
Who dines at a guinea a head,
Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.
*Horace in London.*

## THE FALL OF MINSTRELSY.

*(For the Olio.)*

The harp's sweet strains no longer sound
In Caledonia's isle;
No longer can the minstrel's chaunt,
Extort a kindly smile.
Monarchs no more delight to hear
The legendary lays,
Of warlike deeds, of wizards grim,
And sportive sylph-like fays.

Fallen are the bards, whose music once
O'er every heart had power,
Gone like the morning dew are those,
Who sang of beauty's bower.
Oh! happy times! when all revered
The wandering child of song,
When valiant knights, and peerless dames,
The songster mixed among.

Naught, save the tomb, can now afford
A weary bard repose,
The humid grave alone can soothe
A minstrel's many woes.
No soul-inspiring roundelay,
Is heard in stately hall;
Lament! oh! Scotia's sons lament,
Of minstrelsy the fall. A. S.

## A NARRATIVE OF A MEMORABLE TRANSACTION BETWEEN KING CHARLES THE SECOND AND GEORGE DOWNING, Esq.

It is very strange, that amongst so many dangers to which King Charles the Second was exposed, and from which he was surprisingly and miraculously delivered, that neither Lord Clarendon, nor any other author takes the least notice of one of a very extraordinary nature which happened to him in Holland, and was as follows: —

The King, when at Brussels, being desirous and resolved to see his sister, the Princess of Orange, but withal under a necessity to make the journey with the utmost secrecy, did communicate his design to no person whatsoever. He ordered —— Fleming, a servant of the Earl of Wigton, who was in his service, and of whose fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt, secretly to provide a couple of good horses, and have them ready at a certain place and time of the next ensuing night by his Majesty appointed; that Fleming, with these horses, should remain alone, till he heard from the King. At the time appointed, the King (having gone to bed, and afterwards dressed himself, and privately gone out at a back-door, and leaving only a letter to some one of his servants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from thence for a few days, and with directions to keep his absence as secret as possible, under pretence of being indisposed) came to the place, where he found Fleming with the horses, as he had directed. He then acquainted Fleming of his design to see his sister at the Hague, and not regarding the hazards he might be exposed to, away he went with this slender equipage and attendance, travelling through the most

secret bye-ways, and contriving it so that he came to the Hague by six in the morning, and alighted at a scrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him, under the disguise he was then in. He immediately sent Fleming to acquaint his sister where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of having access to her, so as not to be known. Fleming having dispatched his commission in a very short time, (in less than an hour), was no sooner returned to the King (whom he found in the room where he had left him, and where he had been still alone), than an unknown person came and asked of the landlord, if two Frenchmen had not alighted at his house that morning. The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The stranger desired him to tell them that he wanted to speak with them; which he having done, the King was much surprised, but withal inclined to see the person. Fleming opposed it; but the King being positive, the person was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long grey beard and ordinary grey clothes, who looking and speaking to the King, told him, he was the person he wanted to speak to, and that all alone, on matters of importance. The King, believing it might be, perhaps, a return from his sister, or being curious to know the result of such an adventure, desired Fleming to withdraw, which he refused, till the King, taking him aside, told him there could be no hazard from such an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire.—They were no sooner alone, than the stranger bolted the door, (which brought the King to think on what might or would happen) and at the same time falling down on his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial mask, and discovered himself to be Mr. Downing (afterwards well known by the name of Sir George, and Ambassador from the King to the States after his restoration) then Envoy or Ambassador from Cromwell to the States, being the son of one Downing, an independent minister, who attended some of the parliament-men who were once sent to Scotland to treat with the Scots to join against the King, and who was a very active and virulent enemy to the royal family, as appears from Lord Clarendon's history. The King, you may easily imagine, was not a little surprised at the discovery, but Downing gave him no time for reflection, having immediately spoke to him in the following manner:—That he hoped his Majesty would pardon him for any share he had acted, during the rebellion against his royal interest; and assured him, that though he was just now in the service of the usurper, he wished his Majesty as well as any of his subjects, and would, when an occasion offered, venture all for his service, and was hopeful what he was about to say, would convince his Majesty of his sincerity. But before he mentioned the cause of his coming to him, he must insist that his Majesty would solemnly promise him not to mention what had happened, either to Fleming or any other person whatsoever, till it pleased God to restore his Majesty to his crown, when he said he should not desire it to be concealed; though even then he must likewise have his Majesty's promise not to ask him or expect he should discover, how or when he came to know of his being there. The King having solemnly protested, and engaged on the terms required, Downing proceeded and told him, that his master, the usurper, being now at peace with the Dutch, and the States so dependent and obsequious to him that they refused nothing he desired, had, with the greatest secrecy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which, among other trifling matters agreed to *hinc inde*, the chief and indeed main end of the negociation was, that the States stood engaged to seize and deliver up to the usurper the person of his Majesty, if so be at any time he should happen by chance or design to come within their territories, when required thereto by any in his name; and that this treaty having been signed by the States, was sent to London, from whence it had returned but yesterday morning, and totally finished yesterday night, betwixt him and a secret committee of the States. He represented his master's intelligence to be so good, that a discovery would be made even to himself (Downing) of his Majesty's being there, and if he neglected to apply to have him seized, his master would resent it to the highest, which would infallibly cost him his head, and deprive his Majesty of a faithful servant. And being desirous to prevent the miserable consequences of what would follow, if his being here were discovered, he resolved to communicate the danger he was in; and for fear of a discovery he had disguised himself, being resolved to trust no person with the secret. He then proposed that his Majesty would immediately mount his horse, and make all the dispatch imaginable out of the States territories; that he himself would return home, and under pretence of sickness lie longer a-bed than usual; and that when he thought his Majesty was so far off, as to be out of danger to

be overtaken, he would go to the States, and acquaint them, that he understood his Majesty was in town, and require his being seized on the terms of the late treaty; that he knew they would comply, and send to the place directed; but on finding his Majesty was gone off so far as to be safe, he would propose to make no further noise about it, lest it should discover the treaty, and prevent his Majesty's falling afterwards into their hands. The King immediately followed his advice, and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened as he proposed and foretold. The King having thus escaped this imminent danger, most religiously performed what he had promised, never mentioning any part of this history till after his restoration, and not then desiring to know how Downing's intelligence came, (which he never discovered) though he (the King) often said it was a mystery. For no person knew of his design till he was on horseback, and that he could not think Fleming went and discovered him to Downing; besides, he so soon returned from his sister that he could not have had time; Downing having come much about the time Fleming returned.

Some years after this occurrence, when the restoration had taken place, the King being in company with the Earl of Cromartie, the Duke of Rothes, and several other Scotch Noblemen, enjoying their wine, they all complained of an impertinent speech Downing had made in parliament, reflecting on the Scotch nation; which they thought his Majesty should resent, so as to discard him from court, and withdraw his favours from him. The King replied, he did not approve of what he had said, and would reprove him for it; but to go farther he could not well do, because of an important service he had rendered him during his exile, the circumstances of which he repeated in the terms above narrated; the King's detail made such an impression on all present, that they freely forgave what had passed, and Rothes asked liberty to drink his health in a bumper.

### HOPE'S VALUE.

Inconstant fortune changes every hour;
But hope's our birthright and successive dower. P.

## BIACHO REBECCA AND THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

Among the lively tricks played off by this artist, while retained at the castle of Windsor, by his late Majesty George the Third, is the following, which was productive of great amusement to the whole of the residents, royalty not excepted.

The above artist, knowing that strict injunctions had been given to the people, male and female, appointed to shew the state apartments, to take the utmost care of the two pier glasses which had been presented to his Majesty, and set up in one of the public apartments. These looking-glasses excited the admiration of all the visitors to the castle, from their being the largest that had been cast in any British manufactory in his Majesty's dominions.

Therefore, the painter, knowing how high they were prized, conceived that a glorious frolic might be created by one of his tricks, namely, to make an artificial fracture on each, before the hour prescribed for opening the shew-rooms. To effect this purpose, he got in by stealth, and, with a wax-candle, beginning from the centre, threw out a number of irradiating lines, giving to each glass the appearance of being fractured.

The head showman, whose appointment is immediately under the lady housekeeper, entering, *ex officio*, to see that all was in order, exclaimed, "Heaven and earth!" and calling the house-maids, who were in the next rooms, busied with their dusters and brooms,—"Which of you devils did this?" pointing to the glass. The women were dumb.

"Ah! it's of no use to deny it: surely the devil is in ye! What in the name of wonder have ye been at? What will Lady ——— say to this?"

"La! how shocking!" ejaculated one. "How unfortunate!" exclaimed another.

"Yes," said the showman; "a pretty commence!"

"Well! you cannot lay it to us!" said both simultaneously.

"That's more than I know," answered the showman. "Nobody did it, I dare say;" when turning round, one of the vestals shrieked, and added, "Why the other is broke as well!"

"Then we shall lose our situations, that's flat," said the other, and weeping, wiped her tears with her duster. They all stood pale as death, and silent as the grave, when—lo! his Majesty, (George the Third,) entered from the Queen's staircase.

The maidens remained speechless, and the showman's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He bowed—wrung his hands, not knowing what he did; and, gasping for breath, with one hand on his

bosom, in the true stage tragedy style, addressed his Majesty's most gracious royal attention, first to the upper, and then to the lower end of the state apartment, to the two never to be forgotten fractured glasses. His Majesty beheld the mischief, said nothing, and departed.

Presently—for no calamity is long a household secret, and in palaces, "even walls have tongues"—the smash reached the ears of the lady housekeeper, who was at her toilette; she left her own glass, and hurried to the wreck of these mighty mirrors. What her ladyship said, I must not tell; other than that, in her soliloquy, something escaped like this: "Alas! alas! unhappy those whose fate it is to dwell in courts! Happier those who live in humble cots!"

The lady housekeeper solemnly retired by the *grand escalier* to lay the misfortune at the feet of the Queen. The domestics stole down the back staircase to empty their budget of calamity in the laps of their fellow-servants; whilst the coast being clear, the prankish painter crept silently in, and with a damp sponge and a dry doyley, wiped the frightful fractures—clean out.

By-and-by come the King and Queen, and all the royal family—the lady housekeeper, the lords in waiting, the equerries, and the pages, a solemn silent train; excepting, indeed, that among the latter, one, and he an ancient, declared in a solemn whisper, that from the hour of his birth up even to the present blessed moment, he never heard of such a thing in all his born days!

But who shall describe the astonishment of the group, when, all prepared for exclamations suited to the importance of the convocation, lo! the great magnificent glasses were found whole!

## NAMES OF STREETS AND PLACES SUITED TO VARIOUS TRADES AND VOCATIONS.

*(For the Olio.)*

THE Commercial Road for the Traveller's Society. The Mitre, Bishopgate-street, and Parson's Green for Curates and Prebends. Deptford for Insolvents. Sadler's Wells for Lorimers. Oxford-street for Cantabs. Pedlar's Acre for Hawkers. Parliament-street for Election Candidates. Charing Cross for old working women. Whitechapel for devout and sickly people. Holywell Mount for Catholics. Hackney for Jarvies. Shooter's Hill for Sportsmen. Fetter Lane and Shacklewell for Criminals. Grub-street for Beggars. Featherbed Alley for Nurses. Bread-street for Bakers. Leather Lane for Cordwainers. Turnham-green and Ham Common for Baconmongers. Putney and Waterloo Bridge for Card-Players. Ponder's End for Crack-brain Authors. Limehouse for Bird-Catchers. Hammersmith for Trunkmakers, and Brassfounders. Seven Oaks and Woodford for Sawyers. Snaresbrook for Anglers. Billingsgate for Lovers. Chiselhurst for Carpenters. Bagshot Heath for Clothesmen. Leadenhall-street for Plumbers. The Edgeware Road for Cutlers. The Seven Dials for Clock-makers. Mincing-lane for Pastry Cooks. Staining-lane for Paper Makers. Walls End for Billstickers and Chalkers. Battersea for Muffin Makers. Bridewell Walk for Young Ladies. Old Street for Valetudinarians. Milk-street for Cowkeepers. The Strand for Tidewaiters. Swallow-street for Gluttons. Titterton Terrace for Hoydens. Cannon-street for Gunmakers. Rosemary Lane and Hedge Row for Gardeners. Clipstone-street for Sculptors. Stafford-street for Constables. Bearbinder Lane for Hair Dressers. Turnwheel Alley for Grinders. Slaughter Alley for Butchers. Elbow Lane, and Goose Green for Tailors Bow for Dancing Masters. Tooting for Musicians. Staines for Dyers. Threadneedle-street for Milliners. Kingsland for Royalty. Woolwich for Blackwell-Hall Factors. Stoney Stratford for Masons. Tyburn for Lawyers. Type-street for Printers. Barking for Brokers. Homerton for Greek Contractors. Caen Wood and Birchin Lane for School-masters. Chalk Farm for Milk Purveyors. Cornhill for Mealmen; and others of infinite variety.

*Titterton Terrace.* P.

## Illustrations of History.

KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

This order was instituted about the same period of time as the Knights Hospitalars, an account of the rise and progress of which will be found in our last number. The origin of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, is as follows:—When the Saracens, in the plenitude of their power, had possession of Jerusalem, they committed the keeping of the Holy Sepulchre to the regular canons of Sr. Austin, a convent beside the sepulchre, but he city being afterwards taken from them by the Christians under Godfrey of Bulloigne,

who, upon inquiry into the conduct of these canons of St. Austin, was so fully satisfied, that he bestowed great gifts on them, and chose the church of their convent for his burial-place, appointing it also as a place of sepulture for his successors. After the decease of Godfrey, Duke of Jerusalem, which took place in 1099, his brother Baldwin succeeded him, he being the first King of Jerusalem; and no sooner was he established in this kingdom, than he instituted an order of knighthood, under the appellation of Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, the profession of the order being to protect pilgrims coming to the Sepulchre. Baldwin commenced the institution by dubbing the Canons of St. Austin the first knights thereof. The next step towards fully establishing the order was the appointing of the Patriarch of Jerusalem grand master, with power to confer the order upon gentlemen by birth who had visited the Sepulchre; such knights were to live in community, without possessing ought in property. The habit of the order was a white robe, and on their breast they wore a gold cross potence, cantoned with four crosses of the same, without enamel, pendant to a black ribbon; they also wore the cross of yellow embroidery on the left side of their robe. The newly created order, under these arrangements, prospered, until the Saracens, under Saladin, retook Jerusalem in 1187, when the knights were compelled to retire to Ptolemais, and from thence to Perugia, in Italy. When the above victory took place, the Christians were ordered from the Holy City, which for a series of years had been their abiding place. The terms they were suffered to depart with life and liberty upon, were that every man should pay as ransom ten bezants,* a woman five, and for every childone. The number of persons left behind that could not comply with these hard terms amounted to upwards of twelve thousand, they remaining in bondage for their lives; the only residents in the city that escaped the cruelty of the Saracens, was the members of the Greek church, who were permitted to remain. Fuller, the chronicler of the Holy Wars, states that, "no sooner was Saladin in possession of Jerusalem, than the churches were turned into stables; the temple of Solomon became the mosque of the Saracens, and the sepulchre only was spared the devastations of the ravaging Pagans for an immense sum of money."

"Thus fell Jerusalem, after having been eighty-eight years possessed by the Christians, through the supineness and laxity of morals that the Patriarch and Clergy had fallen into, for we must not wonder at iron becoming rusty where gold doth." In process of time, after the knights had settled in Italy, they were united by Pope Innocent VIII. to the order of St. John of Jerusalem. This junction was short lived, so that they had recourse again to the aid of the Papal power to heal their unhappy differences, which was done, by suffering the power of conferring the order to be transferred to the See of Rome, then under Alexander VI. which power was continued to his successors, who imparted it to the Keepers of the Holy Sepulchre, with power to confer the order after the same manner as was done when the order was first instituted, under the first ordained Knights, the regular Canons of St. Austin.

The order of the Holy Sepulchre was first introduced into England about the year 1109; their first establishments were at Colchester and London; but as the newly introduced order gained ground, the number of their priories increased so much, that they in a short period of time, had houses in most parts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; the largest of their establishments in England was the Priory of the Holy Sepulchre in the suburbs of Warwick, erected for them by Henry, Earl of Warwick. They had also a house of considerable magnitude at Thetford, built and endowed for them by the Old Earls of Warren, and were possessors of many liberties at this place. Hamelin, Earl of Warren, among other grants, gave them power to hold three fairs, one to be holden on the Invention of the Holy Cross, in May; a second on the Feast of the Holy Sepulchre; and the last on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross. The whole of which grants were confirmed to them by John, Earl of Warren, in the year 1315.

The order flourished in England till the loss of Jerusalem took place, but as soon as the news was corroborated, the order decayed almost to nothing, their profits and privileges being transferred to the Order of the Holy Trinity, an Order instituted for the redemption of those Christian captives who were taken by the Pagans in Palestine.

* Bezants was the current coin in Palestine, and were so called from their being coined at Byzantium, the ancient Constantinople.

## ON A BARRISTER

WHO DIED INSOLVENT.

Without effects died Nolo Pross,
"How happens this?" cries one and pauses,
"His palm no fees were known to cross;
*Effects* can only spring from *causes*."

## Customs of Various Countries.

THE DUNMOW BACON

The following custom was observed till the dissolution of Monasteries in the time of Henry VIII. It is said to have been instituted in the time of King John by Richard Fitzwalter, a favourite of his, and a nobleman of unbounded munificence: he is reported to have been at the expence of rebuilding the convent of Dunmow, and was, in other respects, a great benefactor thereto. The custom was observed with great solemnity and triumph in the manner following:—The party claiming the gammon, or, as was sometimes given, a flitch, was obliged to take an oath, kneeling before the Prior of Dunmow, the Friars and Brethren of the Convent, and an assemblage of the town's folk, upon two pointed stones in the church-yard; the oath was administered with a long process, and whilst it was going on, the friars accompanied it with solemn singing. As soon as this ceremony was ended, the pilgrim for the bacon, as the claimant was termed, was taken up upon men's shoulders, and borne round the Priory church-yard, and then through the town, with the whole concourse following in procession, carrying the bacon before him When this was gone through, the person departed for his home, bearing the bacon along with him, thereby ending the pastime.

The form of the oath was as follows:—

You shall swear by the custom of our confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression
Since you were married to your wife;
By household brawles, or contentious strife,
Or otherwise, in bed or board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish-clerk said amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried agen;
Or, in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way,
But continued true and in desire,
As when you joined hands in the holy quire.
If to these conditions without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave,
For this is our custom in Dunmow well known,
Though the sport be ours the bacon's your own.

The chair in which the successful candidates for the bacon was seated, after obtaining the honourable testimony of their connubial happiness, is still preserved in Dunmow church, and forms part of the admiranda of that place. It is of great antiquity, and was once probably the official chair of the prior, or that of the lord of the manor, in which he held the annual courts, and received the suit and service of his tenants.

The above whimsical custom was not the only one that existed in the kingdom, for a similar one prevailed in the manor of Wichnor, in the county of Stafford, when, in addition to the bacon awarded to the happy pair, corn was given.

## Science and Art.

PREPARATION OF BLACKING.

Take of plaister ground and sifted 2lbs. 4oz., lamp-black about 9oz., barley malt, as used by brewers, 18oz., olive oil 1 oz.; steep the malt in water almost boiling hot until the soluble portions are well extracted; put the solution into a basin, stir it into the plaister and lamp-black, and evaporate to the consistency of paste, then add the oil, the quantity of which may be increased by degrees. To the mixture may be added, if desired, a few drops of oil of lemons, or of lavender as a perfume. If ground plaister be not attainable, its place may be supplied with potter's clay.—This, which is the composition of a French chemist, M. Braconnot, is undoubtedly the cheapest and finest blacking; it spreads evenly, dries and shines quickly on the leather by a slight friction of the brush, and has not the objection of burning the leather.

POWDER MILLS.

Although great care is taken to exclude from these manufactories all articles of iron, and to substitute copper and other metals in the metallic parts of the machinery, which will not strike fire, yet it is well known that explosions, attended with disastrous consequences, are very frequent. Excited by an occurrence of this nature, Col. Aubert, of the French artillery, was induced, in conjuction with Capt. Tardy, to resume some experiments which he had successfully tried to ascertain whether gunpowder would not explode by the shock of copper. The result was, that powder would inflame by the stroke of copper upon copper, or upon the alloys of copper. This gave rise to further investigation, when it was ascertained that gunpowder could be exploded by the stroke of iron upon iron, iron upon copper, copper upon copper, iron upon marble, and by using the balistic pendulum, by lead upon lead, and, with suitable precautions, even by lead upon wood. The experiments were successful both with English and French powder, and clearly show that in all the manipulations of a powder manufactory, all violent shocks and percussions should be carefully avoided, since they may occasion the disengagement of sufficient heat to produce the inflammation of powder.

## Anecdotiana.

ANSWER OF THE DUCHESS OF MILAN TO HENRY VIII.

Henry VIII, after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess Dowager of Milan; but her answer is said to have been:—"That she had but one head; if she had two, one should have been at his service."

EPITAPH ON DR. BULLEYN.

The following lines were engraved on the tablet to the memory of Dr. William Bulleyn, physician to Henry VIII, who died in the year 1576, and was buried in the church of Cripplegate.

Surfeyte, age, and sicknesses, are enemys to health,
Medicine to mend the body, excell all worldly wealth;
Plaicke shall florishe, and in daunger will give cure,
'Till death unknit the lively knot, no longer to endure.

DR. FULLER.

Dr. Fuller, the author of the Church History of England, and other valuable works, had perhaps one of the most extensive memories of any man of his day. It is said of him that he could dictate to five several amanuensis at the same time, and to each on a different subject. The following anecdote will prove that his heart was as good as his memory. The doctor making a visit to the committee of sequestrators sitting at Waltham in Essex, they soon fell into a discourse and commendation of his great memory, to which he replied:—"Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." They all accepted the motion, and told him they should look upon it as an obligation, praying him to begin:—"Gentlemen," said he, "I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular business in which you are employed. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest, but poor, cavalier parson, my neighbour, from his living, and committed him to prison; he has a large family, and his circumstances are but indifferent; if you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live." This good-natured jest wrought so effectually upon the committee, that they immediately released and restored the poor clergyman.

MR. GARRICK AND MACKLIN.

Garrick's vanity once induced him to ask Macklin what he thought of the different modes of acting Romeo, adopted by Barry and himself. "Sir," said Macklin, "Barry comes into the garden strutting and talking aloud like a lord about his love, that it has often made me wonder that the Capulets did not come forth and toss him in a blanket." "Well, my dear Mack," exclaimed Garrick, "go on!" "Now," said Macklin, "how does Garrick act this?—Why, Sir, he comes on the stage sensibly, portraying at once the existing enmity of the rival families: the manner he adopts is thus, he comes in creeping on his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him fearful of discovery, for all the world appearing like a thief in the night!"—W.

WIT.

The late Richard Brinsley Sheridan being in the country on a visit at the mansion of a friend, an elderly maiden lady who was present, and for whose society he had no fancy, set her heart on being his companion in a walk. He excused himself first, on account of the badness of the weather. Soon afterwards, however, the lady intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her: "Well," said she, "it has cleared up, I see."—"Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not for two." W.

EPIGRAM FROM QUARLES.

*On the Sacraments.*

The loaves of bread were five, the fishes two,
Whereof the multitude were made partaker—
Who made the fishes? God. But tell me who
Gave being to the loaves of bread? The baker.
Even so these Sacraments, which some call seven,
*Five* were ordain'd by *man* and *two* by HEAVEN.

ON TOM-A-COOMBE,

*Alias Thin-beard.*

Brother of John-a-Coombe, the usurer, upon whom the immortal Shakspeare, the supposed author of the following, wrote the well-known satirical epitaph:—

Thin in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse,
He went to the grave with many a curse,
The devil and he had both one nurse.

EPITAPH ON MR. DEATH.

What changes in this world of breath,
Mortals are doomed to see,
Thou art reduced from death to death,—
Death is reduced to thee.

ON A DYER.

Below this turf a man doth lie,
Who dyed to live, and lived to die!

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DAYS. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. 20 | Wed. | St. Eucherius. Ash Wednesday. Sun ris 51m aft 6 — set 16m aft 5 | Feb. 20 | This saint, who was Archbishop of Lyons, obtained such a great name for his piety, as to cause him to be canonized. He died A. D. 454.<br>1712.—Solemnized on this day the marriage of the Czar Peter, and the celebrated Catherine, at St. Petersburg. Their union had been before secretly performed at Jawerof, in Poland.<br>1716.—Anniversary of the birth of the English Roscius, David Garrick, of immortal memory. |
| —— 21 | Thurs | St. Severianus, bishop, died A. D. 452. High Water, 51m after 5 morn 15————6 after | —— 21 | 1553.—Beheaded on this day Henry Grey, the 11th Duke of Suffolk. This nobleman was husband to Frances, the daughter of Charles Brandon, and father of Lady Jane Grey; after his death the title laid dormant till 1603, when Thomas Lord Howard, of Walden, was created Earl of Suffolk by James I.<br>1803.—On this day was executed for treason in Southwark, Colonel Despard and six others. |
| —— 22 | Frid. | St. Baradat. Moon's first quar 38m aft. 2 aft. | —— 22 | By Butler we are informed that this saint lived in a trellis hut exposed to the severities of the weather, clothed in the skins of beasts.<br>1806.—Expired on this day James Barry, the celebrated historical painter. A series of epic paintings by him, depicting the origin and progress of human nature, enrich the walls of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts.<br>1804.—Died in penury, John Davy, the musical composer, on this day. Mr. D. was an able performer on the organ, violin, and violoncello, and a very talented composer. |
| —— 23 | Satur. | St. Serenus. High Water, 36m aft 7 morn 4m—— 8 after. | —— 23 | 1792.—Anniversary of the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the eminent painter, and president of the Royal Academy. Goldsmith, the poet, his friend, says of him, that<br>He has not left a wiser or better behind:<br>His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,<br>His manners were gentle, complying, and bland. |
| —— 24 | SUN. | First Sunday in Lent. LESS for the DAY 19 c Gen to v 30 m 22————ev St. Matthias. | —— 24 | Our saint was chosen by lot into the apostolical office, in the place of the traitor, Judas. He is thought to have commenced his mission in Judæa, and was afterwards crucified by the Jews.<br>1684.—Born at Halle in Germany, the celebrated musician, George Frederick Handel: the excellent oratorios and other compositions of this famed master are still the admiration of all classes.<br>1774.—Anniversary of the birth of the Duke of Cambridge, brother of his present Majesty. |
| —— 25 | Mon. | St. Walburg. Sun ris 44m aft 6 —sets 16—— 5 | —— 25 | This saint was the daughter of Richard, King of the West Saxons. After being a nun for twenty seven years at Wimburn, in Dorsetshire, she went to Germany, and became abbess of a nunnery at Heidenheim, in Suabia, and there died in 779.<br>1601.—Anniversary of the beheading the Earl of Essex, chief favourite of Queen Elizabeth, for treasonable practices. |
| —— 26 | Tues. | St. Alexander. High Water, 39m after 10 mor 10——— 11 even | —— 26 | St. Alexander, who was bishop of Alexandria, was a firm opponent of Arius. He died A. D. 325.<br>1723.—Expired on this day the witty and facetious Thomas D'Urfey, the successful author of many dramatic pieces. Tom D'Urfey as he was familiarly styled, was particularly noticed by Charles II for his pleasantry and humour. |
| —— 27 | Wed. | St. Leander, bishop, died A. D. 596. Ember Week. | —— 27 | Anniversary of the death of the great natural philosopher, John Evelyn, Esq. the author of the celebrated work entitled "Sylva," or a discourse of forest trees. |
| —— 28 | Thurs. | St. Proterius. | —— 28 | The saint recorded to-day was patriarch of Alexandria. He died A. D 537.<br>1776.—Anniversary of the death of Dr. Robt. James, inventor of the fever powder bearing his name. Dr. Goldsmith's death was caused by taking an extravagant dose of this medicine. |

*See page* 116

## ACCOUNT OF THE FUNERALS OF THE SAVAGE TRIBES OF AMERICA.

Among all the savage tribes, it is customary for people to ruin themselves on account of the dead. The family distributes what it possesses among the guests invited to the funeral feast; and they must eat and drink up every thing in the cabin. At sun rise they set up a loud howling over the coffin of bark on which the corpse is laid; at sunset the howling is repeated; this lasts three days, at the expiration of which the deceased is interred. A hillock is thrown up over his grave; if he has been a renowned warrior, a stake painted red marks the place of sepulture.

Among several tribes the relatives of the deceased inflict wounds on their arms and legs. For a whole month the cries of grief are continued at sun-set and sun-rise, and for several years the anniversary of the loss sustained is greeted by the same cries.

When a savage dies in winter while hunting, his body is kept on branches of trees, and the last honours are not paid to his remains till after the return of the warriors to the village of his tribe. The same practice formerly prevailed among the Muscovites. Not only have the Indians different prayers and ceremonies, according to the degree of kindred, the dignity, the age, and the sex of the deceased person, but they have also seasons of public exhumation, of general commemoration. Why are the savages of America amoug all the nations of the earth those who pay the greatest veneration for the dead? In national calamities the first thing they think of is to save the treasures of the tomb; they recognize no legal property but where the remains of ancestors have been interred. When the Indians have pleaded their right of possession they have always employed this argument, which in their opinion was irrefragable: "Shall we say to the bones of our fathers—Rise and follow us to a strange land?" Finding that this argument was disregarded, what course did they pursue? they carried along with them the bones which could not follow. The motives of this attachment to sacred

relics may easily be discovered. Civilized nations have monuments of literature and the arts for memorials of their country; they have cities, palaces, towers, columns, obelisks; they have the furrows of the plough in the fields cultivated by them; their names are engraven in brass and marble; their actions are recorded in their chronicles.

The savages have none of these things; their names are not inscribed on the trees of their forests: their huts, built in a few hours, perish in a few moments: the wooden spade with which they till the soil, has but just skimmed its surface, without being capable of turning up a furrow; their traditional songs are vanishing with the last memory which retains, with the last voice which repeats them. For the tribes of the new world there is therefore but a single monument—the grave. Take from the savages the bones of their fathers, and you take from them their history, their laws, and their very gods, you rob these people in future times of the proof of their existence, and of that of their nothingness.—*Chateaubriand's Travels in America.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

The following extract, illustrative of the habits and character of this once celebrated individual, we give in the language of the Prefect of the Imperial Palace:—

At this period of his life, (April 1814) Napoleon was forty-six years old. He was about five feet five inches in height; his head was large, his eyes of a clear blue; his hair dark chesnut; his eyelashes were lighter than his eye-brows, which were like his hair, of a deep chesnut; his nose was well-shaped, and the form of his mouth pleasing and extremely expressive; his hands were remarkably white and beautiful; his feet were small, but his shoes were not calculated to show them off to advantage, because he would not endure the smallest restraint. On the whole, he was well made, and well proportioned. I have particularly remarked a habit which he had of inclining, by a sudden movement, his head and the upper part of his body to the right, and of applying his arm and elbow to his side, as if he wished to make himself taller. This mechanical movement

was very slight, and only remarkable when he was conversing as he walked. It did not in the least detract from the imposing *ensemble* of his appearance.

Genius and power were expressed on his large high forehead. His forehead alone was sufficient to form a physiognomy. The fire which flashed from his eyes expressed all his thoughts and feelings. But when the serenity of his temper was not disturbed, the most pleasing smile lighted up his noble countenance, and gave to it an undefinable charm, which I never beheld in any other person. At these times it was impossible to see him without loving him.

I have already said, in speaking of his tastes, that his only nicety consisted in extreme cleanliness, and that his dress was not at all remarkable. One day, wishing to set the example of a useful encouragement to the manufacturers of Lyons, he appeared at one of Maria Louisa's parties in a dark-coloured velvet coat, with diamond buttons. He was not at all himself, and seemed quite uncomfortable in his new dress.

One day, during the Spanish campaign at Aranda, he sent for me at seven in the morning, to give me some Spanish papers, which he was in a hurry to have translated. He was standing shaving himself near a window; Roustan held a large glass; when he had shaved one side of his face, he changed sides, and Roustan replaced himself in such a manner, that the side not shaved was towards the light. Napoleon used only one hand in this operation.

Another time at Schœnbrunn, during the armistice which followed the battle of Wagram, 1809, I assisted him in putting on a grey frock coat, which one of his valets de chambre brought him, and which he desired him to place on a chair, wishing to finish a game of chess which he did me the honour to play with me; he was going incognito with the Duke of Frioul (Duroc) in a private carriage, to see some magnificent fireworks which had been prepared on the Prater, on the signature of the preliminaries of the peace. A box had been taken under a feigned name. Except on these three occasions I never saw Napoleon in any other dress than that of Colonel of *chasseurs*, or grenadier of his guards, or in his own costume of Emperor.

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Much has been said of Napoleon's passionate taste for women. Appreciating as he did their merit and beauty, it is not to be supposed that he was free from those amiable weaknesses which constitute the charms of life, and to which all men pay the same homage. It is certain, that the young man who is just entering on life, and who trembles at each moment lest his secret should be betrayed, is less reserved on this point than Napoleon was. It was never he, but the women themselves, that made these transitory inclinations public; and I think their number has been singularly exaggerated.

His taste for snuff has been equally talked of. I can assert with truth, that he lost more than he took. It was rather a fancy, a kind of amusement, than a real want. His snuff-boxes were very plain, of an oval shape, made of black shell, lined with gold, all exactly alike, and differing only in the beautiful antique silver medals, which were set in the lid.

Nature had established a perfect harmony between his power and his habits, between his public and his private life. His deportment and manners were always the same, they were inherent and unstudied. He was the only man in the world of whom it may be said without adulation, that the nearer you viewed him the greater he appeared.

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There is one observation, which will certainly not be forgotten by the historian, to whose lot it may fall to delineate the character of this eminently celebrated man. He knew how to preserve his personal dignity unimpaired at all times and in all circumstances, whether when surrounded by the bayonets of Europe, or when delivered, disarmed, to the insults of the gaolers of St. Helena.

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I have often heard the Emperor say, that the incurable folly of Frenchmen was carrying their sentiments to an extreme, and pretending to be much more inconstant in their tastes than they really are.

He was well aware, that previous to the Revolution there existed no true national spirits in France, because until then the French nation was governed by manners and customs rather than by fixed and constitutional laws, and that it was simply the dominion of strength over weakness.

He said that Frenchmen, naturally chivalrous and warlike, were always led away, and even overcome by the splendour of glory, that they forgave every thing when followed by success and victory; but that it was necessary to restrain them by the unity and dignity of the administration, and by fixed laws.

He said sometimes that the enthusiasm of others abated his.

Men, in his opinion, were so many cyphers which acquired value from their situation alone.

"Men," he said, "as well as pictures, required to be placed in a favourable light."

"In general," he added, "the fortune of men depends on circumstances."

These last reflections have always appeared to me extremely discouraging to merit and self-love.—*Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

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## SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION

Represents Eustatius, the Brother of Godfrey, in the act of presenting Armida, niece of Hidraotes, King of Damascus, to him in his camp, before his assembled companion in arms, she has been sent by her uncle to the camp, skilled in magical arts, with a feigned story of her misfortunes, to endeavour to captivate by her machinations, the Commanders of the Army.*

Encircled by his chiefs, the Hero sate.
With awful reverence at his sight she bow'd,
Then seem'd abash'd with shame, and silent stood.
With gentle words the leader strove to cheer
Her drooping spirits, and dispel her fear;
Till thus she fram'd her tale with fraudful art,
In accents sweet, that won the yielding heart!
Unconquer'd prince! whose far-resounding name
With every virtue fills the mouth of fame!
Whom kings themselves, subdu'd, with pride obey,
While vanquish'd nations glory in thy sway!
Known is thy valour, and thy worth approv'd,
By all esteemed and by thy foes beloved!
Ev'n those confide in him they fear'd before,
And when distress'd, thy saving hand implore.
I, who a different faith from thine profess;
A faith obnoxious, which thy arms oppress;
Yet hope, by thee, t' ascend my rightful throne,
Where once my sires, in regal lustre, shone.

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## THE WEHR-WOLF.

*(Continued from page 101.)*

AND doth not Servius say the like in a verse wherein I opine he hints at Wehr-Wolves? '*Vlulare*, canum est furiare,' to howl is the voice of dogs and furies :—thus findest thou, *Faber sciolus*, that here we have an agreement touching the voice of wolves, which is low and mournful, and therefore the word *Vlulatus* is fitly applied as an imitation thereof. Your Almaine says *Heulen*; the Frenchman saith *Hurler*; and the Englishman, with a conglomeration of sounds as bad as the Wolf's own, calleth it "howling."

"By the holy Dog of Tobias!" ejaculated Bonvarlet, "and I think our Doctor speaketh all languages, as he had had his head broken with a brick from the Tower of Babel, and all the tongues had got in at once. But where think ye, Monsieur, that these cursed Loups Garoux come from? Are they like unto other Wolves, or what breed be they?"

"Nicole Bonvarlet," again began the untired Doctor, after taking a long draught of the flask, "Nicole Bonvarlet, I perceive thou hast more of good literature than thy fellows; for not only dost thou make erudition when it is set before thee, but thou also wisely distrustest thine own knowledge, and questionest of those who are more learned than thou. Touching thy demand of what breed are the Wehr-Wolves, be this mine answer. Thou knowest, that if ye ask of a shepherd how he can distinguish one sheep from another, he tells you that even in their faces he seeth a *distinctio secretio*, the which to a common observer is not visible; and thus, when the vulgar see a wolf, they can but say it is a wolf, and there endeth their cunning. But, by the Lion of St. Mark! if ye ask one skilled in the knowledge of four-footed animals, he shall presently discourse to you of the genus and species thereof; make known its haunts and history, display its occult properties, and give you a lection upon all that your ancient and modern authors have said concerning it."

"By the Mass now!" interrupted La Jaquette, "and I would fain know the habit in which your Loup Garoux vests him when he is not in his wolfish shape, whether he have slashed cuishes, and—"

"Peace, I pray you, peace, good Tailleur," said Doctor Antoine, "it is but rarely that I speak, and even then my discourse is brief, and therefore I beseech you not to mar the words of wisdom, which are seldom heard, with thy folly, which men may listen to hourly. Touching your Wolves, honest friends, as I was saying, there are five kinds, as Oppianus noteth in his Admonition to Shepherds; of the which, two sorts that rove in the countries of Swecia and the Visgoths, are called *Acmonæ*, but of these I will not now speak, but turn me unto those of whose species is the Wehr-Wolf. The first is named Τοξευτερ, or the Shooter, for that he runneth fast, is very bold, howleth fearfully—"

"There is the cry again!" exclaimed

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* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 113.

Malbois, and as the sounds drew nearer, the Doctor's audience evinced symptoms of alarm, which were rapidly increasing, when a still louder shriek was heard close to the house.

"What, ho! within there!" cried a voice, evidently of one in an agony of terror, "an' ye be men, open the door," and the next moment it was burst from its fastenings by the force of a human body falling against it, which dropped without motion upon the floor.

The confusion which this accident created may well be imagined; the Doctor, greatly alarmed, retreated into the fire-place, whence he cried out to the equally scared rustics, "It's a Wehr-Wolf in a human shape, don't touch him, I tell you, but strike him with a firefork between the eyes, and he'll turn to a Wolf and run away! You, Cuirbouilli, out with thy knife, and flay me a piece of his neck, and you'll see the thick wolf-hide under it. For the love of the Saints, neighbours, take care of yourselves, and—"

"Peace, Master Doctor," said Bonvarlet, the only one of the party who had ventured near the stranger: "he breathes yet, for he's a Christian man, like as we are."

"Don't you be too sure of that," replied Du Pilon; "ask him to say his Creed, and his Pater-Noster in Latin."

"Nay, good my master," returned the humane host, pouring some wine down the stranger's throat, and bearing his reviving body to the hearth, "he can scarce speak his mother-tongue, and therefore he's no stomach for Latin; so come, thou prince of all Chirurgeons, and bleed me him; and when he comes to, why e'en school him yourself."

Doctor Antoine Du Pilon advanced from his retreat, with considerable reluctance, to attend upon his patient, who was richly habited in the luxuriant fashion of the court of Francis, and appeared to be a middle-aged man, of handsome features, and commanding presence. As the Doctor, somewhat re-assured, began to remove the short cloak to find out the stranger's arm, he started back with affright, and actually roared with pain at receiving a deep scratch from the huge paw of a Wolf, which apparently grew out from his shoulder. "Avaunt thee, Sathanas!" ejaculated Du Pilon, "I told ye how it would be, my masters, that this cursed Wehr-Wolf would bleed us first. By the Porker of St. Anthony! Blessed beast! and he hath clawed me from the *Biceps Flexor Cubiti*, down to the *Os Lunare*, even as a peasant would plough up a furrow!"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Bonvarlet, holding up the dreaded Wolf's paw, which was yet bleeding, as if it had been recently separated from the animal,—"Here's no Wehr-Wolf, but a brave Hunter, who hath cut off this goodly forehand in the forest, with his couteau-de-chasse;—but soft," he added, throwing it aside, "he recovers!"

"Pierre!—Henri!" said the stranger, recovering, "where are ye? How far is the King behind us?—Ha! what place is this? and who are ye?" he continued looking round.

"This, your good worship, is the Chevalier Bayard's Arms, in the Town of St. Yrieux, where your Honour fell, through loss of blood, as I guess, by this wound. We were fain to keep the door barred, for fear of the Wehr-Wolves; and we half deemed your lordship to be one, at first sight of the great paw you carried, but now I judge you brought it from the forest."

"Ay! yes, thou art in the right on't," said the stranger, recollecting himself, "'twas in the forest! I tell thee, Host, that I have this night looked upon the Arch-Demon himself!"

"Apage, Lucifer!" ejaculated Du Pilon, devoutly crossing his breast, "and have I received a claw from his fore-foot! I feel the enchantment of Lycantrophy coming over me; I shall be a Wehr-Wolf myself, shortly; for what saith Hornhoofius, in his Treatise De Diabolus, lib. xiv. cap. 23.—they who are torn by a Wehr-Wolf—Oh me! Oh me! *Libera nos Domine.* Look to yourselves, neighbours, or I shall raven upon ye all."

"I pray you, Master Doctor," said Bonvarlet, "to let his Lordship tell us his story first, and then we'll hear yours. How was it, fair sir?—but take another cup of wine first."

"My tale is brief," answered the stranger: "The King is passing to-night through the Limousin, and with two of my attendants, I rode forward to prepare for his coming; when, in the darkness of the wood, we were separated, and as I galloped on alone, an enormous Wolf, with fiery flashing eyes, leaped out of a brake before me, with the most fearful howlings, and rushed on me with the speed of lightning."

"Ay," interrupted Du Pilon, "as I told ye, they are called, in the Greekish phrase, Νυκτερι νοι Κανες, Dogs of the Night, because of their howlings, and Τοξευτερ, for that they shoot along."

"Now I pray your honour to proceed, and heed not the Doctor," said Bonvarlet.

"As the Wolf leaped upon my horse," continued the stranger, "I drew my couteau-de-chasse, and severed that huge paw which you found upon me; but as the violence of the blow made the weapon fall, I caught up a large forked branch of a tree, and struck the animal upon the forehead; upon which my horse began to rear and plunge, for where the Wolf stood, I saw by a momentary glimpse of moonlight, the form of an ancient enemy, who had long since been banished from France, and whom I believe to have died of famine in the Harz Forest!"

"Lo you there now!" cried Du Pilon, "a blow between the eyes with a forked stick:—said I not so from Philo-Diamonnes, lib. xcii? Oh! I'm condemned to be a Wehr-Wolf of a verity, and I shall eat those of my most intimate acquaintance the first.—Masters, look to yourselves:—*O dies infelix!* Oh, unhappy man that I am!" and with these words he rushed out of the cottage.

"I think the very fiend is in Monsieur the Doctor to-night," cried the Host,—"for here he's gone off without dressing his honour's wound."

"Heed not that, friend, but do thou provide torches and assistance to meet the King; my hurt is but small; but when my horse saw the apparition I told you of, he bounded forward like a wild Russian colt, dragging me through all the briars of the forest, for there seemed a troop of a thousand wolves howling behind us; and at the verge of it he dropped lifeless, and left me, still pursued, to gain the town, weak and wounded as I was!"

"St. Denis be praised now!" said Bonvarlet, "you showed a good heart, my Lord; but we'll at once set out to meet the King; so, neighbours, take each of ye a good pine faggot off the hearth, and call up more help as you go; and Nicolette and Madeline will prepare for our return."

"But," asked the stranger, "where's the Wolf's paw that I brought from the forest?"

"I cast it aside, my Lord," answered Bonvarlet, "till you had recovered, but I would fain beg it of you as a gift, for I will hang it over my fire-place, and have its story made into a song by Rowland the Minstrel, and—Mother of God! what is this?" continued he, putting into his guest's hand a human arm, cut off at the elbow, vested in the worn-out sleeve of a hunter's coat, and bleeding freshly at the part where it was dissevered!

"Holy St. Mary!" exclaimed the stranger, regarding the hand attentively, "this is the arm of Gaspar de Marcanville, yet bearing the executioner's brand burnt in the flesh! and he is a Wehr-Wolf!"

"Why," said Bonvarlet, "that's the habit worn by the melancholy Hunter, whose daughter lives at the ruined Chateau yonder. He rarely comes to St. Yrieux, but when he does he brings more game than any ten of your gentlemen-huntsmen ever did. Come, we'll go seek the daughter of this Man-Wolf, and then on to the forest, for this fellow deserves a stake and a bundle of faggots, as well as ever Jeaune d'Arc did, in my simple thinking."

They then proceeded to Adele, at the delapidated chateau, and her distress at the foregoing story may better be conceived than described; yet she offered not the slightest resistance to accompanying them to the forest; but, when one of the party mentioned their expected meeting with the King, her eyes became suddenly lighted up, and retiring for a moment, she expressed herself in readiness to attend them. At the skirts of the forest, they found an elderly man of a strange quaint appearance, crouching in the fern like a hare, who called out to them in a squeaking voice that was at once familiar to all, "Take care of yourselves, good people, for I am a Wehr-Wolf, and shall speedily spring upon some of ye."

"Why, that's our Doctor, as I am a sinful man," cried Bonvarlet, "let's try his own cure upon him. Neighbour Malbois, give me a tough forked branch, and I'll disenchant him, I warrant; and you, Cuirbouilli, out with your knife, as though you would skin him:"—and then he continued aloud, "Oh! honest friend, you're a Wehr-Wolf, are you? why then I'll dispossess the Devil that's in you.—You shall be flayed, and then burned for a wizard."

With that the rustics of St. Yrieux, who enjoyed the jest, fell upon the unhappy Doctor, and, by a sound beating, and other rough usage, so convinced him that he was not a Wehr-Wolf, that he cried out—"Praised be St. Gregory, I am a whole man again! Lo I am healed, but my bones feel wondrous sore. Who is he that hath cured me?—by the Mass I am grievously bruised!—thanks to the seraphical Father Francis, the Devil hath gone out of me!"

Whilst the peasants were engaged in searching for the King's party, and the mutilated Wolf, the stranger, who was left with Adele de Marcanville, fainted through loss of blood; and, as she bent over him, and staunched his wounds with her scarf, he said with a faint voice,

"Fair one! who is it, thinkest thou, whom thou art so blessedly attending?"

"I wot not," answered she, "but that thou art a man."

"Hear me then, and throw aside these bandages for my dagger, for I am thy father's ancient enemy, the Count de Saintefleur!"

"Heaven forgive you, then," returned Adele, "for the time of vengeance belongs to it only."

"And itis come," cried a loud hoarse voice, as a large Wolf, wounded by the loss of a fore-paw, leaped upon the Count, and put an end to his existence. At the same moment, the royal train, which the peasants had discovered, rode up with flambeaux, and a knight with a large partizan made a blow at the Wolf, whom Adele vainly endeavoured to preserve, since the stroke was of sufficient power to destroy both. The Wolf gave one terrific howl, and fell backwards in the form of a tall gaunt man, in a hunting dress; whilst Adele, drawing a packet from her bosom, and offering it to the King, sank lifeless upon the body of her father, Gaspar de Marcanville, the Wehr-Wolf of Limousin.—*Tales of an Antiquary.*

## ORIGINAL LETTER OF KING HENRY VIII. TO CARDINAL WOLSEY.

This letter is without date. What the "news" was in which the distinguished persons mentioned in it were expected to be so deeply interested, can only be conjectured. The whole letter is strikingly illustrative at once of the policy of Henry, and of the jealousy and suspicion which haunt the mind of a tyrannical prince.

'Myne owne good Cardinall.—I recommande me unto you as hartely as hart can thynke. So it is, that by cause wryttying to me is sumwhat tedius and paynefull, therfor for the most part of this bysynesses I have commyted to our trusty counseler thys berrar, to be declaryd to you by mowthe, to whyche we wollde you shudegyff credens. Nevertheles, to thys that followeth, I thought nott best to make hym pryve nor non other but yow and I, whyche is that I wolde you shulde make good watch on the Duke off Suffolke, on the Duke off Bukyngham, on my Lord off Northecumberland, on my Lord off Darby, on my Lord of Wylshere, and on others whyche you thynke suspecte, to see what they do wt thes newes. No more to you at thys tyme, but sapienti pauca. Wrythyne wt the hand off your lovyng master.

"Henry R."

Few letters of this reign place in a more glaring light the state of suspicion in which Henry and his minister must have passed their lives. Here is the King's brother-in-law, and the chief of the nobility thought "suspecte," by the Cardinal, with others not named, and he is encouraged by the king to keep watch upon them. What could ensue upon this but the downfall of the Cardinal, when once the gale of the King's favour blew a contrary way?—*Retrospective Review.*

## THE BAG OF THE BEE.

*By Robert Herrick.*

About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the Gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And taking from them each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

## SONNET TO THE MOON.

Translated from the Italian of Bernardo Tasso, by Miss Strickland, authoress of the Seven Ages of Women.

Ah, scatter with thy radiance, cold and bright
The dusky clouds that veil the earth and main;
Now night on her accustomed rounds again,
In sable stole and starry mantle dight,
Returns to shut the landscape from our sight.
Already each green hill and flowery plain
Demand thy lovely beams, and sigh in vain
For dews descending from thy locks of light.
Look forth in all thy beauty, and array
The earth in trembling glory—rise, and chase
Each envious vapour, and unveil thy face,
In rival splendour to the orb of day,
Hear then, oh Moon, shine forth revealed and fair,
In thy bright wanderings through the fields of air.

## THE DEAD MAN'S GRAVE.

Should any of our readers wish to become better acquainted with the spot known by the designation of The Dead Man's Grave, they may find it at the end of a long narrow lane, in the well-known village of Reydon, where four cross-country roads terminate in the entrance to Goose Green, a piece of common so called from the number of geese which are bred upon it. Each of these roads forms a pleasant summer's walk, shaded

from the heat of the sun by tall hawthorn hedges full of fine old trees. The grave rises to a considerable height in the centre of a pretty waste, of a triangular form, which attracts the notice of the traveller from each of its approaches. Generally, it is covered with a soft mantle of verdure, rivalling the emerald in brightness. The ground about it is thickly studded with broom and stunted black thorn bushes, seldom rising to the height of four feet above the turf, and affording, with their low branches, a shelter for the violets that open their deep blue eyes beneath, and grow in profusion around the grave, while the more aspiring primrose rears her pale star-like crest above the mossy mound, and encircles it with a diadem of living gems. When both violet and primrose have faded before the increasing heat of the sun, the harebell comes forth in her beauty, entwining her slender flowers among the gay, garish blossoms of the purple heath and yellow broom. The voice of the bee murmurs there through the long days of summer, and the blackbird trolls his merry lay from his bower of May-flowers, and is answered by his rival minstrel of the grove, the lively thrush, from the branches of the lofty elms which soar far above his head. In truth it is a lovely quiet spot, and I have often thought it would make a pretty picture.

The green is nearly a mile in length, and exhibits in detached groups, several specimens of the style of architecture which existed two centuries ago, the high turreted chimneys and lofty indented roofs peeping from between fine old walnut and elm-trees, conveying in this age of luxuries, the idea of a good substantial country residence for the yeoman or farmer. The history of the Dead Man's Grave has been related to me, with variations, by many different people; but the account which most interested me was from the lips of an old woman, born and brought up in a cottage on the green, which had been rented by her father and grandfather, and whom I considered a worthy chronicler of every strange legend connected with the spot.

It was one of those warm still evenings which often occur at the latter end of August, that I met the dame—her and her grandson—returning from her day's labour in the field. She was seated on the bank opposite the grave, guarding a sack of gleaned corn, and the boy, a rosy curly-pated infant of three years old, was lying on the unconsecrated mound, playing with a branch of ash, scattering the keys one by one on the turf, and humming playfully to himself. After some preliminary converse, and in answer to a request that she would relate the history of the Dead Man's Grave, "Alack-a-day," said she, "that were a hard matter to do. It was so called before my grandfather's day, but I have heard him tell the story many a time, and a dismal tale it is, but the family names of the parties are gone from the memory of man. The lady was called fair Margaret, and her lover the handsome young yeoman of the green. But his beauty was of no avail, there he lies, folks do say, in a very unquiet grave; but how can that be wondered at, when the spot was never blessed or hallowed by the word of God, and he died by an act of desperation! My grandfather and neighbour Silverstone affirmed they had often seen Richard's ghost, when the moon was bright, hovering round the pool in which he drowned himself, but at the sound of human steps he always disappeared in the water."

The old woman proceeded:—"Many, many years ago, lived at the old hall you left to the right of you, when you took the road that brought you hither, a very grand family—one of those which our old clerk says came from foreign parts, when England was conquered in the olden time. The lord, who held all these manors, had an only son, a youth of great promise, who was finishing his education abroad. The last of his race, and having no young kinsmen, he was very fond of his foster-brother, the son of a stout yeoman who rented a fine farm on the green, and mayhap lived in that old-fashioned white house with the great firs before it. The young lord, however, was plain in face and mean in stature, while Richard was remarked for the beauty of his countenance, and the comeliness of his form, and though lowly born, had the carriage and dignity of a prince. Many a damsel of high degree was fain to cast an eye of affection on the handsome young yeoman. But Richard was true to one, and she was as dear to his heart as light to the blind, or health to the sick. Fair Margaret was the grand-daughter of the rich old 'Squire who lived in the mansion-house just off the Green, and though she secretly preferred Richard to all her many wooers, she held him as a fellow of no reckoning, and one far beneath her. Yet who shall say nay to love—who has humbled in all ages the spirit of the proud, and exalted them of low degree? —Richard dared not openly avow his passion for the beautiful heiress, but

when they chanced to meet, his eyes told what his tongue could not utter; and their language was soon understood and returned by fair Margaret. As her passion increased her pride diminished. She would leave the park and gardens to wander with her old nurse down the lanes that led towards the green, in the hope of meeting the object of her affection. One lovely summer's evening, when the moon had risen over the woods, and the nightingale was singing, and the new-mown hay perfumed the whole air, fair Margaret sat her down on yonder stile just opposite the spot which afterwards contained his grave. She had not seen her lover for many days; and her cheerful heart forsook her, and she was fain to weep, and being very sorrowful she flung from her hand the nosegay of wild flowers she had culled from the neighbouring hedges, in the dust at her feet, and would not suffer the old nurse to pick them up; for she said they were, like her, withering in silence and decay. Who should cross the lane at that instant, and come up to the stile, but Richard of the green, with his scythe on his shoulder—for he had been mowing in that very field, till late, with his men. I trow his confusion equalled the damsel's, and his knees trembled, and his colour went and came; but he was too brave a man to let this opportunity pass. So picking up the torn flowers, he presented them to the lady, and so well pleaded his suit, that she plighted her troth on this very spot, and called heaven to witness that she would love him, and only him, and be constant and true, whatever might betide; and they parted that night, as young hearts will part that have received each other's earnest of affection, with bosoms overflowing with joy.

"The summer passed on, and they met here every evening; and mayhap he has whispered many a love tale to the maiden beneath the shade of the very elm under which we are sitting. At length Richard entreated her to allow him to ask the old Squire's consent to their union; for he was an only son, and his parents were wealthy people. But she dreaded the old man's wrath, and put him off by telling him that her grandsire was an aged man, bending beneath infirmities—that he might die, and then she should be her own mistress; and, if he waited patiently, all would be well.

"Winter set in earlier than usual, and a cold winter it was, and the snow lay so deep on the ground, that the lovers could no longer frequent their former place of meeting. However, the young lord had taught Richard to write, and the nurse found the means of conveying their letters to each other. Matters went on in this way till after Christmas tide, when the old Squire was given a hint of their correspondence; but he was a wise man, and never troubled himself with many words. He did not mention aught of his knowledge to his pretty kinswoman, but gave orders for a journey to London, affirming that he wished to consult a learned doctor on his increasing infirmity of the gout, which was fast depriving him of the use of his limbs, and which, alone, induced him to undertake such a journey in the bitter season of the year. This was the reason he gave the world for his conduct, and the plan he adopted to remove his grand-daughter from so dangerous a neighbourhood. Fair Margaret never suspected the snare, and though the order for her attendance was very painful to her feelings, she thought it only her duty to comply. The night before her departure, the lovers took the most tender farewell of each other, and vowed, with mingled tears and sighs, that death alone should separate their affections. Fair Margaret had been born and brought up in the country, and had formed no idea of the grandeur of a town life; it lifted up her heart with pride and vanity; and when fine gentlemen said all manner of bright things to her, and made songs in praise of her beauty, she began to despise her own true love, and sorely repented of the promises she had made him. Now it was in the time of Pope and Pagan, and the wicked monks told her they could get her off her vows with little or no trouble. She had only to fast a few days, and say a few penitential prayers, and God would forgive her for her falsehood. While her heart yet wavered between ambition and love, the young lord of the manor returned from France; and hearing that his old neighbour, the Squire, was in London, he paid him a visit, and became deeply enamoured with fair mistress Margaret. Margaret was bewitched with the idea of being called *My lady;* and though the young lord was very plain in his person, and grave in his conversation and deportment, she joyfully accepted his proposals. This was the middle of May, and the wedding-day was to take place the first week in June, and the family returned into the country to make the necessary preparations for the bridal. The news of the grand match she was about to form spread like wildfire through the country, Richard

was the first to hear the fatal intelligence. 'If this be true,' said he, dashing his hand against his head, 'there is no faith in woman, no honour in this world. O, Margaret! Margaret! think you the God who witnessed your vows, will shut his eyes on your falsehood?—I will see her myself,' he cried, 'and learn from her own lips the truth of this horrible tale.' He rushed with all speed towards the mansion house. The gay London servant did not know him, and when he asked to speak to Mistress Margaret he was readily admitted. Little thinking who was the visitor, she entered the room with a smiling countenance; but when Richard advanced to meet her, she cast a hasty glance on his agitated face, turned her back on him, and would have quitted the apartment, but he caught her clothes and detained her.

"'After all your solemn promises—all your vows of love and constancy—is it thus, Margaret, we meet? Has your visit to the great city learned you to be false-hearted, or were you all along deceiving me? Sobs choked his utterance, and he sank weeping at her feet. Margaret gazed on her stricken lover till tears came into her own eyes; but she called pride to her aid, and though she still loved him, she hardened her heart against him.

"'Richard!' she said, 'I beseech you rise, and leave the house directly. Your being here will expose me to the displeasure of my grandfather. You must be well aware that a lady of my birth and fortune is no mate for you.'

"'O, God! it is true, then!' he called out in an agony of sorrow; 'it is your own voluntary act and deed that condemns me to despair. Cruel, treacherous lady! how often have I held this lovely form in my trembling arms—how often have I felt your heart throb against mine as I vowed on those sweet lips eternal constancy. Margaret! I have kept *my* vow; and think you that heaven will so easily forget *yours?*'

"'Insolent peasant!' returned the scornful maiden, 'you do well to insult me by recalling my weakness. I knew not the crime I was guilty of, when I stooped to listen to you. Instantly leave my presence!' Richard rose from the ground, and regarded her with a glance which she never afterwards forgot.—'Farewell, Margaret!' he said, 'you have this day rent my heart in twain. I shall behold you in this world no more. I wish you joy of your splendid bridal. He whom you have chosen is deserving of a better bride. Farewell! be happy if you can in another's woe!' He left the room, and she stood looking after him with a mind ill at ease. Never had he appeared so handsome in her eyes; and but for very shame and pride, she would have called him back, and renewed her old promises.

"Early the next morning, her waiting woman knocked at her chamber door, and told her, by way of news, that the body of the young yeoman had been discovered in the pool at the bottom of the garden; and that the quest was shortly to be held on him at the next cottage. What she felt on the occasion is known only to herself; if it was agony, she suppressed it; if remorse, she hid its pangs from the observation of those around her. From that moment his name never passed her lips, nor did she once allude to the circumstances which led to his death. When told that he was buried in the cross-ways on the very spot where they had so often met, she was seen to shudder and turn pale; but if she wept, it was when no eye saw her, and people marvelled at the hardness of so young a heart. Even her lover was troubled in spirit, for he had tenderly loved the unhappy youth. The preparations went on just the same for her wedding, and the night before that joyful event was to take place, Margaret complained of a pain in her head, and retired early to rest. It was a beautiful moonlight evening; and the woodbine and the new-mown hay smelt as sweetly as they did that day twelvemonth, when she had plighted her faith, beneath the shade of the elm, to Richard of the green. She looked out on the face of nature,—but there was no joy in her heart. She paced to and fro, and listened, and started at every sound. Her old nurse marked her disquietude, and called to her to undress and come to bed. She knelt down, and tried to pray, but her spirit was sore troubled, and she could only sigh and groan; and when she lay down on the pillow, she muttered to herself, and turned from side to side, till the old woman said it was fearful to hear her lamentations. At length, all was still, till about the dead hour of the night; when they heard a sweet voice singing beneath the window, and Margaret flew up in the bed to see whom it might be; but fear came upon her, and she sank down weeping on the pillow. But it was Richard's voice, and the old nurse heard his song on that night, and she often afterwards repeated the words, which as nearly as I can recollect were these:—

Pa'e shines the moon on my grave, Marg'ret,
Oh, cold, cold, are her beams!
But colder far is thy heart, Marg'ret,
Than ice on the wintry streams.

'My grave is dark, and deep, Marg'ret:
And the earthworm shares my rest:
But the grave is not so dark, Marg'ret,
As the thought in thy troubled breast!

'Thou art thinking of titles and wealth,
Marg'ret,
Thou art thinking of rich array;
But thou never shalt be a bride, Marg'ret,
Or smile on the coming day!

'Thy troth was plighted to me, Marg'ret,
Beneath yon paly moon;—
I come to claim my vow, Marg'ret,
At midnight's solemn noon;

'Then come and dwell with me, Marg'ret,
Sweet smells the yellow broom,
And the violets' purple eyes, Marg'ret,
Weep o'er my lowly tomb!

'You need not fear the storm, Marg'ret,
The hail or sleety shower;
For the grave is still and calm, Marg'ret,
As the holy twilight hour.

'No sound disturbs my sleep, Marg'ret,
But the heavy thought of thee
Is the canker-worm in my breast, Marg'ret,
Which gnaws eternally!

'For thee I bartered heaven, Marg'ret,
And every holy trust;
And my soul will find no peace, Marg'ret,
Till thou art in the dust!

'Then come to my lowly grave, Marg'ret,
Thy true love waits for thee;
Resign each earthly tie, Marg'ret—
Haste! haste! and sleep with me.'

"All the time this sad song was singing, Margaret lay trembling like an aspen leaf. At length the voice died away on the night breeze, and the maiden sprung from the bed. 'It is the voice of my love,' she cried, 'my murdered love.—List! he calls me, and I must not stay.'

"The old woman, shaking with terror, tried in vain to hold her. She darted from the chamber, and, undressed as she was, left the house. The old crone also arose, but for a long time her fears hindered her from following the maiden. At length she gained courage to call up some of the servants, who instantly went in search of their young mistress. The sun had well nigh risen when they reached the Dead Man's Grave; and his first rays glanced on something white, that was stretched over the newly-raised turf. On approaching the spot, they found it to be her whom they sought; but the breath of life was no longer in her nostrils. The wind lifted the long tresses of fair hair, which were scattered over her face, but the ashy hue of the cheek they shaded was chilled by the hand of death. The body was instantly removed to the mansion house; and I trow there was wailing and weeping in hall and bower for the loss of the fair bride. Her promised lord saw his beautiful Margaret laid in the silent dust, then left the country for many years, till the memory of the old things had nearly died away. But I have heard the people say, that on the first of June a white shadow is seen at midnight lying upon this grave; and they doubt not that it is the ghost of her whom heaven requited for her pride and perjury." *La Belle Assemblee.*

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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

### KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

This military order had its commencement in the year 1118; when certain religious knights under Hugh de Paganis and Godfrey de St. Andomaro, engaged themselves in the service of the Church, and proceeded to the Holy Land, where they determined to form a brotherhood. Upon their arrival at Jerusalem they held a council among themselves, to consider what acts they should do that might be a service acceptable to God, and being informed that the town of Zaff was infested by hordes of marauders, who subsisted by preying upon the pilgrims that resorted to the Holy Sepulchre, they resolved upon dispersing the robbers: their intention was by so doing to render all the approaches to Jerusalem safe. Their good undertaking gained them the countenance of King Baldwin II, who assigned unto them a house adjoining the Temple of Solomon, from which circumstance they derived the name of Knights Templars.

King Baldwin and the Patriarch of Jerusalem, finding that success attended their actions, offered to supply them with all necessary provisions, as their poverty was extreme; in token of which Fuller says, "they gave for their seal two men riding upon one horse," and hence it was that if any of their fraternity fell into the hands of the infidels, that 'their ransom was always a sword and a belt, it being conceived that their poor state could afford no higher price.' During the first nine years they experienced such great privations that they were often compelled to resort to the degradation of asking alms for their support from well disposed persons, although their modest deportment and the valiant services they performed made them acceptable unto all, insomuch that their feats and praiseworthy actions made many desirous of joining them, thereby augmenting their numbers, and being the occasion of their receiving the full countenance of those high personages that had so long been wanting towards them. The King, the Prelates, and other rich men, now gave them sums of money as well as grants of land, to be held by them either for a set term of years, or to the end of their institution. At this period the order that was begun

at first by nine individuals, might now boast of containing three hundred knights, sworn to protect the pilgrims from the cruelty of the infidels, and keep the passes free for such as undertook the voyage of the Holy Land. The rules for the regulating of their fraternity were made at the council of Troyes in Champagne, when Pope Honorius, at the request of Stephen, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, prescribed to them the wearing of a white garment, and afterwards, in 1146, Eugenius III. added a cross to be set upon the shoulder part of their cloaks. The order performed their vows in the presence of the before mentioned Patriarch, of obedience, poverty, and chastity, and to live under the rule of the regular canons of St. Augustine. When the knights were at war, their banner was half white, the other black, signifying white and fair to Christians, but black and terrible to their enemies.

The Knights Templars (according to Dugdale), wore linen coifs and red caps close over them; their bodies were encompassed in shirts of mail, with swords hanging from their girdles; over the above they had a white cloak which reached to the ground, with a cross on the left shoulder of it. The beards of the members of this order were worn of great length, whereas most other orders were close shaved.

The order of the Templars now went on flourishing, increasing in numbers, and daily gaining fame, being high in favour with all the Christian potentates of Europe, great in wealth, and its attendant power, till their excessive pride drew on them the indignation of those who had been attached to them. One of the acts of their proud and insulting independence was the withdrawing themselves from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and joining with the pope. But in the end they did not find the favour from his holiness which they expected, for by him charges were preferred against them for rapacious acts committed by them, such as plundering the christians, the attacking of crowned heads, and seizure of their estates, the holding of correspondence with the infidels, the giving of advice to the Soldan of Egypt, which information gave him an opportunity of surprising and taking prisoner the Emperor Frederick II. who had then made an expedition to the Holy Land. Being convicted of these crimes, and other charges for impiety, by commissioners appointed by Pope Clement V., and Philip the Fair of France, the grand master, James of Molai, was burned at Paris. The whole order throughout Europe was imprisoned, and many of the Knights, against whom singular acts of cruelty and extortion had been proved, were executed in various provinces, and the whole of their possessions seized upon. The order being abolished the year previous to their being found guilty of the above enumerated enormities, by a decree of a general council held at Vienna, under Pope Clement V., 4th of Edward the II. After this, Clement, in the 7th year of his papacy, gave the principal part of their possessions to the Knights Hospitalars of St. John of Jerusalem.

The first settlement of the order in England, was in Holborn in London, but their chief residence was the place called the New Temple, in Fleet-street, which they erected, together with a Church (built after tue form of the Temple at Jerusalem) which Church was dedicated to God and our Blessed Lady by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the year 1185, the 31st of Henry II., who was present at the ceremony, attended by most of the nobles.

In the thirteenth century the entertainments given by the Templars were often honoured by the presence of the King, the pope's nuncio, foreign ambassadors, and the chief of the nobility of the land. The King's treasure was accustomed to be kept in the part now known as the Middle Temple, and from their chief officer, who as master of the Temple, was summoned to Parliament in the 47th of Henry III., the chief master of the Temple Church is still called the Master of the Temple.

Among the liberal benefactors to this order was Henry II., who gave to it the water course of Fleet, with the buildings standing near the bridge, together with land to erect a mill upon, near Castle Baynard. He also granted the church of Clement Danes to them. Henry III. gave their Masters and Brothers of the Order, and their successors, the annual sum of £8, to be paid out of the Exchequer, to maintain their three Chaplains. And he also gave his body upon his decease, as a deed of grant unto them, to be buried in their Church, which grant was followed by a similar one of his Queen Eleanor. The abiding-place of the Templars, in Fleet-street, was ordained a place of sanctuary by Pope Innocent; they had also another privileged place called the parish garden in Southwark, granted to them by John, Duke of Bedford. Among the various other parts of England, where they possessed manors, lands, &c., may be enumerated lands at Hitchin in Hertford-

shire, given to them by Bernard de Ballolio, in the presence of the King of France, and an illustrious assembly; which was afterwards confirmed by King Stephen. The manor of Hampton granted to them by Joan, relict of Sir Robert Gray. The manor of Sandford, in Oxfordshire, granted by Sir Thomas de Sandford. The lands and preceptory which they possessed at Balsalle, in Warwicksbire, was the grant of Roger de Mowbray.

They had also lands at Leicester and Buckland, granted to them by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and William de Erlegh. There was at this period in the realm, scarcely a nobleman or person of wealth, but what esteemed it an honour to add to their possessions, but the family to whom they considered themselves under the greatest obligations, was that of Mowbray, to whom they granted the power of liberating any Knight of the Order, put to public penance for any offence that he might have committed. The Kings of England here enumerated, viz. Stephen, Henry II., John, Henry III., were great benefactors to the Templars, the last of which exempted the fraternity from all tolls and taxes, and granted them a right of free warren, with power to hold fairs and markets in various manors and towns. Richard I. also granted to them similar privileges. In the year 1309, after the commission before related was held in France to examine into the conduct of the Templars, the Pope sent his Bull into England to order the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the prelates of the kingdom, to hold the like inquisition, which commission was accordingly held in the hall of the Bishop of London, October, 1309, before whom the Knights of the Order appeared to answer the accusations preferred against them for their impieties; at the enquiry nothing appeared of magnitude sufficient to deserve the abolishing of the Order. The commission also sat at York, where no further proofs were adduced to criminate them than at London. However, shortly after these fruitless examinations had taken place, they were all seized on throughout England, and incarcerated in prison, their possessions being seized into the King's hands. The decree of the council of Vienna, issued in 1311, before stated, put an end to the Order in England as well as the other countries of Europe, by condemning and perpetually annulling it, with an inhibition that none after should take that Order on pain of being excommunicated.

The helpless state of the Templars within the diocese of York, was so extreme, that the Archbishop, moved to compassion by their miserable state, placed them in several monasteries in the county, with orders for their maintenance during their lives.

Thus fell the Order of the haughty Templars, after an existence of nearly two centuries: the occasion, according to some writers, was their atrocious crimes; by others it has been ascribed to the almost unbounded wealth which they possessed. Until disgrace overwhelmed them, their company to kings was accounted an honour, and their valour was held up as an example to be followed by those whose profession was arms. Fuller says, "there is but little doubt but what they were notorious transgressors of human laws, yet if a candle had been taken to search into the vices of other Orders, as much dust and dirt would have been found amongst them as was found among the Templars;" and he likewise observes "that the chief cause of their ruin was the vastness of their wealth. They were feared of many, envied of more, and loved by none, so as Naboth's vineyard was the chief ground of his blasphemy, so was their wealth the principal evidence against them, and the chief cause of their overthrow." And, "we may believe that Philip of France would never have taken away their lives, if he might have seized their lands without putting them to death; but the mischief was, that he could not obtain the honey unless he burnt the bees."

The Badge of the Order was a patriarchal cross, enamelled red, and edged with gold, worn at the breast, pendant to a ribbon. R. J.

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—No. VIII.

### CUSTOM OF WEARING THE LEEK, ON ST. DAVID'S DAY.

Why on St. David's day do Welchmen seek
To beautify their hats with verdant leek
Of nauseous smell? "For *honour*, 'tis," they say:
"Dulce et decorum est pro patria."

The *leek* worn by Welchmen on this day is said to be in memory of a great victory obtained by them over the Saxons; they, during the battle, having leeks in their hats, to distinguish themselves, by order of St. David.

Shakspeare alludes to the custom in Henry V. Act 5, Scene 1, where Gower, in converse with Fluellen the Welch soldier, asks him, "Why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past."

The king, it is said, is so complaisant as to bear them company.

An old distich respecting St. David's day, relating probably to some ancient legendary story, says:

Taffy was born on a moonshiny night,
With his head in a pond and his heels upright.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT SHAFTESBURY.

Water is so scarce in this town, that it used to be brought from Motcomb, a village at some distance, by horses, until the year 1718, when William Benson, Esq. one of its representatives, caused, at his own expense, engines to be constructed, of power sufficient to raise the water of a well about two miles off, to the height of about three hundrd feet, and conveyed it to a large cistern in the middle of the town. These engines are no longer used, the inhabitants have dug pits at the doors of their houses for preserving the rain-water, which not being sufficient for a constant supply, the poor get their living by bringing water in pails, or upon horses, to the town from Motcomb! and as an acknowledgment to the Lord of the Manor of Motcomb, the Mayor and Burgesses of Shaftesbury used to go in procession every year on the Monday before Holy Thursday, with a kind of Garland resembling the May Garlands that used to be carried about by the Milk Maids of London, which consisted of plate borrowed from the neighbouring gentry, and adorned with peacocks' feathers. This Garland, which is here called a prize besom (more commonly the Bizant,) was carried to a green below the hill, whence the water is taken, and presented, together with a raw calf's head, and a pair of gloves, to the Lord of the Manor, who received the present by his Steward, and at the same time distributed twelve penny loaves, with beer, among the people. After the ceremony is gone through, the prize besom is returned to the Mayor, and carried back to the town by one of the officers with the same solemnity as they observed on setting forth.

## Science and Art.

PRINTING.

M. Conti has contrived what he calls a tachygraph and tachytype; the former enables a person to print with facility, almost as quickly as speaking, even without the aid of the eye, on paper, wax, and soft metals, with all sorts of characters and punches, regularly fabricated. The tachygraph consists chiefly of a portable case, in the midst of which is placed a horizontal chase, a shelf of marble or iron, the size of a sheet of paper, moveable before and behind, on which is placed the sheet of paper which is to receive the writing. As each line is printed, the moveable shelf advances a space equal to the interval which separates the lines. Above the marble table is suspended a kind of round box, moveable from left to right, in which are disposed all round, and in a certain order, characters of tempered steel, in sufficient number to express all the parts of the writing. Each of these characters or punches answers to a key (like the keys of a harpsichord,) which is placed before the box and the moveable table. Upon each key is engraved the character corresponding to the punch. All these keys are so disposed that they can be played upon without displacing the hand. At each pressure of a key, the corresponding punch moistens itself with ink, and places itself in the centre of the box, by the action of a little spring, which suddenly presses it, and as promptly retires to make way for the other punches, and so on. The cost of one of these machines, it is stated, would probably be 603 francs, or about £25.

## Anecdotiana.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

Whilst on one of his marches, was overtaken by a storm of snow, which compelled him to halt. Being seated near a fire, he chanced to perceive an aged soldier so benumbed by the cold as to be almost deprived of animation. At this discovery, he rushed hastily to the spot where the sufferer was, took him up in his arms and brought him to the seat he had lately occupied and placed him therein, at the same time observing 'that what would have been death by the laws of Persia (meaning the act of sitting on the king's throne) should to him be life.'

THE THREE VOWS.

The vows of the knights of Malta were three in number, namely, poverty, chastity, and obedience; but it rarely happened that either of them were punctually observed. It was therefore customary to say, that these knights made their vow of poverty in the church; that of chastity at table; and that of obedience in bed. The same would apply to the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, the Templars, and the Teutonic.

# MARCH.

March is the third month of the year, according to our reckoning, but with the Romans it was the first, and called Martius from Mars, the God of war, because he was the father of their first prince. This month was under the protection of Minerva.

It is only since the edict of Charles IX. issued in 1564, that they have in France reckoned the year from the beginning of January ; for before that time, March was the first month of the year with the French. Astrologers also make it the first, because it is then that the sun enters Aries, by which they begin to reckon the signs of the Zodiac. The calends of this month were anciently very remarkable ; they began with the Feast of Shields, or Sacred Bucklers. *Ancyliorum dies*, which continued three days, whereat the *Salli* carried small bucklers. The festival terminated with grand feasting and merriment, which is the reason of giving the name of *Cœna Saliaris* to sumptuous entertainments. On the sixth day, which is the day before the nones, solemnities were performed in honour of Vesta ; and on the seventh, was celebrated the anniversary of the Dedication of the Temples, consecrated to Ve-Jupiter in the Wood of the Asylum, a wicked Deity to whom the Romans offered sacrifices to prevent his doing them mischief. The Junonalia was a feast to Juno, held on this day ; and on the thirteenth there was horse-racing near the Tiber. On the fifteenth, or the Day of the Ides, was held the feast to the nymph Anna Perenna, which was celebrated by rejoicings, dancing, and feasting, on the banks of the Tiber ; the day was also termed Parricidium, from the assassination of Julius Cæsar, by Brutus and the other conspirators. The sixteenth was the feast of the Liberalia, when the children assumed the Virile Robe ; and on the same day was made the processions called Argei, to the places that were consecrated by Numa, in commemoration of certain Grecian princes that had been buried there. On the twenty-fifth day was held the feast called Hilaria, instituted in honour of the Mother of the Gods, and of Atys. On the twenty-sixth came on the feast of Washing the Grandmother of the Gods, *Lavatio Matris Deum*, which feast was instituted in commemoration of the day wherein she was brought from Asia, and washed in the river Almo.

There were several feasts kept on the thirtieth, viz:—to Janus, to Concord, to Salus, and Pax, and on the last day was held one to the Moon, or Diana, when a bull was sacrificed on the Aventine Hill. March, though generally rough, may be considered as beneficial and valuable as any month of the year, from its stormy winds drying up the superabundant moisture of winter, thus restoring us our paths dry and salutary through the verdant meads. Verstegan says that our Saxon ancestors called the month March, *Lenct-Monat*, or according to our present orthography, *Length-moneth*, because the length of the day excelled the night. This month being so named when our ancestors received Christianity, they called the ancient Christian custom of fasting at this period, the Fast of *Lenct*, because of the *Lenct-monat*, whereon usually fell the greater part of the fasting, from which circumstance we derive the word Lent, and from it, the Fast of Lent. Among the old proverbs preserved which are explanatory of the blusterous weather, contained in this month, are the following :—

> The March sun causeth dust, and the wind blows it about.
> March hack ham, comes in like a lion, goes out like a lamb.
> March wind and May sun, makes clothes white and maids dun.

We cannot do better than conclude our notice of the origin of this month, by giving the following expressive lines from Thomson :—

> Be patient, swains: these cruel seeming winds
> Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
> Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
> That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
> In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
> And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DAYS. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. 29 | Frid | Sun ris 36m aft 6<br>—— set 24m af 5 | Feb. 29 | This year being Leap Year, the Bissextus, or the *Odd Day*, is added to this month that the year may equal the course of the sun. This intercalation was discovered by Julius Cæsar, who having observed that the sun finished its course in 365 days, 6 hours, added 1 whole day in the calendar every fourth year, that the hours might be taken in. |
| MARCH 1 | Satur | St. David.<br>Full Moon,<br>53m aft 6 even<br>High Water,<br>43m aft 1 morn<br>6m aft 2 even | MARCH 1 | St. David or Dewid, tutelar Saint of Wales, was archbishop of Caerleon, now called St. David's, in which office he died in 544. During his life he founded 12 monasteries, and formed a hermitage and chapel in the vale of Lanthony.<br>1767—Alexander Balfour, born at Monikie, in Scotland, he was author of a volume of poems, the principal one bears the title 'Contemplation.' |
| —— 2 | SUN | 2 Sunday in Lent<br>LESSONS for the DAY<br>27 ch Gen morn<br>34 ch Gen even<br>St. Chad.<br>Sun ris 32m aft 6<br>—— set 28 aft 5 | —— 2 | St. Ceada or Chad, bishop of Lichfield, and founder of the bishopric of Lichfield, he was educated in the monastery, of Lindisfarne, and died in the great pestilence of 673.<br>1711—Died the eminent French poet, Nicholas Boileau, ÆT 75; his productions, especially his satires, gained him great fame.<br>1788—Died at his native place, Zurich, Solomon Gessner, author of the Death of Abel, ÆT 58.<br>1802—Died Francis, Duke of Bedford, the promoter of Useful Science, and the patron of Agriculture. |
| —— 3 | Mond | St Emeterius and St. Chelidonus<br>High Water,<br>3m aft 3 morn<br>18m aft 3 even | —— 3 | These were Spanish Saints, and famed for quelling hail storms.<br>1605—Edmund Waller, the poet, born at Coleshill, in Buckinghamshire; some of his poems are elegant, he was a member of parliament, and often delighted the house by his eloquence and wit. |
| —— 4 | Tues | St. Lucius.<br>Sun ris 29m aft 5<br>—— sets 31 af 6 | —— 4 | St. Lucius I. succeeded Cornelius in the papacy, in 253, and was martyred the year following.<br>1583—Died the learned and excellent divine, Bernard Gilpin, ÆT. 66.<br>1650—John Lord Somers, born at Worcester; he was made Lord Chancellor in 1697, and was deprived of the seals in 1700; and impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors, of which the lords acquitted him. He died in 1710. |
| —— 5 | Wed | St. Piran.<br>High Water,<br>3m aft 4 morn<br>21m aft 4 even | —— 5 | St. Piran is said to have been born in Ireland, and became a hermit there; he afterwards came to England, and settled in Cornwall, where he died. St. Piran's day is kept by the tinners as a holiday, from a tradition which remains of his having communicated to them many secrets regarding the manufacture of tin.<br>1778—Died, Dr. Arne, the celebrated musical composer. The music of his opera of Artaxerxes, for depth of science places him as a composer beyond the reach of rivalry.<br>1827—Died the Marquis de la Place, the eminent French astronomer and mathematician. |
| —— 6 | Thurs | St. Baldrede<br>Sun ris 25m aft 6<br>—— set 35m af 5 | —— 6 | St. Baldrede was bishop of Glasgow, he died in London, A.D. 608.<br>1623—On this day Prince Charles (the son of James I.) arrived at Madrid with the Duke of Buckingham, to conclude a treaty of marriage between the Prince and the Infanta of Spain, which, though the articles were agreed on, never took place. In 1625, he married Henrietta, the daughter of Henry the Fourth of France. |
| —— 7 | Frid | St. Perpetua | —— 7 | This Saint suffered martyrdom at the age of twenty-two, under the persecution of Severus, A. D. 703.<br>1702—Expired at Kensington Palace, King William III. ÆT. 52.<br>1303—Died, the Duke of Bridgewater, the father of canal navigation. |
| —— 8 | Satur | St. Julian, archb of Toledo, died A. D. 690.<br>Sun ris 21m aft 6<br>—— set 39m aft 5 | —— 8 | On this day was assassinated, the Italian musician, David Rizzio, at Holy-rood House, in the presence of Mary, Q. of Scots, his patroness.<br>1822—Died Dr. Dl. Clarke, the traveller, ÆT. 54. |

Armida parting Eustatius and Rambaldo.

## ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF PUPPET PLAYS IN ENGLAND.

For the following detail we are indebted to a laughter-moving volume, entitled, "Punch and Judy," which contains an elaborate account of all that belongs to these mirth creating worthies: the volume although of value in itself, is made still richer by the talented embellishments of George Cruickshank, who is certainly the ablest designer of humorous subjects we have at present.

"When we mention that no less a man than Dr. Johnson was of opinion, that puppets were so capable of representing even the plays of Shakspeare, that Macbeth might be performed by them as well as by living actors,* it will be evident, from such a fact only, that the inquiry is far from unimportant. In connection with this opinion, and confirmation of it, we may add, that a person of the name of Henry Rowe, shortly before the year 1797, did actually, by wooden figures, for a series of years, go through the action of the whole of that tragedy, while he himself repeated the dialogue which belonged to each of the characters.†

"Puppet plays are of very ancient date in England, and if they were not contemporary with our mysteries, they immediately succeeded them. There is reason to think that they were coeval at

* See Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, xi, p. 301.

† He was also called the York Trumpeter, having been born in that city, and having "blown a battle blast" at Culloden. He was born in 1726, and after the rebellion he retired to his native place; where, for about fifty years, he graced with his instrument the entrance of the judges twice a year into York. He was a very well-known character, and for a long time before his death, in 1800, was master of a puppet-show. In 1797, he published his edition of Macbeth, with new notes and various emendations. At his decease, the following lines were written upon him:—

"When the great angel blows the judgment trump,
He also must give Harry Rowe a thump;
If not, poor Harry never will awake,
But think it is his own trumpet by mistake:
He blew it all his life with greatest skill,
And but for want of breath had blown it still."

least, with our moralities, and in Catholic times, it is not a very violent supposition, to conclude that even the priests themselves made use of the images of the Saints and Martyrs, perhaps for this very purpose: it is well ascertained, not only that they did not scruple to employ the churches, but that those sacred edifices were considered the fittest places for our earliest dramatic representations.‡

"'Motions' is the most general term by which they are mentioned by our ancient authors, and especially by our dramatists; thus Shakspeare in the *Winter's Tale*, (Act IV, Scene 2,) makes Autolicus say, 'Then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile of where my land and living lies.' It would be easy to multiply quotations to the same point from nearly all his contemporaries, but one is as good as a thousand. The nature and method of their representation at that period, and doubtless long before, may be seen at the close of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. He there makes Lanthern Leatherhead convert the story of Hero and Leander, (then very popular from Marlow's and Chapman's translation, or rather paraphrase of it,) into a 'motion' or puppet-play, and he combines with it the well-known friendship of Damon and Pythias. The exhibitor, standing above and working the figures, 'interprets' for them, and delivers the laughable and burlesque dialogue, he supposes to pass between the characters. In the same poet's *Tale of a Tub*, (Act V) In-and-in Medlay presents a 'motion' for the amusement of the company, connecting it with the plot of the comedy itself. Here he explains the scenes as he proceeds, something in the manner of the ancient Dumb-shows, before the different acts of *Ferrex and Porrex*, the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, and other old tragedies, but the puppets are not represented as speaking among themselves. Ben Jonson may always be relied on, in matters relating to the customs and amusements of our ancestors, as he

‡ See the new edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. i. p. xliii, *et seq*.

was a very minute observer of them, and from his evidence, we may infer, that there were, at least, two varieties in the puppet-plays of his time, one with the dialogue, as in *Bartholomew Fair*, and the other without it, as in the *Tale of a Tub*.

"It is evident, from many passages in our old writers, that might be adduced if necessary, that "motions" were very popular with the lower orders; they frequently rivalled and imitated the performers on the regular stages. Hence, perhaps, a portion of the abuse with which they were commonly assailed by some of our dramatic poets, who were, of course, anxious to bring them as much as possible into contempt. It is established on the authority of Dekker, and other pamphleteerists and play-writers of about the same period, that the subjects of the "villainous motions," were often borrowed from the most successful dramatic entertainments. Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* was performed by "mammets," (another term in use for the wooden representatives of heroes,) as well as the *Duke of Guiso*, a name that was perhaps given to Marlow's *Massacre of Paris*,§ or it may refer to a tragedy by Webster, under that title.‖ If inference were not sufficient, testimony might be adduced, to shew that the puppets were clothed as nearly as possible like the actors at the regular theatres, in those plays, which were thought fit subjects for the "motions." The minute fidelity of Ben Jonson to the manners of his day, in depreciating the "humors" of his characters, has led him in several places to introduce the name of a principal proprietor of puppet-shows, who was known by the title of Captain Pod. He mentions him in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, as well as in his Epigrams; from which last it appears, that the word "motion," which properly means the representation by puppets, was also sometimes applied to the figures employed in the performance.¶

"The formidable rivalship of puppet-plays to the regular drama, at a later date, is established by the fact, that the proprietors of the theatres in Drury Lane, and near Lincoln's Inn Fields, formerly petitioned Charles II., that a puppet-show stationed on the present site of Cecil-street in the Strand, might not be allowed to exhibit, or might be removed to a greater distance, as its attractiveness materially interfered with the prosperity of their concerns. It is not unlikely, that burlesque and ridicule were sometimes aimed at the productions of the stage, by the exhibitors of "motions."

"There is little doubt that the most ancient puppet-shows, like the Mysteries, dealt in stories taken from the Old and New Testaments, or from the lives and legends of Saints. Towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, as we have seen, historical and other fables began to be treated by them; but still scriptural subjects were commonly exhibited, and Shakspeare, in the quotation we have made from his *Winter's Tale*, mentions that of the "Prodigal Son." Perhaps none was more popular than "Ninevah with Jonas and the whale." It is noticed by Ben Jonson twice in the same play, (*Every Man out of his Humour*,) and not less than twenty other authors speak of it. From a passage in Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street*, (Act V., and Scene ii.) we recollect, that even the Puritans, with all their zealous hatred of the "profane stages," did not object to be present at its "holy performance." The motion of "Babylon," is also frequently noticed; but "London," and "Rome," likewise figured in the metropolis at the same time.

"Fleet Street and Holborn Bridge, both great thoroughfares, were the usual places where puppet-plays were exhibited in the reign of Elizabeth; and the authority of Butler has been quoted by Mr. Gifford, (Ben Jonson ii. 66, note) to shew that Fleet Street continued to be infested by "motions" and "monsters" at least down to the restoration.†† Scriptural motions were not wholly laid aside within the last fifty or sixty years; and Goldsmith, in his comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, refers to the display of Solomon's Temple in a puppet-show. The current joke (at what date it originated seems uncertain) of Punch popping his head from behind the curtain, and addressing the Patriarch in his ark, while the floods were pouring down, with "Hazy weather, master Noah!" proves that, at one period, the adventures of the hero of comparatively modern exhibitions of the kind were combined with stories selected from the Bible.

"The late Mr. Joseph Strutt, in hi

§ Henslowe probably refers to this play, as "the Tragedy of the Guyes," in his papers. See Mal. Sh. by Boswell, iii. 299.

‖ See the Dedication to Webster's *White Devil*, as quoted in note † in the new edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. vi. 207.

¶ Thus also, "Speed," in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, exclaims "O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her." (Act ii. Scene 1.)

†† Somerville, in his "Happy Disapointment," speaks of masquerades and puppet-shows in the same line, and as if equally popular.

"Sports and Pastimes of the people of England," thus speaks of the puppet-shows in his time. In my memory these shows consisted of a wretched display of wooden figures, barbarously formed and decorated, without the least degree of taste or propriety; the wires that communicated the motion to them appeared at the top of their heads, and the manner in which they were made to move evinced the ignorance and inattention of the managers. The dialogues were mere jumbles of absurdities and nonsense, intermixed with low, immoral discourses, passing between Punch and the Fiddler, for the orchestra rarely admitted of more than one minstrel; and these flashes of merriment were made offensive by the actions of the puppet."*

"From whatever cause the change may have arisen, certain it is that, at present, in the ordinary exhibitions of "Punch and Judy," the breaches of decorum complained of by Mr. Strutt are rare and slight. He afterwards proceeds as follows:—"In the present day, the puppet-show man travels about the streets, when the weather will permit, and carries the motions with the theatre itself upon his back. The exhibition takes place in the open air, and the precarious income of the miserable itinerant depends entirely on the voluntary contributions of the spectators, which, as far as one may judge from the squalid appearance he usually makes, is very trifling."

"We have never seen less than two men concerned in these ambulatory exhibitions: one to carry the theatre, and use Punch's tin whistle, and the other to bear the box of puppets, and blow the trumpet. During the performance the money is collected from the bystanders;—and, far from agreeing with Strutt, that the contributions are "very trifling," we have seen, for we have taken pains to ascertain it, two or three and four shillings obtained at each repetition; so that supposing only ten performances take place in a summer's day, the reward to the two men, on an average, might be about fifteen shillings each. On one occasion we remember to have seen three different spectators, each give sixpence, besides the halfpence elsewhere contributed; on which the collector went back to the theatre and whispered the performer, who made Punch thus address the crowd: "Ladies and gentlemen, I never yet played for sevenpence halfpenny, and I never will; so good morning." He then "struck his tent" and departed."

* Page 152, edit. 1810.

## HINTS BY THE COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE.

As many of the following hints apply to abuses at present extant, we have been tempted to give this singular article insertion: it was originally made public in the year 1761, in the pages of the ninth volume of the London Chronicle:—

"He could wish to see Butchers' boys who gallop through the streets of London, punished for so doing, or at least their horses seized for the use of the poor of the parish in which they so offend; for though a poor man's life may not be worth preserving, his limbs may be of use to him while he crawls upon earth.

"Brewers starting their butts in the day-time, he considers as an intolerable nuisance.

"Ruinous Houses ought to be pulled down, because they may as well tumble upon the head of an Alderman as upon that of a Cobler.

"A regulation in Smithfield Market he thinks ought to take place, because a mad ox may as well gore the lady of a *Knight Banneret*, as a poor oyster-wench.

"Worn out Hackney Coaches should in a particular manner be looked into, because none but those in easy circumstances can be affected by their breaking down in the streets. This regulation in no shape regards my family, because I never suffer my *Moll* to enter one till I have first properly surveyed it.

"That Cheesemongers should not set out their butter and cheese so near the edge of their shop-windows, nor put their firkins in the pathways, by which many a good coat and silk gown may be spoiled; as by advertising in the papers his shop will be sufficiently known, without carrying home the shop-bill upon their cloaths.

"Ladders, pieces of timber, &c. should by no means be suffered to be carried upon men's shoulders within the posts of this city, because, by a sudden stop, they may as well poke out the eye of a rich man as that of a poor one.

"Chairmen, as they are a kind of human nags, ought to amble without-side the posts as well as other brutes.

"It is needless for ladies of a certain cast to patrole the streets at noonday with a bundle in one hand, as they carry an evident sign of their profession in their eye.

"Long swords are a nuisance in the City at Change-time, as the wearer may very well receive a bill without that dangerous weapon, and as it is not often he comes into it to pay one.

"Churches are no places to sleep in; because if a person snores too loud, he not only disturbs the congregation, but is apt to ruffle the preacher's temper.

"Barbers and Chimney-sweepers have no right by charter to rub against a person well-dressed, and then offer him satisfaction by single combat.

"Splashing a gentleman with white silk stockings designedly, is a breach of decency, and utterly unknown at Wapping or Hockley in the Hole.

'That reading these hints, and not endeavouring to redress them, will be a fault somewhere, but not in CRISPIN."

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The whimsical manner in which the above customs are apprehended, was fairly matched by the following notice from the Public Advertiser, issued in downright serious earnest:

"To the Inhabitants of the Parish of St. Faith.

"I have observed of late years, that the London meeting houses of all Sectaries have crowded audiences, and that the Prayers of our established Church are read, and the Sermons of her Ministers preached, to empty seats, unless at places where some new-fangled doctrines are propagated to captivate weak minds. It becomes me as an honest man, and agreeable to the oath I have taken, earnestly to admonish you to attend the service of the Church on Sundays, unless prevented by occasions that are lawful.

"It requires I should give you this notice publicly, that no person may have reason to think me over officious, if he finds his name among the presentments my oath obliges me to exhibit before the Ecclesiastical Court at the expiration of my office. DAVID RICE, *Churchwarden.*"

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## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

### SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION

EXHIBITS Armida parting Eustatius, Godfrey's brother, who is in the act of encountering Rambaldo, a chief of the army engaged in Godfrey's wars, and a rival aspirant for her favour. They are supposed to have stolen under the covert of night to her camp, for the purpose of accompanying her to redress those wrongs that they believe her to have suffered. They there meet and engage.

But soon as Night with silent wings arose,
The minister of dreams and soft repose,
In secret many more her steps pursue;
But first Eustatius from the tents withdrew.
Scarce rose the friendly shade, when swift he fled,
Through darkness blind, by blind affection led.
He roves uncertain all the dewy night,
But soon as morning streaks the skies with light,
Armida's camp salutes his eager sight.
Fir'd at the view, the impatient lover flies;
Him, by his arms, Rambaldo knows, and cries—
What seek'st thou here? or whither dost thou bend?
I come (he said) Armida to defend;
In me, no less than others, shall she find
A ready succour and a constant mind.
Who dares (the knight replies) that choice approve,
And make such honour thine? He answered—Love.
From Fortune thou, from Love my right I claim;
Say, whose the greatest boast and noblest name?
Rambaldo then—Thy empty titles fail;
Such fond delusive arts shall ne'er prevail.
Think not to join with us thy lawless sid—
With us, the champions of the royal maid.
Who shall oppose my will? (the youth reply'd.)
In me behold the man! (Rambaldo cry'd.)
Swift at the word he rush'd; with equal rage
Eustatius sprung his rival to engage.
But here the lovely tyrant of their breast
Advanced between them, and their rage suppress'd.*
Ah! ccase, (to that she cry'd) no more complain
That thou a partner, I a champion gain;
Canst thou my welfare or my safety prize,
Yet thus deprive me of my new allies?
In happy time (to this began the dame)
Thou com'st, defender of my life and fame;
Reason forbids that e'er it shall be said,
Armida scorn'd so fair an offer'd aid.

BOOK V.

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## REMINISCENCES.

*For the Olio.*

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How sadly to look to the days that are gone,
That have mock'd each delaying endeavour;
And to think that the hopes which then lovely were born,
Have vanished; have vanished for ever!

Each prospect delightful they gave to the mind
Is changed to the stern scene of sorrow;
The roses which hope had so gaily entwined,
Were wither'd and dead on the morrow

The bud of affection, which sweetly began
To yield its perfumes so enchanting,
Was blighted by crosses, which circled its span,
For the hand that might shade it was wanting.

Where fond expectation was smiling serene,
And pleasure the future was painting,
There dull disappointment now gloomy is seen,
And joy's last look is fast fainting.

The music of happiness just caught the ear,
Without to her residence guiding;
Grief caught the last echo, and dropt a sad tear,
Which will ne'er in the heart cease abiding.

But tho' flown are the hopes that once cheer'd up the breast,
Their remembrance, tho' sad, is yet pleasing;
The thoughts will still turn from the present, less blest;
And dwell on the past without ceasing.

R. JARMAN.

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* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 129.

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH AND CECIL.

ELIZABETH.

I ADVISE thee again, churlish Cecil, how that our Edmund Spenser, whom thou calledst most uncourteously a whining whelp, hath good and solid reason for his complaint. God's blood! shall the lady that tieth my garter and shuffleth the smock over my head, or the lord that steddieth my chair's back while I eat, or the other that looketh to my buckhounds lest they be mangy, be holden by me in higher esteem and estate, than he who hath placed me among the bravest of past times, and will as safely and surely set me down among the loveliest in the future.

CECIL.

Your Highness must remember, he carouseth fully for such deserts....a hundred pounds a year of unclipt monies, and a butt of canary wine.

ELIZABETH.

The monies are not enow to sustain a pair of grooms and a pair of palfreys, and more wine hath been drunken in my presence at a feast. The monies are given to such men, that they may not incline nor be obligated to any vile or lowly occupation; and the canary, that they may entertain such promising Wits as court their company and converse; and that in such manner there may be alway in our land a succession of these heirs of Fame. He hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifulness, nor in learned and majestical language, but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me; and haply the more so, in as much as they demonstrate to me that his genius hath been dampened by his adversities. Read them.

CECIL.

How much is lost, when neither heart nor eye,
Rose winged Desire or fabling Hope, deceives;
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to spy
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

When, springing from the turf where youth reposed,
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;
When the hugh book of Faery-land lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.

ELIZABETH.

The said Edmund hath also furnished unto the weaver at Arras, John Blaquieres, on my account, a description for some of his cunningest wenches to work at, supplied by mine own self, indeed, as far as the subject matter goes, but set forth by him with figures and fancies, and daintily enough bedecked. I could have wished he had thereunto joined a fair comparison between Dian....no matter ....he might perhaps have fared the better for it....but poets' wits, God help them! when did they ever sit close about them? Read the poesy, not over-rich, and concluding very awkwardly and meanly.

CECIL.

Where forms the lotus with its level leaves,
And solid blossoms, may floating isles,
What heavenly radiance swift descending cleaves
The darksome wave! unwonted beauty smiles.

On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,
On every nymph, and twenty sate around—
Lo! 'twas Diana....from the sultry hour
Hither she fled, nor fear'd she sight nor sound.

Unhappy youth, whom thirst and quiver-reeds
Drew to these haunts, whom awe forbade to fly;
Three faithful dogs before him rais'd their heads,
And watched and wonder'd at that fixed eye;

Forth sprang his favourite....with her arrow hand
Too late the goddess hid what hand may hide,
Of every nymph and every reed complain'd,
And dashed upon the bank the waters wide.

On the prone head and sandal'd feet they flew..
Lo! slender hoofs and branching horns appear!
The last marred voice not even the favourite knew,
But bayed, and fastened on the upbraiding deer.

Far be, chaste goddess, far from me and mine,
The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon!
Alas that vengeance dwells with charms divine..

ELIZABETH.

Psha! give me the paper; I forewarned thee how it ended....pitifully, pitifully.

CECIL.

I cannot think otherwise than that the undertaker of the aforecited poesy hath choused your highness: for I have seen painted, I know not where, the identically same Dian, with full as many nymphs, as he calls them, and more dogs. So small a matter as a page of poesy shall never stir my choler, nor twitch my purse-string.

ELIZABETH.

I have read, in Plinius and Mela, of a runlet near Dodona, which kindled by approximation an unlighted torch, and extinguished a lighted one. Now, Cecil, I desire no such jetty to be celebrated as the decoration of my court: in simpler

words, which your gravity may more easily understand, I would not from the fountain of Honour give lustre to the dull and ignorant, deadening, and leaving in "cold obstruction," the lamp of literature and genius. I ardently wish my reign to be remembered; if my actions were different from what they are, I should as ardently wish it to be forgotten. Those are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and prepensely stab or suffocate their fame, when God has commanded them to stand up on high for an ensample. We call him parricide who destroys the author of his existence: tell me, what shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey, its most faithful propagator and most firm support? The parent gives us few days and sorrowful; the poet many and glorious; the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults; the other best remunerates our virtues.

A page of poesy is a little matter; be it so: but of a truth I do tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart that the Spaniard cannot trouble; it shall win to it full many a proud and flighty one, that even chivalry and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast board, but I may not save those upon whose head I shake them, from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovran dwell together, next year they and their beagle. Both have names, but names perishable. The keeper of my privy-seal is an earl; what then? the keeper of my poultry-yard is a Cæsar. In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him: what is not natively his own, falls off and comes to nothing.

I desire in future to hear no contempt of penmen, unless a depraved use of the pen shall have so cramped them, as to incapacitate them for the sword and for the council-chamber. If Alexander was the great, what was Aristoteles who made him so? who taught him every art and science he knew, except three; those of drinking, of blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom-friends. Come along: I will bring thee back again nearer home. Thou mightest toss and tumble in thy bed many nights, and never eke out the substance of a stanza: but Edmund, if perchance I should call upon him for his counsel, would give me as wholesome and prudent as any of you. We should indemnify such men for the injustice we do unto them in not calling them about us, and for the mortification they must suffer at seeing their inferiors set before them. Edmund is grave and gentle: he complains of Fortune, not of Elizabeth—of courts, not of Cecil. I am resolved, so help me God! he shall have no further cause for his repining. Go, convey unto him those twelve silver spoons, with the apostols on them, gloriously gilded; and deliver into his hand these twelve large golden pieces, sufficing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom; besides which, set open before him with due reverence this Bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God towards those who waited in patience for his blessing; and this pair of cremisin silken hosen, which thou knowest I have worne only thirteen months, taking heed that the heel-piece be put into good and sufficient restauration, at my sole charges, by the Italian woman at Charing-cross.

## Laconics.

HONESTY

Obliges us to make restitution, not only of that which comes to us by our own faults, but that which comes to us by the mistake of others. Though we get it by oversight, if we keep it when the oversight is discovered, it is kept by deceit.

HONOUR,

Like the shadow, follows those that flee from it, but flees from those that pursue it.

FALSE MEN

Are ready to think others as false as themselves; and they that bear ill-will to their neighbours, are resolved not to believe that their neighbours bear any good-will towards them.

## PARALLEL RETWEEN WASHINGTON AND BUONAPARTE.

If we compare Washington and Buonaparte, man to man, the genius of the former seems of a less elevated order than that of the latter. Washington belongs not, like Buonaparte, to that race of the Alexanders and Cæsars, who surpass the ordinary stature of mankind. Nothing astonishing attaches to his person; he is not placed on a vast theatre; he is not pitted against the ablest captains and the mightiest monarchs of his time; he traverses no seas; he hurries not from Memphis to Vienna, and from Cadiz to Moscow; he defends himself with a handful of citizens on a soil without recollections and without celebrity, in the narrow circle of the domestic hearths. He fights none of those battles which renew the triumphs o

Arbela and Pharsalia; he overturns no thrones to re-compose others with their ruins; he places not his foot on the necks of kings; he sends not word to them, in the vestibules of his palaces,

Qu'ils se font trop attendre, et qu'Attila s'ennuie.

Something of stillness envelopes the actions of Washington; he acts deliberately: you would say that he feels himself to be the representative of the liberty of future ages, and that he is afraid of compromising it. It is not his own destinies, but those of his country, with which this hero of a new kind is charged; he allows not himself to hazard what does not belong to him. But what light bursts forth from this profound obscurity! Search the unknown forests where glistened the sword of Washington, what will you find there? graves? no; a world! Washington has left the United States for a trophy of his field of battle.

Buonaparte has not any one characteristic of this grave American: he fights on an old soil, surrounded with glory and celebrity; he wishes to create nothing but his own renown; he takes upon himself nothing but his own aggrandizement. He seems to be aware that his mission will be short, that the torrent which falls from such a height will speedily be exhausted: he hastens to enjoy and to abuse his glory, as men do a fugitive youth. Like the gods of Homer, he wants to reach the end of the world in four steps: he appears on every shore, he hastily inscribes his name in the annals of every nation; he throws crowns, as he runs, to his family and his soldiers; he is in a hurry in his monuments, in his laws, in his victories. Stooping over the world, with one hand he overthrows kings, and with the other strikes down the revolutionary giant; but in crushing anarchy he stifles liberty, and finally loses his own in the field of his last battle.

Each is rewarded according to his works: Washington raises his nation to independence; a retired magistrate, he sinks quietly to rest beneath his paternal roof, amid the regrets of his countrymen and the veneration of all nations.

Buonaparte robbed a nation of its independence: a fallen emperor, he is hurried into an exile where the fears of the world deem him not safely enough imprisoned in the custody of the ocean. So long as, feeble and chained upon a rock, he struggles with death, Europe dares not lay down its arms. He expires: this intelligence, published at the gate of the palace before which the conqueror had caused so many funerals to be proclaimed, neither stops nor astonishes the passenger: what had the citizens to deplore?

The republic of Washington subsists, whereas the empire of Buonaparte is destroyed: he died between the first and second voyage of a Frenchman, who found a grateful nation where he had fought for a few oppressed colonists.

Washington and Buonaparte sprang from the bosom of a republic: both born of liberty, the one was faithful to it, the other betrayed it. Their lot in futurity will be as different as their choice.

The name of Washington will spread with liberty from age to age; it will mark the commencement of a new era for mankind.

The name of Buonaparte also will be repeated by future generations; but it will not be accompanied with any benediction, and will frequently serve for authority to oppressors, great or small.

Washington was completely the representative of the wants, the ideas, the knowledge, and the opinions of his time; he seconded instead of thwarting the movement of mind; he aimed at that which it was his duty to aim at: hence the coherence and the perpetuity of his work. This man, who appears not very striking, because he is natural and in his just proportions, blended his existence with that of his country; his glory is the common patrimony of growing civilization; his renown towers like one of those sanctuaries, whence flows an inexhaustible spring for the people.

Buonaparte might, in like manner, have enriched the public domain: he acted upon the most civilized, the most intelligent, the bravest, and the most brilliant nation of the earth. What rank would he occupy at this day in the universe, if he had combined magnanimity with the heroic qualities which he possessed—if, Washington and Buonaparte in one, he had appointed liberty the heir to his glory?

But this prodigious giant did not completely connect his destinies with those of his contemporaries; his genius belonged to modern times, his ambition was of bygone ages; he did not perceive that the miracles of his life far surpassed the value of a diadem, and that this Gothic ornament would ill become him. Sometimes he advanced a step with the age, at others he retrograded towards the past; and whether he opposed or followed the current of time, by his immense strength he repelled the waves or hurried them along with him. In his eyes men were but an engine of power; no sympathy subsisted between their happiness and his. He promised to deliver, and he fettered them;

he secluded himself from them; they withdrew from them. The Kings of Egypt placed their sepulchral pyramids, not among flourishing fields, but amid sterile sands; those vast tombs stand like eternity in the desert; in their image Buonaparte built the monument of his renown.—*Chateaubriand's Travels.*

## COLUMBUS'S FIRST ARRIVAL IN SPAIN.

Columbus, upon discovering the treachery that had been practised upon him, in regard to the putting the scheme of discovering America in execution, by John II. King of Portugal, left his dominions in disgust. This was in the year 1484.* Many writers have thought that he went to his native place, Genoa; some have stated that he proceeded to Venice. All this, however, lies hidden in obscurity. His first appearance in Spain is given as follows, in the recently published biography of this great man, by Mr. Washington Irving:—

"It is interesting to notice the first arrival of Columbus in that country, which was to become the scene of his glory, and which he was to render so powerful and illustrious by his discoveries. In this we meet with one of those striking contrasts which occur in his eventful history.

"The first trace we have of him in Spain, is in the testimony furnished a few years after his death, in the celebrated lawsuit between his son Don Diego and the Crown, by Garcia Fernandez, a physician resident in the little sea-port of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. About half a league from that town stood, and stands at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. According to the testimony of the physician, a stranger on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent, that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son, Diego. Whence he had come from does not clearly appear: that he was in destitute circumstances is evident, from the mode of his way-faring; he was on his way to the neighbouring town of Huelva, to seek his brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.*

"The prior was a man of extensive information. His attention had been turned in some measure to geographical and nautical science, probably from his vicinity to Palos, the inhabitants of which were among the most enterprising navigators of Spain, and made frequent voyages to the recently discovered islands and countries on the African coast. He was greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and struck with the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence in the monotonous life of the cloistered monk, that a man of such singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprise, should apply for bread and water at the gate of his convent. He detained him as his guest, and diffident of his own judgment, sent for a scientific friend to converse with him; that friend was Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, the same who furnishes this interesting testimony. Fernandez was equally struck with the appearance and conversation of the stranger. Several conferences took place at the old convent, and the project of Columbus was treated with a deference in the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, which it had in vain sought amidst the bustle and pretensions of a court—sages and philosophers. Hints, too, were gathered among the veteran mariners of Palos, which seemed to corroborate his theory. One Pedro de Velasco, an old experienced pilot of the place, affirmed, that nearly thirty years before, in the course of a voyage, he was carried by stress of weather so far to the north-west, that Cape Clear in Ireland lay to the east of him. Here, though there was a strong wind blowing from the west, the sea was perfectly smooth,—a remarkable circumstance, which he supposed to be produced by land being in that direction. It being late in August, however, he was fearful of the approach of winter, and did not venture to proceed on the discovery.

* It was about this time that he dispatched his celebrated brother, Bartholomew Columbus, to England, to make proposals relative to the discovery of America, to Henry VII. Captivity, and other delays, long prevented his reaching England, and then his poverty was such, that he was a long time before he could fit himself to appear at court. During this time, he supported himself by making Maps and Charts. At last he laid his plans before Henry, who, in the most extraordinary contradiction to his paltry and penurious character, seems to have received them with great encouragement. But as Bartholomew returned to Spain, he heard at Paris of the successful arrival of his brother from his first voyage.

* Probably Pedro Correa, already mentioned, from whom he had received information of signs of land in the west, observed near Puerto Santo.

"Fray Juan Perez possessed that hearty zeal in friendship, which carries good wishes into good deeds. Being fully persuaded that the proposed enterprise would be of the utmost importance to the country, he offered to give Columbus a favourable introduction at court; and he advised him by all means to repair thither, and make his propositions to the Spanish sovereigns. Juan Perez was on intimate terms with Fernando de Talavera, prior of the monastery of Prado, and confessor to the Queen, a man high in royal confidence, and possessing great weight in public affairs. To him, he gave Columbus a letter, strongly recommending the adventurer and his enterprise to the patronage of Talavera, and requesting his friendly intercession with the King and Queen. As the influence of the church was paramount in the court of Castile, and as Talavera, from his situation as confessor, had the most direct and confidential communication with the Queen, every thing was expected from his mediation. In the meantime, Fray Juan Perez took charge of the youthful son of Columbus, to maintain and educate him at his convent. The zeal of this worthy man, thus early enkindled, never cooled; and many years afterwards, in the day of his success, Columbus looks back through the brilliant crowd of courtiers, prelates, and philosophers, who claimed the honour of having patronized his enterprise, and points to this modest friar, as one who had been most effectually its friend. He remained at the convent until the spring of 1476, when the court arrived in the ancient city of Cordova, where the sovereigns intended so assemble their troops and make preparations for a spring campaign against the Moorish Kingdom of Granada. Elated then with fresh hopes, and confident of a speedy audience, on the strength of the letter to Fernando de Talavera, Columbus bade farewell to the worthy prior of La Rabida, leaving with him his child, and set out, full of spirits, for the Court of Castile.

### MODES OF PUNISHMENT IN ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

It is a fact very little known that "the gallies" are mentioned in a statute late in the reign of Elizabeth, as a punishment not uncommon. Lord Coke, too, in his Institutes, speaks of them in the same light. There were three in the navy, even when the larger ships were in number not more than nineteen; "The Speedwell, the Try-ryghte, and the Blacke Galleye."

Another singular and very terrific species of punishment we read of in "Harrison's Description of Britain;" "Such as havinge wals and bankes neare the sea, and doe suffer the same to decaie, after convenient admonition, whereby the water entereth and drowneth up the country; are, by a certaine custome, apprehended, condemned, and staked in the breache; where they remayne for ever as parcell of the new wal." Y.

### THE ORIGIN OF WAFER-CAKES BEING WROUGHT IN THE BORDERS OF ALL EGYPTIAN TAPESTRY.

*For the Olio.*

Fuller, in his "Historie of the Holy Warre," mentions, when Lewis the IXth was prisoner at Cairo, he was restored to his liberty on condition that the Christians should surrender up to them the city of Damietta, and pay for his ransom, and the devastations they had committed in Egypt, 400,000 pieces of silver. Lewis, for the security of this money, pawned to the Turks the Pyx and Host (that is, the Body of Christ transubstantiated in the Eucharist) as his chiefest jewel, which he should be most careful to redeem. Hence, in perpetual memory of this conquest, we may see a wafer-cake and a box always wrought in the borders of that tapestry which is brought out of Egypt.—R.

## MEN AND CANDLES.

"An able chemist and physician declares his conviction, that it would be possible to transmute dead bodies into CANDLES."—*Times, Jan.* 1, 1828.

Now this idea, which the philosopher cannot sufficiently admire, has already been practically illustrated. Voltaire tells us, that, during the Irish rebellion, the bodies of the English slain were most economically worked up into candles. A good wife complaining at the huckster's that the candles were not so good as they were wont to be—"That arises," replied the tradesman, "from the scarcity of tallow; we can get but few dead Englishmen!" We cannot but regret that this important chemical truth was not enforced on the attention of the late Emigration Committee. The idea of transporting ten thousand human beings from their native land is shocking to every benevolent breast; but what a grand work of political economy, to transmute

this superflux of humanity into candles!

There is a sublimity in the idea, together with evident profit. With this truth in view, and with a redundant Irish population, we may snap our fingers for the future at any chance of war with Russia. We will not, at the present moment, bring into figures the number of candles which every Irish family—allowing one able-bodied man, one woman, and nine children to each—would produce; but it is evident the product would be immense. To be sure, from the natural irritability of the people, we do not believe an Irishman would burn as well as a Hollander; there would doubtless be an occasional spluttering from the taper. But, after gravely considering the matter, we do not see why England (it being ordered to such effect by the solemnity of an act of parliament), having on her hands a heavy Irish population, might not become a great exporting country. Nothing remains for the government but to advertise for contractors to furnish a certain number of journeymen tallow-chandlers, with a sufficiency of pipe-staving, to be shipped immediately for Ireland, when a due portion of the people being melted, and hooped in the allotted casks, ships may be ordered to take in the produce at the several sea-ports, and the work is finished!

In considering this question, one knows not which sufficiently to admire—its ingenuity, or its evident humanity. But we would now speak of the philosophy of the question; or, rather, of those incidents which, in the adoption of the melting system in England, must give rise to philosophical disquisition. The dust of Alexander in a bung-hole is a startling mockery of human greatness; and yet we know not if a more painful sense of debasement, mingled with a touch of the ludicrous, would not be in the thought of the tallow of an Alexander—formed into the solitary rushlight of the wretched poor—depending from a nail in the empty cupboard. Cowper speaks of a candle in a strain which associates the taper with the most chilling and miserable attributes of want: it is in *The Winter Evening*—

> "The taper soon extinguished which I saw
> *Dangled along at the cold finger's end,*
> Just when the day declined."

What a situation!—what a change for one of the mighty! It would be odd, too, to recognize, in the tapers of a ball-room, the remains of departed beauty. Contrasting the flame that shone from them with a recollection of their living brightness, we might exclaim with Gray,

> "E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires."

The melting system, indeed, once become general, there would be no end to the philosophical observations that must arise from it—to the ludicrous and touching contrarities to which it must give place. Thus, some future strolling actor might murder Otway and Shakspeare, before Kean, Young, and Kemble, dwindled into the three tallow foot-lights! The gentlemen at Crockford's might see to ruin new dupes by the last remains of former victims. A dead husband, placed in the bed-room, might gutter away in the candlestick on the nuptial night of his too-forgetful spouse. How many of our saints would be compelled to flare at masquerades and the opera! Parson Irving, made into long sixes, might serve to illuminate the dressing-room of some future Grimaldi; whilst Messrs. Egerton and Claremont, of Covent Garden, might cast a light upon the Hebrew volume at the Jew's Synagogue. It would be a hard fate for the remains of a vegetable-dieted person to be used in any of our meat-markets; it would be no less hard for an author to fall into the hands of a trunk-maker—to afford a light for the pasting of well-remembered, unsold sheets. It would be grievous for a President of a Royal Society to be crammed into a bottle, and placed in a back garret, to twinkle the hours away, until the tenant—some *sans-culotte* bricklayer's labourer—staggered home, and puffed the ex-President out. We wonder how a tailor would burn in the room of a creditor; or how a timid lady would deport herself with pistols over the mantelpiece—or left alone with a party of carousing fox-hunters! Gentlemen of economical dispositions would certainly be most desirable—they would make the most of themselves. Lawyers, for instance, it would, we imagine, be very hard to put out; tax-gatherers would last for ever; sinecurists would be most unprofitable burning. Not so with some long-winded members of Parliament—the regular five-column men would be invaluable. Watchmen must sell at a reduced rate; they would give a dull, sleepy light—moreover, have a continual tendency to gather what housewives call *thieves*, about them. We wonder how Mr. Cobbett would burn!—certainly, with great economy; it would, however, we should think, be necessary to put him into a perforated lantern. Physicians and Doctors would make but tolerable candles—they would always appear with "winding-sheets" in them. How it would irk the heart of a country gentlemen—of a fine, unbending game preserver—one who had imprisoned his fifty poachers a season,—to be reduced into a

"six," and compelled to witness an illicit feast of hares from his own manor! We should not like to see a Jew rabbi upon the counter of a Christian pork-merchant; neither should we like to see a modern Brummel light his cigar at a Dr. Franklin.

Impartially weighing the good with the evil of the melting system, we feel convinced that the good must preponderate. It would, to be sure, throw the undertakers out of employment; but then it would add considerably to the body of the tallow-chandlers. The mutes might tear their hat-bands into garters, tuck up their coat-sleeves, and turn to their new trade. Besides, what tracts of churchyard ground might be brought into profitable cultivation! We have not yet calculated how many quarters of wheat might be raised on land at present cumbered with tombstones. If the relatives and friends of the departed would fain preserve some relict of the dead, they might empty the snuffers into rings and lockets;—there would be an attractive and poetic sensibility in this. The custom would also present a continual moral—a *memento mori* would ever, at least at candlelight, be with us. One might speculate whether it was a second or third cousin on the table, and moralize accordingly. In small villages, which would doubtless burn their own population, the genealogy of every candle might be accurately retained, and the taper spoken of with becoming respect. Thus, when a light was required, the servant might be directed to "set up another Mr. Jones," or "put one of Mr. Tomkins on the table." And can it be thought that these worthy personages, whilst they diffused light, would not also give birth to those serious reflections so fervently advocated by all holy men? Certainly they must. On the general adoption of the system, that famous line—

"Out, brief CANDLE!"*—

will have a pointed warning, especially if addressed to a short, bulky liver.

We trust the public will think well of this proposition—that they will bring to its consideration a liberal and philosophic mind. After all, we think a candlestick, whether of brass or silver, is a more decent temporary abode than five feet of wet earth. To be sure, some alteration must be made in the Burial Service; but we have bishops all sufficient for the task. For ourselves, we enter most heartily into the measure. We contemplate with singular complacency the possibility of our mortal remnant giving light to a knot of good fellows; to have the air about us impregnated with the spirit of wit and humour escaping from the talkers; to bend our flame, as it were, into a courteous recognition towards a late companion, who should solicit us with his Havannah; or, still better, to witness the studious hours of a friend, whose hand has scarcely ceased throbbing from our last grasp, to be promoted to his table, to burn over the volume—perhaps a legacy from ourselves—to witness his thoughtful eyes bent stedfastly upon the page, conning more than once some passage marked by the thumb-nail or the pencil of the dead. Surely, this is to cheat the worms for something! Is the reader yet converted to the "new light?" If not, we leave him to the melancholy brightness of the lackered coffin-plate, and, as the deep-thoughted "Elia" has it, to the "angel" and well-wrought cramp-irons." We think *Falstaff* would have been of our faith. How the old knight would have blazed over a "a sack posset!" But he had too much fat in him to be made into any one candle. Like *Romeo*, he should have been "cut into little stars," and used as flambeaux "between tavern and tavern."—*Mon. Mag.*

* In a literal translation of *Macbeth* into French, the line is thus happily rendered;—"*Sortez, courte chandelle!*

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

### THE KNIGHTS OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER.

WITH the following origin of the Teutons, we shall complete our account of the most celebrated of those orders of knighthood that had their institution through the wars of Palestine.

This military and hospitable order owes its origin, which took place in 1191, to the piety of a German family, who, in the time of the Holy War, lived at Jerusalem, and erected a house for the reception and maintenance of such of his countrymen as resorted to Palestine as pilgrims. To the above house they added an oratory by permission of the patriarch of Jerusalem, which was dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Soon after, a number of gentlemen of Germany contributed towards the enlargement of this charity; and in 1191, they were joined by several others from Bremen and Lubeck; whereupon they, at their joint expense, erected a splendid hospital at Acre, and assumed the title of *Teutonic Knights*, or brethren of the Hospital of our Lady of Mount Sion, under the auspices of Henry, the

then King of Jerusa em, the Patriarch, and a number of Christian Princes.

About this time, the Emperor Frederick the 1st, surnamed Barbarossa, undertook the crusade, to recover the Holy Land from Saladin, the Soldan of Egypt. To perfect this undertaking, a vast assemblage of the nobility and gentry of Germany, offered their services; and in every attack made by Frederick against the infidels, they signalized themselves by their courage and fidelity; but the Emperor's death happening whilst they were in the midst of their victories, these valiant men found themselves engaged in besieging Acre, without a leader; they therefore chose Frederick, Duke of Suabia, and Henry, Duke of Brabant, for their generals, under whose banners they fought with so much bravery, at the taking of Acre, that Henry, King of Jerusalem, instituted an Order in their favour, and with the Patriarch and other Princes, formed the statutes according to those of the Knights Hospitalars and Templars.

The statutes, set forth that the Knights should be *well-born;* that they should defend the Christian Church and Holy Land, and hospitably entertain pilgrims of their nation; and finally, that they should call themselves Knights of our Lady of Mount Sion. The Emperor Henry VI. and Pope Celestin III. ordered that they should live according to the rules of the regular canons of St. Augustine, and that their mantles and standards should be white, having thereon a sable cross, in form similar to that of the Knights Hospitalars. Hereupon the King of Jerusalem, by the authority of the Emperor of Germany, created the first knights, to the number of forty, making Henry-a-Walpot their first grand master. The Order, now firmly established, went on, greatly increasing in wealth, caused by the liberal benefactions they received from Christian Princes. During the mastery of Henry of Saltza, these Knights rescued John, the son of Henry, King of Jerusalem, in a battle that was lost by the Christians against Conradin, King of Syria; for which timely service, the above John, granted to be borne by them the proper arms of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. After this, the Duke of Masovia, in Poland, granted to them all the lands which they should take from the Tartars, in Prussia, which grant was confirmed by the Pope and Emperor. In this war they were so successful, that a very short period had elapsed before they cleared the country of the Pagans, and possessed themselves of Livonia and Courland; and having founded several churches, towns, and castles, and planted some German colonies, they passed into Russia, and there established the Christian religion. Whilst the Order were performing these feats, they received information that the town of Acre had been taken by the Sultan of Egypt, in 1291; and that the Knights there had been compelled to return to Germany. The principal house of the Order was established at Marpurg, in Hessia, and afterwards translated to Marienburg, a town of their founding, in Prussia.

The prosperity of the Order was now beginning to be obscured by dissension. The Prussians, thinking themselves tyrannically oppressed, complained of them to Casimir, the King of Poland, who, for the wrongs they had committed, made the Grand Master, Lewis Erlinsufe, for the future, instead of considering himself a free prince of the Empire, enter into an agreement to perform homage to himself, as his Lord and Master. The successors of Lewis considered this act prejudicial to themselves, and resisted it by every means in their power, but without effect, for the King of Poland, in spite of their resistance, compelled them to act up to it, and perform their homage.

At length Albert, Marquis of Brandenburgh, Grand Master of the order, abjured the Roman Catholic religion for the doctrines of Luther, and at the same time treated with the King of Poland for the absolute mastery of Prussia, offering to do homage for the same to the crown of Poland. After this agreement had been entered into with the King of Poland, he abdicated the dignity of Grand Master of the order, subjugated Prussia, and expelled all the knights that refused to follow his example. Upon these reverses, the Teutons retired to Mariendal in Franconia. This expulsion, according to some writers, has been looked upon as the dissolution of the order.

The Teutons, when in the fulness of their strength, were considered the most powerful of all the orders that existed in Europe; but at their subversion the order was divided into two branches, the first for Roman Catholics, who take the oath of celibacy, and have a house at Mergenthiem, in Germany, wherein to transact their affairs. The ensign worn by this branch is a cross patonce sable, thereon a cross fluery gold, over all on the centre an escutcheon gold, charged with the imperial eagle black. This ensign is worn round the neck, pendent to a gold chain.

The second branch is for Protestants; they possess a house at Utrecht, in which all their affairs are transacted, and their secretary resides. The manner of admission is as follows. If any of the nobles of

Holland propose a son to be a knight, his name is entered in the register, and a large sum of money is paid for the use of the poor maintained by the order, and the person whose name is enrolled succeeds in rotation.

Upon the death of a Knight, the first on the list is summoned to attend the chapter, and bring with him proofs of his Nobility for four generations, both on the father and mother's side; if not, he is struck out of the list.

The ensign of this branch is a cross-pattee, enamelled white, surmounted with another black; above the cross is a ball, twisted white and black. It is worn about the neck, pendent to a broad black watered ribbon. The same cross is embroidered on the left breast of the upper garment of each Knight. R. J.

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES—No. IX.

### THE HARVEST OF THE SAVAGES.

#### MAPLE SUGAR HARVEST.

The juice of the maple was, and still is, collected by the Savages twice a year. The first collection takes place about the end of February, March, or April, according to the latitude of the country in which the sugar-maple grows. The liquor collected after the slight night-frosts, is converted into sugar by being boiled over a strong fire. The quantity of sugar obtained by this process differs according to the qualities of the tree. This sugar, light of digestion, and of a greenish colour, has an agreeable and somewhat acid taste.

The second collection takes place when the sap of the tree has not sufficient consistency to become sugar. This sap is condensed into a sort of treacle, or syrup, which, dissolved in spring water, furnishes a cooling beverage during the heats of summer.

Great care is taken to preserve the maple woods of the red and white species. The most productive maples are those the bark of which looks black and scabby. The Savages conceive that these appearances are occasioned by the black red-headed wood-pecker, which pierces such trees in which the sap is most abundant. They consequently respect this wood-pecker as an intelligent bird and a good spirit.

About four feet from the ground two holes are made in the trunk of the maple, three quarters of an inch deep, and bored obliquely upward to facilitate the effusion of the sap.

These first two incisions are turned to the south; two similar ones are made towards the north. These holes are afterwards bored, according as the tree yields its sap, to the depth of two inches and a half.

Two wooden troughs are placed on the two sides of the tree facing the north and south, and tubes of elder are introduced into the holes, to conduct the sap into these troughs.

Every twenty-four hours the sap which has run off is removed; it is carried into sheds covered with bark, and boiled in a pan of water, care being taken at the same time to skim it. When it is reduced to one half by the action of a clear fire, it is poured into another pan, in which it is again boiled till it has acquired the consistence of a syrup. Being then taken from the fire, it is allowed to stand for twelve hours. At the expiration of that time it is emptied into a third pan; but care must be taken not to shake the sediment deposited at the bottom of the liquor.

The third pan is in its turn set upon charcoal half-burned and without flame. A little fat is thrown into this syrup, to prevent its boiling over. When it begins to be ropy, it must be poured into a fourth and last wooden vessel, called *the cooler*. A strong female keeps stirring it round without stopping, with a cedar stick, till it acquires the grain of sugar. She afterwards runs it off into bark moulds, which give to the coagulated fluid the shape of small conical loaves: the operation is then finished.

In making molasses only, the process ends with the second boiling.

The maple juice keeps running for a fortnight, and this fortnight is a continued festival. Every morning the maple-wood, usually irrigated by a stream of water, is visited. Groups of Indians of both sexes are dispersed at the foot of the trees; the young people dance or play at different games, the children bathe under the inspection of the Sachems. — *Chateaubriand's Travels.*

## Science and Art.

### PROCESS FOR PREPARING INDELIBLE WRITING INK.

Make a saturated solution of indigo and madder in boiling water, and in such proportions as to give a purple tint; add to it from one sixth to one eighth of its weight of sulphuric acid, according to the thickness and strength of the paper to be used. This makes an ink which flows pretty

freely from the pen;—and when writing which has been executed with it is exposed to a considerable but gradual heat from the fire, it becomes completely black, the letters being burnt in and charred by the action of the sulphuric acid. If the acid has not been used in sufficient quantity to destroy the texture of the paper and reduce it to the state of tinder, the colour may be discharged by the oxymuriatic and oxalic acids and their compounds, though not without great difficulty. When the full proportion of acid has been employed, a little crumpling and rubbing of the paper reduces the carbonaceous matter of the letter to powder, but by putting a black ground behind them, they may be preserved, and thus a species of indelible writing-ink is procured, (for the letters are in a manner shaped out of the paper,) which might be useful for some purposes; perhaps for the signatures of bank notes.—*Brande's Journal.*

ADULTERATION OF SULPHATE OF QUININE.

Some of the chemists having chosen to adulterate this recenly discovered and highly beneficial medicine, by mixing it with sugar, the following is a method proposed to physicians and pharmacopolists to detect this new species of fraud. Dissolve the salt in water, and precipitate the quinine by carbonate of potash. Filter the liquid, and evaporate to dryness; the residue being treated with alcohol, the latter dissolves the sugar, and leaves the sulphate of potash and the excess of carbonate untouched; on evaporating the alcohol, the sugar is obtained quite pure.

MEDICAL VIRTUES OF THE SPIDER'S WEB.

Dr. Jackson, in his work on fever, pronounces that the web of the spider prevents the recurrence of febrile paroxysms more effectually than bark or arsenic, or any other remedy employed for that purpose. It is administered in pills of five grains every fourth or fifth hour, the patient being previously prepared by the usual evacuants. It is said to be useful also in spasmodic affections of various kinds, asthma, periodical head-aches, and general irritability; also as an application to ulcerated and irritable surfaces. The web should be that of the black spider, found in cellars, and dark and damp places.

## Anecdotiana.

CARDINAL ANGELOTTO.

THIS character, notorious for the weakness of his intellect, and the meanness of his disposition, was extremely fond of detracting from the merit of others. One day, when Pope Eugenio IV. was at Florence, a lad of ten years old was introduced to his Holiness, in the presence of the Cardinal. The youth addressed the Pope in a speech, which, for gravity and wisdom, much exceeded his years. "It is common," observed Angelotto, when the rest of the audience praised the oration, "for young persons endowed with premature talents, to fall into early decay of parts." "Then, my Lord Cardinal," replied the lad, "you must have had very extraordinary talents when you were young."

EPIGRAM.

THE following is paraphrased from a Latin Epigram written by Godfrey, a prior of Winchester, in the year 1100.

THE MODEST BEGGAR.

'When Titus disburses, in hour convivial,
Large gifts to his guests, they in worth are but trivial;
But when in small portions his wealth he dispenses,
Though trifling their bulk, yet their value immense is:
This fashion my modesty suits to a tittle,
So, Titus, be sure that you give me but little.'

SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

This Pope was so great an admirer of Queen Elizabeth in her young days, that he was often heard to wish for an evening's conversation with her: "The produce (said the sanguine Pontiff) must have been an Alexander."

ANECDOTE OF A SPANIARD.

A Spanish gentlemen, who had but one eye, used frequently to attend a tennis court, whenever any match of skill was played there. One day, the ball was so violently struck against the other eye, as in a moment to deprive him of the use of it. He bowed to the company, and without apparent emotion, left the court, saying "*Buenos Noches!*" Good night, gentlemen!

EPIGRAMS.

*(For the Olio.)*

THE HEAD AND THE FEET.

The head of a sober man governs his feet,
And his reason assists him to gain wisdom's seat;
But if should he no longer by reason be led,
The feet of a tipsy man govern his head. P.

EXAMPLE.

If thou hast foes, direct thy steps so clean,
That not a shadow of the track be seen;—
Thou, by Example, will their rancour cure,
And, by their silence, peace of life insure. F.

ON TOM SMART, A NOTED SLOVEN.

Thy well-known name is ill applied,
To nature, or to art;
For thou art so devoid of pride—
Thou'rt anything but—*smart.* P.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| March 9 | | March 9 | Our Saint, who was the younger brother of St. Basil, became bishop of Nyssa in Cappadocia: he was deposed by the Arian faction, and died A. D. 400. St. Gregory drew up the Nicene Creed, by order of the Council of Constantinople. |
| | St. Gregory. | | 1814. Anniversary of the disastrous attack made upon Bergen-op-Zoom, by the English, under Sir Thomas Graham, who attempted to carry the place by storm, but were defeated with great loss. |
| ——10 | Dractovœus | ——10 | 1636. Died on this day Sir Hugh Myddelton. He was a native of Denbigh, and a citizen of London; to which city he rendered the most important service in supplying it with water, by uniting two streams in Hertfordshire and Middlesex, and conveying the same through various soils, for a course of sixty miles. It took five years to complete this praiseworthy undertaking, and the whole of the great projector's fortune. |
| | | | 1792. Expired on this day, John Earl of Bute, a nobleman who for some time directed the education of Geo. III. In 1763 he was appointed Prime Minister of State; a situation which popular resentment compelled him to relinquish. Lord Bute was an encourager of learning and learned men, and a patron of the arts. |
| ——11 | St. Eulogius. | ——11 | This saint was elected Archbishop of Toledo; but before his consecration he was put to death by the Saracens, at Cordova, A. D. 859. |
| | | | 1478. Interred at Tewkesbury, on this day, the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV., who was drowned in the Tower, whilst a prisoner upon a charge of treason, by immersion in a butt of malmsey. |
| ——12 | St. Gregory. | ——12 | Our saint, who was surnamed the Great, was born at Rome, about 540, where his father Gordianus was a senator. Gregory became prætor of the Capitol; but being inclined to a religious life, he became abbot. On the death of Pelagius, in 590, he was elected to the papal seat, which he filled till the period of his death, which took place A. D. 604. The first introduction of Christianity into this island we owe to Gregory, who sent Austin the monk on a mission to convert the people of Britain. |
| | | | 1712. The Royal Gazette of this period contained a curious announcement, stating it was Her Majesty Queen Anne's intention to touch publicly for the evil on this day. |
| ——13 | St. Nicephorus | ——13 | This saint, who was secretary to the Emperor Constantine Coprinomus, and Patriarch of Constantinople, died A. D. 828. |
| | | | 1781. This day records the discovery of the new planet, by the late Mr. Herschel, which he called, in compliment to the King, the *Georgium Sidus*. Mr. H., for his important additions to the stock of our national knowledge, was elected a member of the Royal Society, and the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of a Doctor of Laws. |
| ——14 | St. Boniface. | ——14 | Our Saint was a native of England, and sent by Gregory II. to convert the Germans; whilst on a similar mission in Friesland he was slain by the peasantry, A. D. 754. |
| | | | 1757. The unfortunate English Admiral John Byng was shot on this day at Portsmouth, on a very dubious sentence, for neglect of duty. He met death with great resolution, exhibiting the same courage that he had given many proofs of during life, and died a victim to political persecution |
| ——15 | St. Zachary. | ——15 | St. Zachary, who succeeded Gregory III. in the pontificate in 741, was distinguished for his singular meekness, zeal, and prudence. |
| | | | The great subjugator of nations, Julius Cæsar, fell beneath the poniards of Brutus and his associates, in the Roman Senate, on this day, 44 years B. C. |
| | | | 1784. Died on this day, Dr. Thomas Franklin, the author of the tragedies of the Earl of Warwick, and Matilda, and the translator of Phalaris, Sophocles, and Lucian; which performances evince ability and genius of the first order. |

The Rencontre of Argantes and Otho.

## ACCOUNT OF MOUNT ÆTNA AND ITS ERUPTIONS.

"This mighty and imposing mountain, which rises in solitary grandeur to the height of above ten thousand feet, and embraces a circumference of one hundred and eighty miles, is entirely composed of lavas, which, whatever subordinate differences may exist between them, all possess the appearance of having been ejected above the surface of water, and not under pressure.

"In the structure of this mountain, every thing wears alike the character of vastness. The products of the eruptions of Vesuvius may be said almost to sink into insignificence, when compared with these coulées, some of which are four or five miles in breadth, fifteen in length and from fifty to one hundred feet in thickness, and the changes made on the coast by them are so considerable, that the natural boundaries between the sea and land seem almost to depend upon the movements of the volcano.

"The height too of Ætna is so great, that the lava frequently finds less resistance in piercing the flanks of the mountain, than in rising to its summit, and has in this manner formed a number of minor cones, many of which possess their respective craters, and have given rise to considerable streams of lava.

"Hence an ancient poet has very happily termed this volcano the parent of Sicilian mountains, an expression strictly applicable to the relation which it bears to the hills in its immediate neighbourhood, all of which have been formed by successive ejections of matter from its interior.

"The grandest and most original feature indeed in the physiognomy of Etna, is the zone of subordinate volcanic hills with which it is encompassed, and which looks like a court of subaltern princes waiting upon their sovereign.

"Of these, some are covered with vegetation, others are bare and arid, their relative antiquity being probably denoted by the progress vegetation has made upon their surface, and the extraordinary difference that exists in this respect seems to indicate that the mountain, to which they owe their origin, must have been in a

state of activity, if not at a period antecedent to the commencement of the present order of things, at least at a distance of time exceedingly remote.

" The silence of Homer on the subject of the eruptions of Etna is indeed often quoted in proof of the more modern date of this volcano; but to such *negative* evidence we have to oppose the *positive* statement of Diodorus Siculus, who notices an eruption long anterior to the age of this poet, as he says that the Sicani, who with the exception of the fabulous Cyclops and Lestrigons, were the first inhabitants of the island, and who are admitted on all sides to have possessed it considerably before the Trojan war, deserted the neighbourhood of Mount Etna in consequence of the terror caused by the eruptions of the volcano.

" This is confirmed by Dionysius Halicarnassus, who states that the Siculi, who passed over from Magna Græcia about eighty years before the Trojan war, first took possession of that part of the island which had been deserted by the Sicanians so that it is probable that the mountain was at that period tolerably tranquil, and supposing no eruption to have taken place from that time till the age of Homer, it is by no means unlikely, that in a barbarous age, the tradition of events so remote may have been in great measure effaced, and thus have never reached the ears of the Greek poet.

" The earliest historian by whom the volcano has been noticed is Thucydides who says, that up to the date of the Peloponesian war, which commenced in the year 431 B. C. three eruptions had taken place from Mount Etna, since Sicily was peopled by the Greeks. It is probably to one of these that Pindar has alluded in his first Pythian Ode, written according to Heyné, in consequence of the victory obtained by Hiero in the year 470 B. C. It may be remarked that this poet particularly speaks of the streams of lava which if we may judge from Vesuvius, are less usual concomitants of the first eruptions of a volcano.

" Diodorus Siculus mentions an eruption subsequent to the above, namely in the 96th Olymp. or 396 years B. C.

which stopped the Carthaginian army in their march against Syracuse The stream may be seen on the eastern slope of the mountain near Giarre, extending over a breadth of more than two miles, and having a length of twenty-four from the summit of the mountain to its final termination in the sea. The spot in question is called the Bosco di Aci; it contains many large trees, and has a partial coating of vegetable mould, and it is seen that this torrent covered lavas of an older date which existed on the spot.

"Four eruptions are recorded to have happened between this period and the century immediately preceeding the Christian era, during which latter epoch the mountain seems to have been in a state of frequent agitation, so that it is noticed by the poets among the signs of the anger of the gods at the death of Cæsar.

"After this for about a thousand years its eruptions are but little noticed, but during the last eight centuries they have succeeded each other with considerable rapidity. Referring however to the chronological list of the eruptions of the mountain for a specification of these, I shall here merely allude to such as have produced some remarkable change in the character of the country.

"In the memorable eruption of 1669, a rent twelve inches in length took place on the flank of the mountain above Nicolise, about half-way between Catania and the summit, and from this fissure descended a torrent of melted matter, which continued flowing for several miles, destroyed a part of Catania, and at length entering the sea, formed a little promontory, which serves to arrest the fury of the waves in that quarter, at the same time the accumulation of matters ejected, raised on the mountain two conical hills called the Monti Mossi, which measure at their base, about two Italian miles, and are in height more than three hundred feet above the slope of the mountain, on which they are placed." *Ferrara.*

The earliest eruption of Etna that is recorded, was about 480 years before Christ, and there were nine others before that epoch, besides one of the Eolian Isles and one of Ischia. Vesuvius had no eruption during this period, nor is any previous one known, although it is certain that there must have been eruptions more ancient than any that are recorded of Etna, and the same remark may be made of Etna itself.

From the birth of Christ to 1824, there were only six eruptions of Etna; in the mean time there were nine of Vesuvius.

In 1198, the Solfaterra was inflamed, and in 1302 there was an eruption of Mount Epemeo in Ischia. From 1329 to 1719 there were forty-two eruptions of Etna, not quite one to a century. Vesuvius gave in the same time, or rather from 1306 to 1822, forty-two eruptions; the ratio of time a little more.

"It appears from this table that the nearest coincidence between the eruption of the two volcanos was in 1694 and in 1811, when they occurred within a month of each other, and that on eight several occasions an interval of less than half a year elapsed between them, viz. that of Vesuvius December 2, 1754, was followed by one of Etna on March 2, 1755; Vesuvius August 3, 1779, by Etna May 18, 1780; Vesuvius October 31, by Etna July 28, 1787; Etna June, 1788, by Vesuvius February, 1799; again followed by one of Etna in June, same year; Etna March 27, 1809, by Vesuvius December 10, 1809; Vesuvius October 12, 1811, by Etna October 25, 1811; again followed by Vesuvius December 31, same year; Vesuvius May 27, 1819, by Etna, November 25, same year."

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# Laconics;

OR,

*Pithy Remarks and Maxims, collected from various Sources.*

NATURE

Is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return, doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune, but custom only doth alter and subdue nature.

HOPE.

This passion "predominates in every mind, till it has been suppressed by frequent disappointments."

MEN

In great place are thrice servants, servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business, so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times.

LOW COMPANY.

He that sinks to a familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connexions; and though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again.

GOOD HUMOUR

Is a state between gaiety and unconcern, the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification.

THE WORLD

Is like a vast sea, mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails; the senses serve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds, and the judgment is the rudder.

CENSURE

Is the tax, a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping, and a weakness to be effected by it.

PEDANTRY

Proceeds from much reading and little understanding. A pedant among men of learning and sense, may be likened to an ignorant person giving an account of a polite conversation.

SOCIETY

Is cemented by laws, upheld by religion, endeared by manners, and adorned by arts.

MYSTERY.

The feeling excited by mystery, is, a union of wonder and curiosity, and when the mystery is deep, becomes a sublime, and at the same time, a humbling emotion. Having its foundation in a principle of order, it necessarily involves the higher powers of intellect, and affords, what philosophers have sometimes been at a loss to find, a ground of distinction between man and the brutes. We may therefore esteem it, notwithstanding it implies ignorance, an evidence of our dignity. It is obvious also, that it must most frequently arise in contemplative and philosophic minds.

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION

Discovers the rencontre of Argantes the bold and courageous Saracenic leader, and general challenger of the chieftains of the Christian army, with Otho one of its leaders.

The point of action is were Argantes has subdued the valiant Otho, and charges him to yield to the force of his all-conquering arms.

While Tancred lost in deepest thought appear'd,
Nor saw the Pagan, nor his challenge heard,
Impetuous Otho spurr'd his foaming horse,
And enter'd first the list with eager course.
This knight, before, by thirst of glory fir'd,
With other warriors to the fight aspir'd;
And yielding then to Tancred's nobler claim,
Mix'd with the throng that to attend him came:
But when he thus th' enamour'd youth beheld,
All motionless, neglectful of the field,
Eager he starts t' attempt the glorious deed;
Less swift the tiger's or the panther's speed!
Against the mighty Saracen he press'd,
Who sudden plac'd his ponderous spear in rest.
But Tancred now, recovering from his trance
Saw fearless Otho to the fight advance:
Forbear! the field is mine! (aloud he cries)—
In vain he calls, the knight regardless flies.
Th' indignant prince beheld with rage and shame;
He blush'd another should defraud his name,
And reap th' expected harvest of his fame.
And now Argantes, from his valiant foe,
Full on his helm receiv'd the mighty blow.
With greater force the Pagan's javelin struck;
The pointed steel thro' shield and corslet broke:
Prone fell the Christian thundering on the sand; *
Unmov'd the Saracen his seat maintained;
And, from on high, inflam'd with lofty pride,
Thus to the prostrate knight insulting cry'd:
Yield to my arms! suffice the glory thine
To dare with me in equal combat join.
Not so (cried Otho) are we fram'd to yield,
Nor is so soon the Christian courage quell'd;
Let others with excuses hide my shame,
'Tis mine to perish, or avenge my fame!

*Book* VI.

## REJECTED LOVE.

*For the Olio.*

Blow, blow, ye winds, thy mighty power
Adieu! thou misty shore,
Farewell for aye, thou lovely flower,
I ne'er shall see thee more.

Rage on, rage on, consuming fire,
Pierce deep, thou rancorous dart,
And deeper still, I court your ire,
Though deadly is thy smart.

Welcome to me, thy dying glow,
And welcome, death, thy mace;
Gladsome I greet the kindly blow,
That, creeping, comes apace.

Still in my wayward flickering dreams,
That seraph form I see,
And in that eye, there sweetly gleams
A ray of love on me.

But transient are those dreams, alas!
And falsely shines that ray,
In mockery's guile, from me they pass,
Like fairy-love, away.

I met her in her halls of pride,
Amid the many throng,
I saw her in her bowers glide
With careless step, along.

Burn on, burn on, thou ruin'd wreck,
Drink deep of sorrow's brine,
Encompass'd is that envied neck,
By happier arms than thine.

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 145.

I saw her in her bride's array,
And lovely was her mien,
And peerless did she look that day,
And happy was I ween.

Yet once methought, mine haggard eye
Encountered her sweet gaze,
And then she beam'd, and breath'd a sigh,
No time will e'er erase.

Where'er I shift my wand'ring sight,
Whatever scenes I flee,
That farewell look, by day and night,
Still languid gleams on me

And I did see her since that day,
When years had ran their course,
And infants smil'd their mother's ray,
And bless'd my sorrow's sourse.

Blow, blow, ye winds, thy mighty power,
Adieu! my native shore;
I've never seen her since that hour,
Nor e'er shall see her more.

W. MORLEY.

## CAMERONIAN WAR SONG.

*For the Olio.*

Let the banner of truth to the breeze be unfurl'd,
Let the hated of God to perdition be hurl'd;
Give the children of Baal to the edge of the sword,
The watchword shall be 'Our God is the Lord.'

Arise ye and spare not, he who sitteth on high,
Shall fight in your cause; he who ne'er knew a lie
Hath said ye shall conquer, go on in your might,
Cry 'victory, victory of God is the fight.'

Remember your home—shall the wicked prevail?
Remember your birth—o'er hill and o'er dale,
O'er land and o'er sea shall be shouted the word,
To 'victory, to victory, our God is the Lord.'

⊖

## DANIEL AND SARAH:

OR, A

## SKETCH OF A COUNTRY COUPLE.

*(For the Olio.)*

——— Content,
In the low vale of life."—COWPER'S SOFA.

DANIEL and Sarah lived more than half a century together. That love which united their hearts in youth, remained with them to the end of their travel. Daniel was tall, thin, and fair: Sarah was short, stout, and dark. His voice was shrill and goat-like: her's was deep and strong. He sang a counter-tenor: she sang a full diapason bass. The disposition of their sexes seemed changed. What she inherited, he did not possess. Yet, so amiable a couple, jogging through the storms of life, and combatting care, is not to be found in every circle. It is singular that Daniel never used the razor, but that Sarah shaved. But their taste was similar, and, their love of news gave indisputable evidence of it. Daniel would sit and read the whole of a newspaper, while Sarah listened remarked and digested. Then she would read it to him, while he argued the disputable points which came in contact with his moralities and politics.

Not a hundred yards from the bridge under which the river Avon runs,—in the straggling but improved village of Christian Malford, stands a neat and large dissenting meeting-house. This was formerly a Malt-house, which retains the original white and curdled cement floor. At the cottage adjoining this structure, Daniel and Sarah resided. Before the door, rather on the ascent, was a tiled porch, on which sun-green moss and yellow stonecrop grew, in company with the wall-flower. Sarah here kept a shop, as a thin, narrow, licensed, strip of board, briefly indicated. Daniel supplied the commodities from an extensive dealers, in Sutton-Benger. Under the meeting-house pulpit is an old arm chair, perhaps less remarkable than Gay's or Bunyan's, and, certainly less important than Edward's or Macbeth's. In this chair, as it was with that of Dr. Johnson, Daniel in worship times, regularly sat. His sunday clothes, which changed not with the biting-tooth of the moth, nor the slakeless thirst of time, was of the old cut, and the old school. His coat was a double-milled light drab, with cuffs and collars. There were silver buttons with his initials D. B. engraved, two on each cuff, and a shining row down the front, with six to each pocket behind, and two to each pocket at the side, well covered with flaps as large as the lid of a salt-box. He wore a calf-skin waistcoat, with deep pockets and parted off in front. His leather inexpressibles were, like a razor-strop, smooth and glossy, and crimped flaps reposed at the knee, and, as the gills of a cock, hung over his red garters and speckled worsted stockings. Then his shoes with a famous pair of silver buckles, that gave the tongue a sidelong lap over the shoe, clean and supple with currier's oil; Day and Martin's Blacking had not then reached the village; and country prejudices in Daniel's time were strong against the use of any substance to leather but oil. His watch with a steel chain and brass seal, was silver and turnip-shaped; his buckle that fastened his plaited shirt at the breast, was formed like a heart, and his wedding accepted token. The studs at his wristbands were impressed in glass

with miniatures of Anson and Vernon; and a stock completed his dress.—Sarah's is not so easily described; for the very of her gown and skirt were enough to strike haunted impressions into credulous minds. Her high heeled shoes with buckles, pointed boddice, and low-crowned but broad-brim black silk hat, gave her external, indications of a second Shipton, when she used her staff crossed at the top for rheumatic pressure. Sarah, in youth, was a trim body and a pretty little figure, with her posy in her bosom, and garland round her brow. Her pet lamb, as tame as Wordsworth's, was not insensible of her kindness, nor ungrateful for her love. This lamb spent much of its life in the chimney corner, and communed with the large black cat, that lulled the woolly creature by purring, into rest. But on Sundays, the lamb followed Sarah into the Meeting House, and sat under the form till service was over . . . . . Time, however, carried these peaceful associates to the grave. It is not, then, less my duty than privilege, to offer a reflection, seing that, though the contented are taken from society, their individual happiness is augmented, and they leave a good name after them, treasured in recollection, for the imitation of their successors. P.

## RISE OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

Vienna, with its ramparts, which seem to guard the city, and its vast suburbs which surround it at the distance of six hundred yards, is not unlike the Austrian Empire, whose vast kingdom and provinces surround the small Archdukedom of Austria Proper. Its very palaces, its inrticate mazes, and its crooked, narrow, and winding streets, bear the character of tameness, and of that shifting policy for which the reigning family is so justly notorious, far more than that of the different nations whose head this capital has become. This Imperial family is a true specimen how often the greatest events are the offspring of small accidental causes. A Count of Switzerland meets, during one of his sporting excursions, a poor priest on his way to administer the sacrament to a dying parishioner. His progress is arrested by a brook, just at the moment when the Count with his retinue arrives. Respectfully he offers his own horse to the priest, humbly it is accepted, and the next day returned "God forbid!" exclaims the Count to the messenger, "I should ride a horse again which carried my saviour: I bestow it on the church and the priest." This poor priest becomes the chaplain and the confidant of the Prince Elector of Mentz, and his influence prevails on the first spiritual Prince of Germany, to propose the pious horse-lender to the assembled electors of this Empire. As his military prowess promised to be useful at a time when Germany was infested by numberless petty waylaying knights, and his want of power gave no reason for jealousy, he was accepted, and thus Rudolph, Count of Hapsburgh, became the first though least powerful monarch of Christendom.

Though a wealthy Count, he was a poor Prince; he had, however, a treasure in his daughters, which he disposed of in that prudent way which enabled him with the assistance of his princely sons in law, to deprive Ottocar, the King of Bohemia, of Austria. This Dukedom had been seized, after the decease of the last Duke of the house of Babensburg, by Ottocar, and was in vain re-demanded by Rudolph. Ottocar was twice defeated; and his death on the field of battle secured the family of Hapsburg in that first possession, the Archdukedom of Austria. His successors pursued the same prudent and marrying way, and acquired by these means the kingdoms of Bohemia, Hungary, a number of smaller provinces, and finally the vast Spanish monarchy, till Charles the Fifth, the most powerful monarch of Europe, dared to aspire, three hundred years afterwards, to universal monarchy. Without a distinguished character, without even the love of those nations, and in spite of continual revolts, this family not only extricated itself from imminent dangers, but rose from its frequent downfalls more powerful than before. While we see the foundations of other empires shaken where sovereign and people are intimately blended, and liberal ideas are spreading every day, there is in this vast monarchy, till the present time, scarcely a movement perceptible towards emancipation, which none of the nations under this government seem to require. Where the greatest genius would have failed, the monarchs of Austria have succeeded by the very want of genius; and by merely resorting to such common means as lie nearer to the level of common understandings, are neither visionary nor fantastic, and therefore seldom fail in their intended success. —*Austria as it is.*

## STANZAS.

"When youth, like a fountain, reflected whatever
Could flash on the heart or repose on the eye,
And shadow or sunshine succeeded for ever,
My joy and my grief were—a smile or a sigh.

But now, like a fountain the frost ices o'er,
The blast or the beam can awake me no more;
When tempests are blowing, and sunbeams are glowing,
The heart neither quivers nor glows as before.

Oh! where is the blossom that closed or expanded,
As midnight or morning were present to sway?
It is flaunting no more, as when summer winds fann'd it,
The flower and the foliage are scattered away!

How sweet was its spring while the heart was in tune,
And when joy was more changing and bright than the moon,
But 'tis vain to remember—the hearts bleak December
Hath blighted the branch that is leafless in June."

## THE COURIER DOVE.

"Outstrip the winds, my courier dove!
On pinions fleet and free,
And bear this letter to my love,
Who's far away from me.

It bids him mark thy plume, whereon
The changing colours range;
But warns him that my peace is gone,
If he should also change.

It tells him thou return'st again,
To her who set thee free;—
And O! it asks the truant, when
He'll thus resemble thee?"

## THE HALF-PAY CAPTAIN.

On a cold and snowy night, in the winter of 1823, I was passing through the Strand, on my way home from a formal dinner-party, when I stepped into one of those houses of entertainment which abound in that semi-fashionable neighbourhood which skirts the occidental line of aristocratic demarcation—Charing Cross. Although this house has assumed the dignified appellation of *tavern*, the only claim it possessed to such distinction, was the display of a few mutton-chops, a plate of mutton kidneys, and two fine heads of celery in the window. Nor was it what is termed "a *public-house*—

"Where 'bacco-pipes, and clumsy pots of beer
Regale the crowd:"

but might be said to have fixed its intrinsic rank midway between the two. It possessed a neat and comfortable parlour for public use, and, although perfumed by tobacco, and moistened by homely ale, neither vulgar "pipe" nor clumsy "pot" disgraced it—the segar, in its "naked beauty," and the brightly polished pewter-vessel, there repelled the rabble, and imparted their cheering pleasures to respectable visitors. The evening paper was there—and so was the "*Times*," to read both of which, as well as to escape a heavy fall of snow, I opened the parlour-door, took a seat at an agreeable distance from a fine blazing fire, and was soon accommodated with the newspaper, together with a cup of smoaking-hot brandy and water.

There were five persons in the parlour, each at a separate table, but all conversing freely together on that never-ending and purely English topic—the weather One of them, however, but seldom spoke, and then it was when addressed by others of the company: he seemed by his air, and the formation of a threadbare and well-brushed blue frock coat, to belong to the army, and I at once set him down as one of "the cloth."

"Waiter, give me a Welsh-rabbit," said this gentleman, in a mild voice to the attendant of the room, and then took up the newspaper, which he continued to peruse until his supper was brought in.

While he was reading, I had an opportunity of observing him closely: he was bald, except on the sides of the head, and there the thin hair was grey: his face was thin, his cheeks rather hollow, and his large and expressive eyes overshadowed by strongly marked brows; his figure was tall but wasted; and from the oppressed and hurried way in which he breathed, it was evident that his health was broken. The whole of his dress was extremely clean, but almost worn out. I could perceive that his boots, on which the strong blaze of the fire fell, were in no state to guard the invalid who wore them from the dangerous effects of the melting snow, over which he must tread on his return home. When I thought of this, and considered that it might cause his death, or at least increase his illness, I sincerely pitied his situation. I felt as if I had already learnt his history, and beheld in him the ruins of a genuine military gentleman.

On addressing my conversation occasionally to him, I found that he was by no means so reserved as at first I imagined; and in a short time we fell into a lively and an interesting chat. I politely asked him if he would take a little brandy and water; but he excused himself, although pressed, by saying that his health would not permit him to drink more than half a pint of porter: this, he said, he took usually in the evening. Wine, said he

" is too expensive in London, or I should certainly prefer it." I immediately requested the waiter to bring some wine; but of this the gentleman also refused to partake—and in such a manner that I felt I should have wounded his feelings by pressing my request farther.

We were now undisturbed by general observations; for when the others in the room perceived we were not at all disposed to join them in chat, they continued to discuss the topics of the day without interrupting us. We conversed for about two hours, and I was never more delighted than by his conversation. Military affairs was the subject: we had both served in the Peninsula, and consequently talked of many mutual acquaintances, living and dead: this made us so far familiar, that he gave me an outline of his professional life.

He had entered the army as ensign in 1790, and had served in both the East and West Indies, Holland, and the Peninsula —obtained his Lieutenancy by chance, and his company by purchase. At the close of the last war he was placed on half pay; in which state he remained; nor could he succeed in obtaining a return to full pay, notwithstanding his long service; this, however, was owing to the great reductions made in the army after the war. He was a native of Bath,—the son of a clergyman whose interest in the church was considerable at the time he became an Ensign; and he assured me, that had he taken his father's advice and embraced the profession of the church instead of the army he would have been a rich man—not a poor pensioner with a ruined constitution, and without hopes of better days in this world. " But," said he, " I was fond of gaiety—the fine uniform of the army caught my young mind, and pleased a beautiful and interesting young lady whom I afterwards married: so I gave up the reality for the shadow:" these were his expressions. His wife died in the West Indies, and left him two daughters: they grew up: both married officers in the army: one went to Sierra Leone and died: the other went to Madras; but whether alive or dead he did not know, not having heard from her for eleven months. All his relations were extinct. " I returned," said he, " from Waterloo, where I was slightly wounded, and on going down to Bath met my father's funeral—the only relation I had had then on earth except my daughter, who is in India." He was placed on half-pay, by the reduction of the battalion in which he was effective. He possessed about four hundred pounds in cash; and this, with his income of seven shillings per day, promised fairly to place him above necessity. He remained in London perhaps more from a wish to be on the spot with the head-quarter people, than from any preference he had to an overgrown, noisy, expensive, metropolis: where, without wealth or friends, life is solitude of the worst description. He thought he possessed a better chance of being re-employed in the service, and so obtain a majority by staying near the Commander-in chief, to watch the progress of military affairs. But year passed after year, in the same dull expectation, and he found himself as far removed from his hopes in 1823 as he was in 1817. His four hundred pounds he lodged in the hands of a mock army agent, who, from day to day, and month to month, promised him an exchange with some individual, with whom, perhaps, the impostor never had communicated. This mock agent at length failed, and ran away; leaving the poor Captain with nothing but his seven shillings a-day: and not only did he take with him his client's four hundred pounds, but his last quarter's half-pay, which the knave drew the day before he departed.

This took place about six weeks before the evening I met the Captain. I immediately offered to introduce him to an army agent, who would advance him the amount of his following quarter's half-pay. This offer he not only willingly accepted, but cordially thanked me for it; indeed, it had the greatest effect upon his spirits—he became quite another man—his countenance lost much of its melancholy; and it appeared he had previously much reason to be depressed; for he frankly informed me, that Greenwood's had refused to advance money, and therefore, for the last six weeks he had been obliged to have recourse to raising money by pawning his clothes. I hesitated not a moment in offering him the loan of what change I then had in my pocket, but he declined to take it; nor could I press him to the acceptance of it. He thanked me gratefully, and promised to meet me at the house we were then in, on the following day at two o'clock, for the purpose of going together to the agent. He paid for his welsh-rabbit and his half pint of porter, cordially shook hands with me, and we parted. Poor fellow! as he feebly walked out into the fast falling snow, so thinly clad, I heartily wished that Heaven had thrown a cloak over his shoulders.

I was true to my appointment next day; but the Captain was not. I waited an hour, and then left word for him with the waiter that I would come in the evening —and would remain until ten o'clock. I could not think what was the reason of the

officer not meeting me, when it was upon a matter of so much importance to him. I went at night, according to what I told the waiter, but he was not there. I called next night,—he was not there. I now concluded that sickness, or perhaps death, was the cause; and regretted much that I had neither left with him my address, nor the name of the agent to whom I had promised to introduce him; neither had I got his card,—certain of meeting at the appointed time and place, we both overlooked the necessity of interchanging addresses.

What I am now about to describe, my readers will say is more of the romantic than the real: I must confess it looks more like the imaginative occurrence of a novel than of actual life; but, at the same time, can assure them, that it is not romance—not imagination,—but fact.

Three weeks had passed away, and I had totally given up the idea of meeting again this unfortunate gentleman. I had frequently gone to the house where we met, but without finding him. I left my address with the waiter, to deliver, should he see him; but my card was never removed from the rack in the bar, where the waiter had placed it.

It happened at this time that I changed my lodgings to Villiers-street, Strand. Here I engaged a tolerably well-furnished pair of parlours, and was reading at my fire, the second night after I took possession of them, when my landlord—a little fat clerk to a brewer—opened the hall-door for somebody who had knocked. I heard his voice increasing to a pitch of anger, which awakened my curiosity; so I laid down my book and listened.

"You cannot be taking up my room for nothing, in this way, Sir; I must pay my rent, and I *shall* be paid by my lodgers. I gave you warning a fortnight ago, when I saw you had no money; and so now you must quit, *willy nilly*."

"But, Sir," replied a voice, in a subdued tone, "I have not been able to leave my bed, in order to look for lodgings, until to-day; and I hope you will not oblige me to quit your room to-night."

"You may go to the room if you wish," replied the landlord, "because I know the *law* don't allow me to lock it up—and a bad law it is; but if you do go, you will have to sleep without a bed; for I have removed my furniture. The short and the long of the matter is, Sir, you owe me two pounds; and I'll forgive you the debt, if you only go away to-night; that's what I call fair and charitable."

"To-night!" returned a voice, "I cannot go; I was scarcely able to crawl down to the Strand, to look after a gentleman, who promised to recommend me to where I may get money; and now I am quite exhausted."

"Exhausted! nonsense," exclaimed the landlord's wife, who now ran up from the kitchen; "we can't be troubled with such people, and lose our rent, too.—Parcel of poor devils of half-pay officers, coming to London, here, to eat us up. One word for all; I will not be humbugged out of my lodgings."

A thought struck me—it might be the poor Captain. I opened the door—it *was* he! There he stood in the hall, leaning upon a stick—almost sinking with weakness. He recognized me directly, and as he put out his hand to meet mine, I could see his eyes filled with tears, which he laboured to suppress. I brought him into my room—gave him a chair at the fire—and left him to himself a few minutes, in order that he might compose his feelings; for to have talked to him on the brutality of the landlord then would have wounded him still deeper. I chose, therefore, rather, to affect ignorance of it; and while I remained out of the room, took an opportunity of addressing the landlord upon his conduct, and promised to be answerable for the Captain's rent, which operated a marvellous change in his demeanour towards the poor sufferer whom he had but a moment before treated so harshly.

I returned to my room and made a glass of negus for my guest, affecting in my manners a degree of hilarity which was at vast variance with my real feelings. The Captain was too weak to sit up long; he had been confined to his bed ever since the night he had first seen me, owing to a cold he caught on his return to his lodgings, and, therefore, could not come to his appointment; he had frequently requested his landlord to oblige him by going to the house where we were to have met, and to speak to me, whom he described; but this as well as other favours was denied. All his money was gone, and he had tottered down that night as a last resource, to see me.

I exerted myself to make him happy: the landlady brought him a basin of gruel, of which he partook: his bed was prepared, and—what was never done before for him—warmed with her pan by her own hands. Every thing was attention, and my grateful friend was made as comfortable as one suffering under a consuming disease could be. He remained in bed from this night; and I could see that every day he became more feeble; the doctor who attended him informed me that his lungs were diseased, and that his case was out of the pale of remedy. I did

every thing I could for him; and he felt great relief, he said, from my company; for I always kept conversation free from melancholy.

About a week after this last confinement of the Captain to his bed, the landlord offered to have warm curtains put up; this was desirable, and as they were already in the house, he sent for an upholsterer to hang them. I was sitting by the bed of the invalid when this upholsterer came in, along with the landlord, carrying the curtains. The Captain regarded him attentively; then whispering he said to me, "I think I know that man: ask him what is his name." I did so, and the upholsterer answered that his name was Thomas Hanson. I beckoned to him, and he approached the bed. The Captain then fixed his eyes upon him, and in a weak voice soid, "Tom, do you not know me?"

"No, Sir," was the reply.

"Ah!" returned the Captain, "I am now so altered that nobody knows me;" and then burst into a flood of tears.

The man gazed on the sufferer intensely; he turned to me in evident embarrassment, and whispered, "I don't recollect the gentleman, indeed, Sir."

A short pause took place, and the Captain wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

"Were you not in the ** th regiment while they served in Spain?" said he.

"Yes, Sir; I served with them there, and since they came home too. I have been pensioned, and now, thank God! I am in a good way of business on my own account. I assure you, Sir, I do not recollect your face."

"No, no!" rejoined the Captain, "my face and all—all are changed. I 'm very unlike the Captain now, Tom, that led you up the hill at Talavera, and saved your life at Salamanca."

Hanson changed colour—he looked closer—he recognized him—then fell on his knees by the bed and seizing his old Captain's hand, wept like a child. I hurried out of the room, for I could not bear the scene.

Hanson never left the bed of the dying officer one hour at a time. However, the poor fellow died next day; and the last sad office of closing his eyes was performed by this faithful and humane soldier; nay, more—from his purse came the expenses of the funeral—his own hands made the coffin—and no mourner ever followed the beloved dead to the grave with a sincerer sorrow, than Hanson did his poor Captain.—*Military Sketch Book.*

## PICTURE OF FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.

Frankfort is an ancient and noble city, where a proportionate wealth is diffused through all the classes of society, though their liberty is rather galled by the overweening airs of the Austrian and Prussian sinecure ambassadors. It is the only city in the south of Germany which, besides Vienna, may be said to be rich; and though the greatest part of these riches is in the hands of half-a-dozen Jews, yet they share the spoils, which flow into the gulph of Hebrew subtility, from the sweat of the brows of the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian slaves. It is a pity that the high character of the Germans and their virtues are so little known, and still less esteemed. There is an intenseness of feeling in the German character, which touches the very heart.

To an incredible extent of knowledge and enlightened learning they unite an unostentatious simplicity and unassuming manners, which bespeak the sterling cast of their minds. What would this nation become, were they allowed only a small degree of civil liberty? A social circle of the better class in Frankfort has a particular charm. Out of fifteen young ladies and as many gentlemen, who meet in a company, there will scarcely be five who are not versed in English literature; and Walter Scott, Moore, and Cowper, are their favourites. The salutations and unshawlings are scarcely over, when the knitting work is resorted to; while one or two are playing on the piano-forte, or reading a favourite novel of the above mentioned authors. They are interrupted by the tea-party, after which they hasten to the Cecilia Union, an institution highly honourable to the youth of Frankfort. About fifty young ladies of the best families, with as many gentlemen, assemble regularly twice every week, to perform Handel's, Haydn's, Grauns's &c. classical works, under the direction of a musical gentleman of high standing. The salary of this director, (Shelble,) the expenses of the *locale* and of the orchestra, are defrayed by subscription of the members. Only sacred music is here admitted. I heard the Messiah and Haydn's Creation performed, and I do not hesitate to affirm, that although the London performance is more splendid as relates to the orchestra, yet the general impression produced by these hundred youthful and blooming singers, is far superior to any thing I ever heard.

The tower where the emperors of Germany were crowned is interesting, if it were but to convey an adequate idea of

the ancient notions of magnificence. The hall where the coronation took place is an oblong chamber, or rather a chapel, such as we find in moderate country mansions of Great Britain. The worn-out likenesses of the emperors, the more ancient of whom have visibly been renovated at various times, and the scene of desolation which reigns throughout, are true representations of the present state of the holy Roman Empire.

The country between Frankfort, and Leipsic, if we except the Fichtel mountains and a dozen small residences of Saxon princes, is of little interest. We visited at Leipsic the spot where the gallant Poniatowsky fell, the hope and the idol of his countrymen. Fanciful and enthusiastic as they are, it was no wonder they once clung with fondness to the hope of seeing him seated on the throne of the Sobieskys and Casimirs. A very curious circumstance respecting the fate of this interesting prince, and one authenticated by several of his friends, is the following. He was about six years before his death, on a visit to a relation of his in Silesia, with a numerous party. They were assembled in the pavilion of the country seat, when a plaintive but melodious voice was heard before the gate. It came from a gipsey, who was called in to prophesy the fate of each person. The first who stepped forth was Prince Poniatowsky. The gipsey took his hand, looked attentively at it, then at him, and muttered in a low voice, "Prince, an Elster will bring you death." As Elster in the German language denotes both the river Elster and a magpie, the company made merry, wrote the prophecy down, witnessed and sealed it. It is still extant.—*Austria as it is.*

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

### THE ATIEMPT TO SURPRISE AND TAKE THE CASTLE OF CALAIS.

The following account of this transaction we have collected from the pages of one of our early chroniclers; to us it appears to be the super-structure on which the late Mr. Henry Neele founded his highly interesting tale of the Chaplet of Pearls, which we inserted in our fourth number, from his Romance of History.

"In the year 1349, the 23 of Edward the Third, Geoffry de Charmy, captain of St. Omer, agreed with Aymery of Pavia, whom King Edward had left governour of Callice, to render it up for twenty thousand crownes; whiche king Edward hearing of, sent to Aymery, and charged him with this perfidiousness; whereupon Aymery comes to the king, and humbly desiring pardon, promiseth to handle the matter so as shall be to the king's advantage, and therupon is sente back to Callice The king, the night before the time of agreement, arrives with three hundred men at armes, and six hundred archers. Monsieur de Charmy sets out likewise the same night from St. Omer's with his forces, and sent a hundred men before with the crownes to Aymery. The men are let in at a postern gate, the crownes received and assured to be all weight: which done the gates of the town are opened, and out marches the king before day to encounter Monsieur de Charmy, who perceiving himselfe betrayed, defended himselfe the best he could, and put king Edward to hard bickering, who for that he would not be known there in person, put himselfe and the prince under the colours of the lord Walter Manny, and was twice beaten down on his knees by Monsieur de Riboumont, a hardy knight, (with whom he fought hand to hand) and yet recovered, and in the end took Riboumont prisoner. Charmy was likewise taken, and all his forces defeated. King Edward the night after (which was the first of the new year) feasted with prisoners, and gave Riboumont, in honour of his valour, a rich chaplet of pearl which himself wore on his head (for a new year's gift) forgave him his ransome, and set him at liberty.—Amongst the prisoners who were taken on this occasion, were Geffrey Charney, and his son, Edward de Renty, Robert Danquil, Otto de Gulo, the baron Mactingham, Baldina Saylly, Henry de Piees, Garinus Baylofe, Peter Renell, Peter Dargemole, Estace de Riplemount, and many other, lords, knights, and baronets, who were chased and ranne away with their auncients, as the lord de Mounmarice, also Launda, who maryed the ladie Saint Paul, countess of Pembroke, in England; also the lord Fenas, the L. Planckes, and another Eustace de Riplemount. There were slaine in the skirmish, the lord Henry de Boys, the lord Archiband, and many others, whose names the conquerers were not able to certify."

### DUELLING PERMITTED BY SOVEREIGNS.

Anciently, when any matter of importance was brought before the justices, which could not be proved by witness, combat was granted; and in this case, if the accused was vanquished, he was convicted of the crime he was accused of; and if the accuser, he was punished as a perjured man and a false witness. The culprit was then executed (if he was not slain in the combat) without any further examination.—This was the case between

two esquires in the reign of Richard the Second. The one of Navarre accused an English esquire, called John Welch, of treason; for trial thereof a day was appointed for a combat, which was to be performed in the king's palace at Westminster. Accordingly being met, there was a valiant fight betwixt them; but at last the Englishman was the conqueror, and the vanquished Frenchman was despoiled of his armour, drawn to Tyburn, and there hanged for his untruth.

The order of the combat, with the process, was as follows:—The accused, strongly denying the fact alledged against him, threw down his gauntlet, or any other gage, calling the accuser a lyar, and thereby challenging him to combat; then the other took up the gage of the accused, and threw down his own, declaring his willingness to prove by battle the truth of his assertions: the gages were then sealed, and delivered to the marshal, and leave to combat demanded of the king; which if he granted, a day and place was then appointed, by which time a scaffold was erected for the king and his attendants (the earl marshal, and high constable of England) who were to see that no undue advantage might be taken by either party; and the lists were railed round.—This method of trial was not often put in execution

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES—No. X.

### ON THE ORNAMENTS OF THE GREEKS.

"Ear-rings of gold, silver, inferior metals, or even horn, were worn by the Hebrew women in all ages; and in the flourishing period of the Jewish kingdom, probably by men; and so essential an ornament were they deemed, that in the idolatrous times, even the images of their false gods were not considered becomingly attired without them. Their ear-rings were larger, according to the Asiatic taste; but whether quite large enough to admit the hand, is doubtful. In a later age, as we collect from the Thalmud, Part VI, 43, the Jewish ladies wore gold or silver pendants, of which the upper part was shaped like a lentil, and the lower hollowed like a little cup or pipkin. It is probable also, that, even in the oldest ages, it was a practice amongst them to suspend gold and silver rings, not merely from the lower but also from the upper end of the ear, which was perforated like a sieve. The tinkling sound, with which, upon the slightest motion, two or three tiers of rings would be set a-dancing about the cheeks, was very agreeable to the baby taste of the Asiatics.

From a very early age, the ears of Hebrew women were prepared for this load of trinketry; for, according to the Thalmud, II. 23, they kept open the little holes, after they were pierced, by threads or slips of wood: a fact which may show the importance they attached to this ornament.

Nose-rings, at an early period, became a universal ornament in Palestine. We learn, from Biblical and from Arabic authority, that it was a practice of Patriarchal descent amongst both the African and Asiatic Bedouins, to suspend rings of iron, wood, or braided hair, from the nostrils of camels, oxen, &c.—the rope by which the animal was guided being attached to these rings. It is probable, therefore, that the early Hebrews who dwelt in tents, and who, in the barrenness of desert scenery, drew most of their hints for improving their personal embellishment from the objects immediately about them, were indebted for their nose rings to this precedent of their camels. Sometimes a ring depended from both nostrils; and the size of it was equal to that of the ear-ring; so that, at times, its compass included both upper and under lip, as in the frame of a picture; and in the age succeeding to Solomon's reign, we hear of rings which were not less than three inches in diameter. Hebrew ladies of distinction had sometimes a cluster of nose-rings, as well for the tinkling sound which they were contrived to emit, as for the shining light which they threw off upon the face.

That the nose-ring possessed no unimportant place in the Jewish toilette, is evident, from its being ranked, during the nomadic state of the Israelites, as one of the most valuable presents that a young Hebrew woman could receive from her lover. Amongst the Midianites, who were enriched by the caravan commerce, even men adopted this ornament; and this appears to have been the case in the family to which Job belonged, [chap xli. 2.] Under these circumstances, we should naturally presume that the Jewish courtezans, in the cities of Palestine, would not omit so conspicuous a trinket, with its glancing lights, and its tinkling sound: this we might presume, even without the authority of the Bible; but, in fact, both Isaiah and Ezekiel expressly mention it amongst their artifices of attraction.

Judith, when she appeared before the tent of Holofernes in the whole pomp of

her charms, and appareled with the most elaborate attention to splendour of effect, for the purpose of captivating the hostile general, did not omit this ornament. Even the Jewish Proverbs show how highly it was valued; and that it continued to be valued in later times, appears from the ordinances of the Thalmud, II. 21, in respect to the parts of the female wardrobe which were allowed to be worn on the Sabbath.

The Hebrew women of high rank, in the flourishing period of their state, wore NECKLACES composed of multiple rows of pearls. The thread on which the pearls were strung, was of flax or woollen,—and sometimes coloured, as we learn from the Thalmud, VI. 43; and the different rows were not exactly concentric; but whilst some invested the throat, others descended to the bosom, and in many cases, even to the zone. On this part of the dress was lavished the greatest expense; and the Roman reproach was sometimes true of a Hebrew family, that its whole estate was locked up in a necklace. Tertullian complains heavily of a particular pearl necklace, which had cost about ten thousand pounds of English money,—as of an enormity of extravagance. But after making every allowance for greater proximity to the pearl fisheries, and for other advantages enjoyed by the people of Palestine, there is reason to believe that some Hebrew ladies possessed single pearls which had cost at least five times that sum.* So much may be affirmed, without meaning to compare the most lavish of the ladies of Jerusalem with those of Rome, where it is recorded of some *elegantes*, that they actually slept with little bags of pearls suspended from their necks, that even when sleeping, they might have mementos of their pomp.

But the Hebrew necklaces were not always composed of pearls, or of pearls only—sometimes it was the custom to interchange the pearls with little golden bulbs or berries, sometimes they were blended with the precious stones; and at other times, the pearls were strung two and two, and their beautiful whiteness relieved by the interposition of red coral.

Next came the BRACELETS of gold or ivory, and fitted up at the open side with a buckle or enamelled clasp of elaborate workmanship. These bracelets were also occasionally composed of gold or silver thread: and it was not unusual for a series of them to ascend from the wrist to the elbow. From the clasp, or other fastening of the bracelet, depended a delicate chain-work or netting of gold, and in some instances, miniature festoons of pearls. Sometimes the gold chain work was exchanged for little silver bells, which could be used upon occasions, as signals of warning or invitation to a lover.

This *bijouterie* for the arms, naturally reminded the Hebrew lady of the ANKLE-BELLS, and other similar ornaments for the feet and legs. These ornaments consisted partly in golden belts, or rings, which, descending from above the ankle, compressed the foot in various parts, and partly in shells and little jingling chains, which depended so as to strike against clappers fixed into the metallic belts. The pleasant tinkle of the golden belts in collision, the chains rattling, and the melodious chime of little silver ankle-bells, keeping time with the motions of the foot, made an accompaniment so agreeable to female vanity, that the stately daughters of Jerusalem, with their sweeping trains flowing after them, appear to have adopted a sort of measured tread, by way of impressing a regular cadence upon the music of their feet. The chains of gold were exchanged, as luxury advanced, for strings of pearls and jewels, which swept in snaky folds about the feet and ankles.

This, like many other peculiarities in the Hebrew dress, had its origin in a circumstance of their early nomadic life. It is usual with the Bedouins to lead the camel, when disposed to be restive, by a rope or a belt fastened to one of the fore feet, sometimes to both; and it is also a familiar practice to soothe and to cheer the long suffering animal with the sound of little bells, attached either to the neck or to one of the fore legs. Girls are commonly employed to lead the camels to water; and it naturally happened, that with their lively fancies, some Hebrew or Arabian girl should be prompted to repeat, on her own person, what had so often been connected with an agreeable impression in her mute companions to the well.

It is probable, however that afterwards, having once been introduced, this fashion was supported and extended by Oriental jealously. For it rendered all clandestine movements very difficult in women; and by giving notice of their approach, it had the effect of preparing men for their presence, and keeping the road free from all spectacles that could be offensive to female delicacy.

* Cleopatra had a couple of that value, and Julius Cæsar had one, which he gave to Servilia, the beautiful mother of Brutus.

From the Hebrew Bedouins, this custom passed to all the nations of Asia, Medes, Persians, Lydians, Arabs, &c. and is dwelt on with peculiar delight by the elder Arabic poets. That it had spread to the westernmost parts of Africa, early in the Christian times, we learn from Tertullian, who cannot suppress his astonishment, that the foolish women of his time should bear to inflict such compression upon their tender feet. Even as early as the times of Herodotus, we find from his account of a Lybian nation, that the women and girls universally wore copper rings about their ankles. And at an after period, these ornaments were so much cherished by the Egyptian ladies, that, sooner than appear in public without their tinkling ankle-chimes, they preferred to bury themselves in the loneliest apartments of the Harem.

Finally, the fashion spread partially into Europe, to Greece even, and to polished Rome, in so far as regarded the ankle-belts, and the other ornamental appendages, with the single exception of the silver bells; these were too entirely in the barbaresque taste, to support themselves under the frown of European culture.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

HARVEST OF THE SAVAGES.

It has been asserted and believed that the Savages derive no benefit from the soil; this is an error. They are principally hunters, it is true, but all of them apply themselves so some kind of culture, and all know how to employ plants and trees for the purposes of life. Those who occupied the fine country now forming the states of Georgia, Tenessee, Alabama, and Mississipi, were in this respect more civilized than the natives of Canada.

Among the Savages all public labours are festivals. When the last frosts were past, the Siminole, Chickasaw, and Natches women, provided with spades of walnut-tree wood, lifted upon their heads baskets containing compartments filled with the seeds of maize. water-melons, beans, and sunflowers. They repaired to the common field, for which was usually chosen a situation easy to be defended, such as a neck of land between two rivers, or a spot surrounded by hills.

At one end of the field the women ranged themselves in a line, and began to break up the earth with their spades moving backwards.

While they thus freshened the old soil without forming any trench, other women followed them, sowing the space prepared by their companions. The beans and the maize were thrown together on the ground; the stalks of the maize being intended to serve for sticks to support the climbing vegetable.

Young girls were employed in making beds of fine black mould: on these beds they spread the seeds of gourds and sunflowers, and kindled around them fires of green wood, for the purpose of accelerating germination by means of the smoke.

The sachems and sorcerers presided over these operations, while the young men roved round about the common field, and drove away the birds by their shouts.

## Science and Art.

MAGNETISM.

*Eaton's Proposed Improvement on Magnetic Needles.*

Proffssor Amos Eaton proposes that compass needles should be tipped with silver, brass, &c. This not only preserves the points from rust, but withdraws the poles from any attractive power in the brass, whether it arises from hammering, or from any particle of steel or iron, which may have been accidently left in the brass. —*Edinburgh Journal.*

METALLIC ALLOY FOR PLATING IRON AND PROTECTING IT FROM RUST.

This invention is the discovery of a gentleman at Leghorn, the friend of T. Appleton, Esq. the American consul there. It is easily and cheaply applied, forms an amalgam with the iron, penetrates to some depth, and effectually protects it from rust. It derives this property from its refusing to unite with oxygen at common temperatures, or even when artificially heated. It is formed out of many metals. It does not increase the hardness of the article to which it is applied, nor does it efface the finest lines on the surface. It does not injure the temper of knives. Four ounces of this composition is sufficient to cover an iron bedstead, and twelve ounces are valued at a dollar and a half.

A company is already formed at Bologna, with a capital of 100,000 dollars for coating iron-work, and they are now drawing out plates which can be united to one another by heat, without any injury to the coating.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

## Anecdotiana.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Upon being told by Fulco, a French Priest, that he kept three evil daughters with him, viz. "Pride, Covetousness and Lechery, which would be sure to procure

him the wrath of God, if he did not rid himself of them speedily, replied, "That he would soon give his three daughters in marriage. The Knights Templars (said he) shall have my eldest, Pride; the White Monks of the Cisteaux order, shall have Covetousness; and as for the third daughter Lechery, I dont think I can do better than bestow her upon the Prelates of the Church, who in such pleasures take the most felicity.

LINES WRITTEN TO LASH THE PROFLIGACY OF THE STUDENTS OF ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY, BY JOHN HANVILLE A POET AND MONK OF ST. ALBAN'S, IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

'Each comes a blockhead, each departs a fool,
Lads of the Nysan, not the Delian school,
Deep draughts they quaff, Lyceus, from thy ton,
Nor snatch one draught from helicon.'

POPE SIXTUS V.

RAISED his sister, a washerwoman, to the rank of a Princess. The next day, Pasquino appeared in a dirty shirt. "Why this?" he is asked. "Don't you know my washerwoman has become a Princess?" was the cutting answer. The Pope was so incensed that he promised one thousand crowns to the person who would detect the author: none appeared. He repeated the offer, with the promise that no bodily harm should be done if the author offered himself. This stratagem succeeded. The author claimed the thousand crowns; they were given to him—his life spared, but his tongue cut out.

HANS HOLBEIN.

A Nobleman, on some provocation, or other, having threatened the celebrated Hans Holbein (painter to King Henry VIII.) with death, the painter immediately went and complained of him to the King, who, sent for the Nobleman, and charged him at the peril of his life not to meddle with Holbein.

On this the Nobleman desired his Majesty to consider the difference between a peer and a painter. 'The difference, my lord, replied the King, is this—I can easily of seven ploughmen make seven nobles, but out of seven times seven noblemen, I cannot make one Holbein.'

BEGGAR'S BUSH.

JAMES I. being near this place, observed to his Chancellor, 'Sir Francis? you will soon come to *Beggers Bushe*, and I may go along with you too, if we be so *Bountiful*.'

MR. BACON.

A lady walking in the company of Mr. Bacon, in Gray's Inn Walks, asked him, whose that piece of ground next under the walls was? He answered theirs. Then she asked him if those fields beyond the walls were theirs too? He answered "Yes, Madam, those are ours, as you are ours, to look on, and no more."

LANDING OF WILLIAM III, AT BRIXHAM QUAY, TORBAY.

ON the landing of King William, he was met by the Magistrates, headed by the Mayor, whom "the gods had made poetical." It had been settled that the address to his Majesty should be delivered by him in verse of his own composition, and it was as follows:—

Please your Majestee,
You're welcome to Brixham key,
To eat buckthorn and drink tea,
Along with me,
So you be,
An't please your Majestee
King William.

## EPIGRAM

UPON MR. POPE, THE OPPONENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHAMPION, MR. MAGUIRE.

"A house divided 'gainst itself,
"Must always come to nought."
If this be true, as all will own,
With *modern* truth 'tis fraught.

A POPE may now be heard to blame
The rites that POPES direct;
The downfall then of Popes' decrees,
From this we may expect. R. JARMAN.

## EPIGRAM.

Tho' Sally's face be spotless fair,
As yonder lily leaf;
Though she be sweet beyond compare,
Yet Sally, she's—a *thief!*
The pretty rogue, tho' seeming shy,
So well had learn'd her art,
That e'er I wist, her soft blue eye
Had *stolen* away my heart.

## ORIGIN OF THE WORD HONOR.

*(Translated from Owen, lib. 5. ep. 16.)*

HON,—stands for riches in the Hebrew tongue;
OR, —means the same in French. Whence
HONOR sprung. P.

## EPITAPH ON A SCOLD.

Underneath this slab,
Here lies my wife, Bab:
When she was living,
She was wondrous for,—giving,
The gift of the *gab*. P.

## EPITAPH

ON ——— PALMER OF OLFORD ESQ. IN STROTHLAND CHURCH, KENT.

*Palmers* all our fathers were,
I a *Palmer* liv'd here,
And travell'd still, 'till worn with age,
I ended this worlds pilgrimage,
On the blest Ascension day,
In the cheerful month of May,
A thousand with four hundred seven,
And took my journey, hence, to heaven.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| March 16 | Midlent Sunday | Mar. 16 | St. Finian was descended from Alild, King of Munster. He was the founder of the Abbey of Innisfallen, situate on an island in the lake of Loughlane, County of Kerry. He also founded two other monasteries, one at Ardfinnan, in Tipperary; and the other at Cluinmore, in Leinster. The miracles he performed were of such an astonishing nature, that he was pronounced to have out miracled his contemporary, St. Ruadanus. |
| | St. Finian. | | 1792. On this day, Gustavus III. King of Sweden, was assassinated at Stockholm, by a discontented officer of the name of Ankerstrom. |
| —17 | St. Patrick. | — 17 | St. Patrick, tutelar saint of Ireland, was born in the year A. D. 371, in a village called *Bonaven Tabernia*, probably Kilpatrick, in Scotland, between Dunbarton and Glasgow. He died at the advanced age of 103; at Soul Abbey, in the County of Down, and was buried, according to most accounts, at Down; but respecting his burial-place there have been many warm debates. |
| | | | 1800. The *Queen Charlotte*, a first-rate man of war, of 110 guns, blew up off the harbour of Leghorn; when Captain Todd and above eight hundred of the crew lost their lives. |
| | | | 1811. Charles IV. of Sweden resigns the government to his adopted son, General Bernadotte. |
| — 18 | St. Edward | — 18 | St. Edward was King of the West Saxons. He was stabbed at Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, A. D. 978, by order of Elfrida, his stepmother. The custom of pledging had its origin in the perpetration of this murder. |
| | | | 1745. On this day died Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Oxford. He held conspicuous situations in the administration during the reigns of Anne, George I. and II. |
| — 19 | St. Joseph. | — 19 | St. Joseph was the husband of the Virgin Mary. The church of Rome canonized him, and appointed honours with offices of various forms to be observed. |
| | | | 720. B. C. The first eclipse of the moon on record happened on this day. |
| | | | 1668. Died, Sir John Denham, author of Cooper's Hill, a descriptive poem, which gave rise to a new species of composition. Pope has bestowed on him the compliment of the majestic Denham. |
| | | | 1796. On this day died the distinguished Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, ÆT. 75. At the time of his death he was Governor of Greenwich Hospital. |
| | | | 1812. Expired at Wimbledon, the celebrated John Horne Tooke, the politician, ÆT. 76. |
| — 20 | St. Wulfren | — 20 | St. Wulfren was Archbishop of Sens, died A. D. 720. |
| | | | 1413. Henry IV. died in the Jerusalem Chamber, at Westminster. |
| | | | 1727. Expired the great luminary, Sir Isaac Newton, eminent as an Astronomer, Mathematician, and Chronologer. |
| | | | 1778. The Duchess of Cumberland born. |
| | | | 1815. Bonaparte returns to Paris from Elba, and re-assumes the throne. |
| — 21 | St. Benedict. | — 21 | St. Benedict was an Italian devotee, of rigid manners. He was born at Spoletto, in the year 480, and died in 542. |
| | | | 1656. Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, burnt at Oxford, for heresy, ÆT. 67. |
| | | | 1801. The battle of Alexandria, in which the English obtained a decisive victory over the French, but with the loss of the gallant Abercrombie. |
| — 22 | St. Basil. | — 22 | St. Basil was born in 326. He was ordained bishop of Cæsarea, by Eusebius, in 370. He was persecuted by Valens, for refusing to embrace Arianism. He died in 370. |
| | | | 1739. Portio Bello taken by Admiral Vernon, who entered the harbour with six ships, and demolished the forts. Taken also by Sir F. Drake 1596. |

The Flight of Erminia on the Banks of the Jordan.

## ON THE MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE RE-PUBLIC OF MEXICO.

In our present number we lay before our readers, the following amusing extracts, from the recent published volumes of the unfortunate Captain Lyon, which detail his residence and tour in the republic of Mexico, while officiating as one of the Commissioners for the Real del Monte, and Bolanos Mining Companies. The volumes are pregnant with valuable and highly interesting information, illustrative of the habits of the Mexicans, their ceremonies and pastimes as well as the general appearance and productions of this, but yet imperfectly known, part of the habitable globe.

We commence our extracts with the captain's account of the festival of Easter, as observed in the neighbourhood of Tampico, a village seven miles to the southward of Pueblo Viejo.

### THE FESTIVAL OF EASTER.

This being Easter-eve, was the first of those days especially set apart for gaming and idleness; and at about nine o'Clock I went to the Plaza (an open space near the church), were I found many hundred people already assembled to amuse themselves. A large circle surrounded by spectators and dancers is expressly set apart for fandangos, which, whatever they may be in Spain, are in the New World much inferior in grace and activity to the common African Negro dances; though the latter, it must be confessed, are usually to the sound of tin pots and empty gourds. Here the music is somewhat better, though not less monotonous; and consists of a guitar, a rude kind of harp, and a screaming woman with a falsetto voice. Beyond the fandango stood a range of booths, beneath which, men and women of all descriptions, old and young, rich and poor, officers in full uniform and beggars in rags, were gambling with the most intense interest; and individuals who from their appearance might be considered objects of charity, were fearlessly staking dollars,—some even adventuring a handful at a time. The favourite game

was that called " Chusa," which is played on a deep saucer shaped table, and resembles the E. O. of England. All round the Plaza small groups of Indian and other women were seated on the ground with little charcoal fires, at which they occupied themselves in preparing coffee, chocolate, fish, and other eatables ; while under the Chusa tents, spirits of all kinds were sold in profusion.

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### A FUNERAL OF THE MEXICANS.

Our lodging was opposite the church of Tula, at which, hearing music in the evening, I found a crowd of people with a young woman who was bearing on her head a little dead child, dressed in coloured papers so arranged as to represent a robe, and tied to a board by a white handkerchief. Round the body were stuck a profusion of artificial flowers; the face was uncovered, and the little hands tied together as if in prayer. A fiddler and a man playing on a guitar accompanied the crowd to the church-poor; and the mother having entered for a few minutes again appeared with her child, and walked off, accompanied by her friends, to the burying-place.

The father followed with another man, who assisted him with a lighted piece of wood in throwing up hand-rockets, of which he bore a large bundle under his arm. The whole ceremony was one of cheerfulness and gaiety, since all children who die young are supposed to escape purgatory, and to become 'Angelitos*" at once. I was informed that the burial would be followed by a fandango, in token of rejoicing that the babe had been taken from this world.— It is doubtless the duty of Christians to be resigned to their afflictions; but I am sure that few English women could carry their first and only infant to its grave, with smiling countenances ; and I equally can answer for the inability of the men to throw up rejoicing rockets when their first-born is taken from them, I entered the church, which was neat, and, according to custom, crowded with images; before one of these a sallow wretched man was kneeling, with his arms extended for so long a time that it became

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* Little angels.

painful to look upon him, and I left him to perform his agonizing penance ungazed upon by the eye of curiosity, since whatever may be the errors of the creed which imposes bodily suffering as an atonement for sin, his was an act of fervent piety, and, as such, was sacred. Hence I visited a school, attracted by the noise of seventeen little boys repeating at the full stretch of their variously toned throats the " Ordinanzas" of the Church, each one bawling with all his zeal, and with all his strength. Their master, a fat, lazy, good-tempered looking man, fairly lost his patience in endeavouring to make me hear, through the din, his questions as to " whether the Spaniards would come again and hang all the revolutionists;" and soon gave them their dismissal, after they had knelt down and rapidly screamed out two prayers which he named to them; each child then came and inclined his shoulder to receive the blessings of the master and the stranger, and after this very pretty little ceremony they all ran off whooping and hallooing down the street. I saw but one book in this extraordinary seat of learning; but the master very seriously assured me, that several of the boys could nevertheless read.

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### A FEAST DAY AT VETA GRANDE.

On our first feast day the village of Veta Grande appeared to have undergone some magical change, and to be peopled by a different race from those who had figured during the week. Fine shawls, brilliant coloured gowns, silk stockings and white satin shoes, were flashing like so many meteors amongst the mud huts, and in the evening I accepted an invitation to go to an exhibition of Maromeros, or rope-dancers, in company with two maiden ladies, sisters of a certain Don Jesus, who kept a little shop, and was one of the principal gentlemen in the town. It was a fine moonlight night, and we walked to a small mud amphitheatre usually appropriated to cock-fights, where we found the tight rope stretched, and a numerous party coloured audience assembled. The theatre was open to the clear starry sky, and illuminated by four flaming piles of the Ocote or candle wood, placed in iron cradles on the summits of tall poles. The whole scene was very novel and striking to me, as the miners and villagers lay extended and lounging on the earthern seats wrapped in their variously striped serapes; while five of the " militia" moved about in the crowd to preserve order.

The ladies kept us plentifully supplied with cigars, which they also smoked abundantly, and in our turn we purchased sugar-plums and sweet cakes for them during the very short intervals of smoking.

The rope-dancing was tolerable, particularly by a very fat old woman gorgeously attired, who seemed in a terrible fright lest she should have a fall. A boy of about twelve years of age quite astonished us by his activity and the variety of his postures and contortions, which far exceeded any thing of the kind I had ever seen in Europe. The tumblers were attended by a clown, who with a blackened face and much talking greatly delighted the company. The performances were closed by a " Comedia" in front of a ragged sheet.

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### THE CIGAR MANUFACTORY AT VILLA NUEVA.

The town of Villa Nueva is neatly built, possesses some good shops, and has a population, according to Don José, of 6000 souls. It is one of the dépôts of tobacco, which under the new as well as the old regime is a strict government monopoly. While the mules were being saddled, Don Jose very obligingly accompanied me to the " Fabrica "—a large well-arranged house, in which 400 men and 350 women are constantly employed in the manufacture of " Cigarros." This is the name given to those formed of cut tobacco enveloped in paper, while the term " Puros " is applied to the rolled tobacco leaf which in Europe is commonly called a cigar. Distinct portions of the house with separate entrances are appropriated to the sexes, who are distributed in long rooms having several rows of benches. Each labourer has a small basket with a certain weight of rasped tobacco, and sufficient papers ready cut to contain it when made into cigars; and when this proportion is disposed of, it is rigorously weighed and registered. From three to four reales is the average price of a day's labour, which commences at 5 A. M. and ends at the same hour in the afternoon. The expedition with which some of the most active people rolled the cigars was quite extraordinary, and there are many who complete 4000 in a day. The product of the last four days and a half had been 121,309 " Cajas " or paper parcels, each containing thirty-two cigars, making a total of 3,881,888! the expenses of working which was 1115 dollars. The cajas are sent to the market packed in chests, each containing 4,300. The distribution of labour at this establishment is very well arranged; from the makers the cigars are carried to the counting room, where they are expeditiously made into cajas, and pasted in a paper bearing the stamped seal of government. The

work-people are strictly examined, that they neither introduce liquor or weapons, and both sexes are searched nearly to the skin before retiring for the night, for which purpose female searchers, "Registradoras," are stationed at one door, and men at the other.

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MEXICAN ROPE DANCERS.

As this was the pay day for the native labourers, the evening was in consequence devoted to merriment, which was quite a contrast to those Saturdays meetings which I had seen at Zacatecas.—A party of itinerant Maromeros (or rope dancers) held their exhibition in the large walled yard of a once splendid mansion, in the Mining district Bolanos, to about eight hundred people; which was considered as a very "full house," the receipts, at a medio (or three-pence) for each person, amounting to fifty dollars. The performance, which was exceedingly bad, was nevertheless highly applauded by the spectators, who were sitting or lying in a confused multitude on the bare ground; while some few persons of distinction had taken the precaution to provide themselves with chairs and stools. During the exhibition of the tight rope dancers, the spectators derived a continual fund of gratification from the Pallase or clown, who particularly delighted the most respectable inhabitants by the recital of a coarse story. While a half Indian was performing some clumsy evolutions on the rope, the band, in obedience to a signal, suddenly ceased; and the dancer having dropped himself into a sitting posture on the cord, pulled off his high embroidered cap, and very gravely thus bespoke us: "Caballeros y Señoras (Gentlemen and Ladies,) I beg (suplico) that as I am about to throw a somerset, you will subscribe some money to be devoted to the service of celebrating the holy sacrament of the most Holy Mass." All arose:—the men took off their hats with the utmost gravity;—a general silence prevailed for a moment, and the vaulter, who evidently was in great dismay, attempted to throw his promised caper. Unluckily, however, he failed, tumbled on his nose, and no money was subscribed for the "solemn and most holy sacrament," forasmuch as the articles had not been fulfilled. To this succeeded fireworks, tumbling by two little boys, and performances on the slack rope; in which the unsuccessful vaulter astonished me by hanging with the rope at full swing and high above the ground, by one hand, by his heels, his toes, the back of his neck, and lastly by his teeth. He concluded with a performance which is said to have been exhibited by order of Montezuma for the amusement of Cortez and his officers, and which I cannot better describe than in the words of the Abbé Clavigero, substituting however *boys* for *men*. "One man laid himself upon his back on the ground, and raising up his feet, took a beam upon them, or a piece of wood, which was thick, round, and about eight feet in length. He tossed it up to a certain height, and as it fell, he received and tossed it up again with his feet. Taking it afterwards between his feet, he turned it rapidly round, and what is more, he did so with two men" (boys) "sitting astride upon it, one upon each extremity of the beam." The feat, however, was in the present instance accompanied by a lively tune from the band, to which the performer kept excellent time, while he danced, with his feet elevated beneath the beam, a very neat and difficult figure throughout the exhibition. While all these gaieties were going forward, two or three men constantly occupied themselves in picking their way through the crowd, and bawling lustily "sweetmeats and cakes for sale," and one old fellow particularly pleased me, by his energetic yet conciliating appeals to the gallantry of the gentlemen present, to purchase a kind of "Pan dulce" which was squeezed into the semblance of pigs—"What! Caballeros! does no one buy my pigs for the ladies? What! no pigs for the señoras?" an appeal which had such effect upon the Bolaños beaux, that many a fair mouth soon blew forth its cloud of smoke, relinquished its cigar, and swallowed a "puerco."

Our evening's entertainments,—all for the price of three-pence,—were concluded by two comedies in front of three sheets, which performed the part of scenery. One was tolerably good, being a mutilation of Moliére's "Mariage Forcé," the other, which was highly applauded, I will not describe. The spectators, although a parcel of Indians and half-casts, the greater part without shirts, would have taught a lesson of quiet and good-breeding to our London audiences, much as we pride ourselves on our superior politeness and decorum, I never indeed saw so large a body of people more perfectly well-behaved, silent, and good-humoured.

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## JERUSALEM DELIVERED

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THE SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION

Pourtrays Erminia on her courser, fleetly pursuing her way along the sedgy side of the river Jordan, when flying from the Christians. She is supposed to

be absorbed in grief, and almost a prey to fear.

Meanwhile the courser with Erminia stray'd
Through the thick covert of a woodland shade*
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins a chilling terror glides.
By winding paths her steed pursu'd his flight,
And bore at length the virgin far from sight.
As, after long and toilsome chace in vain,
The panting dogs unwilling quit the plain,
If chance the game their eager search elude,
Conceal'd in shelter of the favouring wood:
So to the camp the Christian knights return,
While rage and shame in every visage burn.
Still flies the damsel, to her fears resign'd,
Nor dares to cast a transient look behind.
All night she fled, and all th' ensuing day,
Her tears and sighs companions of her way:
But when bright Phœbus from his golden wain
Had loos'd his steeds, and sunk beneath the main,
To sacred Jordan's chrystal flood she came;
There stay'd her course, and rested near his stream.
No nourishment her fainting strength renew'd,
Her woes and tears supply'd the place of food.
But Sleep, who with oblivious hand can close
Unhappy mortals eyes in soft repose,
To ease her grief, his gentle tribute brings,
And o'er the virgin spreads his downy wings:
Yet Love still breaks her peace with mournful themes,
And haunts her slumbers with distracting dreams.
She sleeps, till, joyful at the day's return,
The feather'd choirs salute the break of morn;
Till rising Zephyrs whisper through the bowers
Sport with the ruffled stream and painted flowers;
Then opes her languid eyes, and views around
The Shepherd's cots amid the sylvan ground:
When, 'twixt the river and the wood, she hears
A sound, that calls again her sighs and tears:
But soon her plaints are stopp'd by vocal strains,
Mix'd with the rural pipes of village swains.
She rose, and saw, beneath the shady grove,
An aged sire that ozier baskets wove;
His flocks around him graz'd the meads along,
Three boys, beside him, tun'd their rustic song.
Scar'd at th' unusual gleam of armour bright,
The harmless band were seiz'd with sudden fright,
But fair Erminia soon dispels their fears;
From her bright face the shining helm she rears,
And undisguis'd her golden hair appears.
Pursue your gentle tasks, with dread unmov'd,
O happy race! (she cry'd) of Heaven belov'd!
Not to disturb your peace these arms I bear,
Or check your tuneful notes with sounds of war.

*Book* VII.

## DESCRIPTION OF A FISH RESEMBLING A MAN. IT WAS TAKEN BY FISHERS, AT OREFORD, IN SUFFOLK, IN THE SIXTH YEAR OF KING JOHN'S REIGN.

In Hollingshed's Chronicle is the following curious account:—

In this sixt yeare of King John's raigne at Oreford in Suffolk, as Fabian hath it, (although I thinke he be deceiued in the time) a fish was taken by fishers in their nettes as they were at sea, resembling in shape a wild or sauage man, whom they presented unto Sir Bartholemew de Glanuille, knight, that had then the keeping of the castell of Oreford in Suffolke. Naked he was, and in all his limmes and members resembling the right proportion of a man. He had heares also in the usual parts of his body, albeit that on the crown of his head he was balde: his beard was side and rugged, and his breast verie harie. The knight caused him to be kept certaine days and nightes from the sea. Meate set afore him he greedily deuoured, and eate fishe both raw and sodden. Those that werd rawe he pressed in his hands tyll he had thrust out all the moysture, and so then he did eate them. Hee would not, or could not utter any speeche, although to try him they hung him uppe by the heeles, and myserably tormented him. He would get him to his couche at the setting of the sunne, and ryse agayne when it rose.

One day they brought him to the hauen, and suffered him to go into the sea, but to be sure he should not escape from them they set three ranks of mightie strong nettes before him, so to catche him againe at their pleasure (as they ymagined) but he streyght wayes dyuing down to the bottome of the water, gotte past all the nettes, and comming uppe shewed himselfe to them againe, that stoode wayting for him, and dowking dyuerse tymes under water and coming up agayne, hee behelde them on the shore that stoode still looking at him, who seemed as it were to mocke them, for that he had deceived them, and gotte past theyr nettes. At length, after hee had thus played him a great while in the water and that there was no more hope of hys returne, he came to them againe of hys owne accorde, swimming through the water, and remayned wyth them two monthes after. But finally, when he was negligently looked to, and nowe seemed not to be regarded, hee fledde secretelye to the sea, and was neuer after seene nor heard of.

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 161.

## LOVE'S HOW D'YE DO.

When but a thoughtless merry girl,
With gaysome trip and airy curl,
Gathering sweet posies from the stems
Fresh in their dewy diadems;—
Love followed me about the shade,
And in the sun obeisance made;
I crossed him, pouted, and I flew,
To shun his teasing—*How d'ye do?*

By Ovid tutored, Love pursued,
And in his gentlest manner wooed;
Then, smile by smile, he reached my chin,
And press'd his roseate dimples in:
I shun'd but lov'd;—resolved and sigh'd;
He pitied—laugh'd—and called me "Bride!"
His accents and his heart were true,
And wedlock crown'd his—*How d'ye do?*—P.

## EVENING.

*(For the Olio.)*

There is a pleasure in the evening hour,
Which hearts of hardened texture cannot feel,
Nor the short-sighted vision of sad care,
Or the dim view of tott'ring age distinguish:
'Tis only for the feeling, happy, young,
For those whose souls are free & strong to grasp
The mental joys the eve delightful brings.
Now the cool gentle breeze, in sportive play
Noiseless approaches, as it were, to clear
The path before the night: the tired sun
Sinks to repose, where the horizon forms
His ready couch, and draws around the clouds
In curtain'd drapery; while the first star
Beams in the heaven, as his chamber lamp
Lighted to glimmer through the darken'd hours:
Yonder the first rays of the rising moon
Silver the placid sky, and blend a tint
Of calm complacency, of peaceful joy
With the declining light.
This is the hour of love
When, seated on some happy chosen spot,
Youths sigh long sentences of warm affection,
And maidens hear, enraptured, all they wish:
The hour of peace when he, whose well-tried mind
Rests in the midway between youth and age,
And looks nor ardently, nor listless round,
May wander, and find music in the scene,
To harmonize with all his inmost thoughts:
The hour for sympathy to work her spells
With a resistless might; for Poesy
To yield her happiest song.—Enchanting eve,
Welcome! thrice welcome! to the poet's breast
Is thy inspiring hour,

R. JARMAN.

## A WISH.

*(For the Olio.)*

What is a wish; that heartfelt dream
Which waking hours pourtray?
That strong wing'd soarer, stay'd by nought,
When fancy calls "away?"

A wish!—It leads us, where the soul
Strolls on forbidden ground;
It breaks the fetters fate has cast;
It hears unutter'd sound.

What is a wish? 'tis all of life
That gives to life its zest;
How poor were e'en the brightest joys
If *this* had left the breast!

The hour wherein we wish for aught,
That promises to please;
We're happier far, than when unbaulked,
Its brightest charms we seize.

What is a wish? A draft on hope,
Which expectation pays;
Strange, that its value should be lost,
If joy the debt delays.

Yet so it is; for when 'tis held
Long unredeemed, the heart
Would gladly from the bankrupt bond,
Worth nought but sorrow, part.

R. JARMAN.

## ON THE BIOGRAPHY OF EMINENT POETS.

The biography of Great Poets seems to be demanded by nature—especially of those who have steeped their poetry, not only in the light of inspiration, but in the heat of their own hearts. We cannot dissever them from the glories by which they are made immortal. Yet we know that they could not have lived always in that excited and exalted state of soul in which they emanated their poems. We desire to know the min the ebb of their thoughts and feelings, when they are but as mere men. We do not doubt that we shall love and esteem them when the lyre is laid aside, the inspired fit passed away—and that even then, with the prose of life, they will be seen mingling poetry. Such a man was Cowper—and of all we have been let know of the "Bard of Olney," from himself or others, we would not willingly let the most mournful or afflicting anecdote die; for while "we hold each strange tale devoutly true," we feel towards the object of our esteem, our love, and our pity, "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." That another hand should have suddenly lifted up or rent away the veil that hid the agonies of a mind still beautiful in all its most rueful afflictions, we might not have been able to endure, and might have turned away from the spectacle, as from one that we felt our eyes were not privileged to behold; but the veil was withdrawn at times by the sufferer himself, who, while he implored mercy from his Creator, was not loath to receive the pity of his fellow creatures—feeling, except indeed in the deepest, and most disastrous, and most despairing darkness of his spirit: that all their best sympathies were with him, and that he needed not to fear too rude or too close a gaze into his mysterious miseries, from eyes which he had often filled with the best of tears, and when mirth visited his melancholy, with the best of smiles too, although the hour and the day had come at last, when smiles were not for him, nor, as he thought, for any creature framed of the clay. Yet is his entire character, disturbed and distracted as it is seen to be, in beautiful and perfect consistency with all his poetry. But the sweet bells were out of tune, and jangled,

the strings of the heart were broken or the keys reversed, and the instrument that once discoursed such excellent music, at last jarred terribly its discord, and it was well when it was heard to sound no more.

Of our Great Living Poets it might not, perhaps, be becoming in us now to speak, in these unpremeditated and imperfect effusions,—but we trust that the world will one day or other have the biographies, of such men, for example, as Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth. Why should the friends who have been honoured with their closest friendship, and who may survive them, be afraid or unwilling to speak, with that sacred reserve that will be imposed on them by the reverence of their own spirits? Such recital will strengthen the cause of virtue, by shewing that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace. The same harmony that pervades the great works of their genius will be found to have pervaded their life and all its actions—the same order and the same calm. Though much will have to be unrevealed, it will only be because there is much of what is good and best that can have no other abiding place but in the memory of sons and daughters, and friends that are as sons and daughters;—but much may, and ought to be, and will be revealed, showing the links that connect the lofty with the low, and bind together, in a chain that may be made visible to all eyes, all the children of humanity. The land that loves them living will desire when they are dead, to have the lineaments of their characters in imperishable portraiture, drawn by hands whose skilful touch is guided by the heart of affection; nor need such hands tremble in telling the truth—and nothing but the truth.

But among Great Poets, there have been, and will be again, men with minds often sorely troubled and distracted by the passions God gave them,—by the adverse aspect of fortune,—and by "the influence of malignant star." That often sorely troubled and distracted mind has spoken in their poetry, and in their practice; and thus they have themselves made the whole world the confident of the darkest secrets of their spirits. Such a man in some measure, was Burns; such a man, in full measure, was Byron. It would, in such circumstances, be most absurd to say, that all other tongues should be silent on all those topics on which their own had so eloquently and passionately descanted; but still, as they were witnesses against themselves, and likewise their own inexorable judges, calling on their own consciences to execute sentence upon them for their confessed misdeeds, which remorse, as far as it could, had expiated—it surely behoves their brethren, to mitigate justice by mercy, in the decrees they pronounce upon the "poor inhabitants below," who were "strong to feel, and quick to know," though

> "Thoughtless follies laid them low,
> And stain'd their name."

Nay, their brethren owed them more than both justice and mercy—pity, pardon, commiseration, and, without insult or injury to virtue, immortal fame.

Such has been the doom, the destiny, the fate of Burns. If his vices were drawn in deepest shadows, his virtues were drawn in brightest sunbeams; and over the gloom, and over the glory, there was the light of genius. Therefore his country is neither afraid nor ashamed to see his character reflected with all its stains and all its purity in his works; but she looks on it steadily, though mournfully, with pardon, pity, and pride,—and her heart and her eyes fill as she gazes on his pale marble bust. She will suffer no one now to preach and moralize over his errors, except from his lips she hears

> "The still sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power,
> To soften and subdue."

His faults and frailties, errors and vices, were all far more than redeemed, had they been many times greater than they were, by his generous and his noble virtues; and it is felt now over all Scotland, and in every land trodden by the feet of her sons, that the bad belonging to the character of a great man, may without danger be buried in his grave; from whence it will never cease to send up admonitary whispers; and that it is true wisdom and true religion to elevate the good into the light, and hold it for ever there, as an encouragement and an example.

With higher and brighter intellectual powers certainly, but as certainly with deeper and darker moral transgressions, the same fate may be predicted for Byron. Not even the magic of his genius could ever transform vice, in all its most alluring or gorgeous adornments, into the fair apparition of Virtue, who is seen to be Virtue still,

> "Though some few spots be on her flowing robe,
> Of stateliest beauty."

The strong and severe moral sense of the English nation will not suffer itself to be long deluded by the "false glitter" of imagination, substituted for the true lustre of virtue. Christianity so clears the eye that looks into the human heart, that as in the darkest and remotest recesses nothing can escape its ken through obscurity, so neither is its visual nerve ever long made "dark with excessive bright." Thus the only high poetical criticism must be in the light of Christianity; for it deals with the manifestations, the phenomena of a nature which can only be understood in that light—else confounding and inexplicable. Byron's soul struggled in and against that light; yet had he not been born in a country where in many a temple that light is worshipped, he had never been the great Poet that he was—nor breathed so often those magnificent strains that, issuing from his better and inner nature,

"Do shame the wisdom of the Sadducee."

As for his life, it cannot either in its brighter or darker lineaments be concealed, for it is emblazoned both in its shame and glory. But severely as it will be judged by his fellow men, too often shocked by his recklessness and his profligacy, who is there who feels, in awe and dread, that he has himself a soul to be saved, who will not compassionately seek and search, —though of such quest he finds no end, and leaves off aghast and troubled,—for the causes of the evil he deplores,—causes which might, for aught he knows, if rightly understood, involve the fearful palliation of madness, or something incomprehensibly akin to madness, transmitted, perhaps in his very blood, and meeting with congenial passions all borrowing from it a more fearful force, till he who was possessed by them appeared, in his progress along the paths of this world and this life, alternately like an angel, and like a demon? Be that as it may, this is certain, that the mind of this country will never endure that such a being as Byron shall, after death, be pictured as one of the meanest and basest of mankind—but whether the wretch that makes the impotent effort; and were it possible to preserve his name from the oblivion to which nature has doomed it, would brand upon it ineffaceably the same epithets, that when affixed to the word "Byron," fall crumbling off like filth dried by the wind, that some brutal boor has flung against the gateway of some glorious ruin.—— *Blackwood's Mag.*

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## SONNET,

*Written in the Spring.*

Fair was the face of this illumin'd dawn,
With vernal brightness, vernal softness fair,
The sun incessant woo'd the blushing morn,
And all the youthful hours laugh'd round the pair!
But ere the evening what a change was there.
Harsh thunders roll, and forked light'nings fly,
Hyemal tempests brood along the air,
Or fall in torrents from an angry sky.
Ah, scarce less mutable is man's brief day,
Soon are his early prospects clouded over,
And those soft suns that spot their April ray
Across his primrose pathway, shine no more,
Grief on the present drops her tearful showers,
And apprehension o'er the future lours.

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## ADDRESS OF A LOVER TO HIS TAPER,

*Translated from the Arabic of the Sheick Safy Eddin Alhillay.*

Yon wasting taper when I see,
I cry, "Poor fool, our lots the same,
I bear a raging fire like thee,
Yet dread whate'er would quench the flame.
Like thine, with tears this face o'erflows,
And bleach'd and wan these cheeks appear,
Like thine, these eyes no slumbers close,—
Like thine—a melting heart is there."

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## COLUMBUS,

*Translated from the Latin.*

"There is nothing *new* under the sun," said the King
Of the East, as he scattered his wisdom about,
But Columbus, the Dove of Time's ark, plumed his wing,—
Of the *old* world, he found *new* America out.

P.

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## SIMILE.

As a dew-drop encircles a bud in the night,
And the sun shines it off in the beauty of light;
So a tear that rolls under an eyelid in grief,
Is removed by a friend, into chastened relief.

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## THE BEAF-STEAK CLUB.

The Beafsteaks is distinguished most remarkably from other convivial assemblages called clubs, by this characteristic feature:—that at those common-place meetings you recognize nothing more than a class, a generalization,—a mere group

of fac-similes, whose manners are wound up and regulated into a mechanical uniformity—where fashion coldly and unfeelingly frowns down all that projects into relief, or shoots out beyond her tame, insipid level. It is thus that the generous outbreakings of nature, which constitute what you call emphatically a character, are rebuked and chilled. The growth of the individual man is lost in the generic man. But at the Steaks you will meet with real incarnations of the humours that inspired Jonson, Fielding and Smollett. *There* the whims and eccentricities, that take a man out of a class and render him an individual, luxuriate in contempt of that conventional despotism, that has deadened elsewhere the motley carnival of life down to a cold and dull monotony. Can the force of original humour go farther than it does in that excellent patriarch of the sublime society Jack Replevin? What can surpass the incessant volubility of that harmless prattle? From what undefined, undefinable quality of his heart, does it happen that Jack has never been felt as a bore?—that he is scarcely considered to be tedious? Yet the vibration of his tongue is unintermitted. You will hear him before he enters the room, or even as he is alighting from his hackney-coach. Ten to one he is engaged in a colloquy (if colloquy it can be called, when one of the parties has only to listen) with the coachman himself, albeit the fellow is of a tribe somewhat controversial, and who are not often disposed to give up their share in the dialogue. Yet it avails him nothing—he is quite baffled—all his efforts to be heard are fruitless—and his remark or his abuse, whatever it be, expires in a despairing grin upon his lips. Jack is now ascending the stairs that lead to our snug refectory in Arnold's theatre, perhaps recapitulating to himself the debate with the hackney-coachman, for he is still talking. "It would be a nice question," said Arnold, when Jack's voice was heard as usual on the staircase, "if an unlucky stumble were to throw Replevin from the top to the bottom, whether the thread of his verbosity would be snapped by the accident? I would bet," said he, "that Jack's tongue would be going on all the same, like Orpheus's as his head rolled down the Hebrus." But our amiable Gratiano, with all this redundancy, does not deal merely "in nothings." His reasons, if you will take the trouble of sifting them, will be found to bear a fair proportion to the chaff with which they are intermingled. Under his verbosity is a solid layer of sense, plain and practical, of inestimable value in the conduct of your affairs, or in teaching you how to conduct them yourself. This habit of talk has never been thwarted; for some of his friends deem it to be constitutional, and if it were checked, that his life would be endangered by the revulsion. In the mean while, the tones of his voice are soft and mellifluous, and in the fullest speed of his tongue he gives you no interruption, whether you choose to converse or to muse over your own matters. How difficult would it be, how grand a triumph of art, to transfer to the canvass, the mellowed complacency of Jack's countenance, beaming with smiles like the face of the summer ocean, as he is prosing to his unhearing audience,—nothing displeased with their attention, and taking a calm revenge by a double portion of prolixity!

Our brother Lonsdale, an artist of no mean celebrity, has failed in that portrait, which hangs in our salon with those of several other worthies of the sublime society. The hand of our excellent brother has proved itself more at home in other countenances—those more especially upon which nature has expended less of character and expression. For this reason, the kit-cat resemblance of our brother the High-Bailiff of Westminster, is a miracle of identity. Nor could he well err; having little more to copy than a wide Finlandish expanse,—a dead sea of visage on which not a ripple plays, not a shadow is reflected. In like manner, the ingenious Kneller of our club has most cunningly designed all that the graphic art could pourtray of brother ————'s starched, but simpering features; for there he "hangs in chains," as Arnold remarked, in allusion to the civic paraphernalia in which he is represented, of which the chain is a most conspicuous ornament. It was in allusion also to the toga in which he is painted, that Brougham, being asked whether he thought it a likeness, remarked that it could not fail of being a likeness, "there was so much of the *fur* about it." In such portraitures, in which little more is required than the duplicate of a common face, the artist has done wonders, for his resemblances are perfect. It is in the intellectual likeness, in those nice touches and gentler intimations of the pencil, that present you with an index of the character,—in those countenances where it peeps forth from the eyes, though faintly and almost imperceptibly, as the first gleam from the lattice of the morn—the *callida junctura* of the living principle with the mass that it vivifies and informs—it is here that brother Lonsdale has "come badly off." Hence the picture of our royal brother, which graces our little gallery of kit-cats,

leaves us in a bootless inquisition for the fine qualities that shine in the best-humoured of faces, and play in his cheerful and condescending converse. Where too, we asked, is the royalty of nature that reigns there, but reigns in such a sort as to throw out in clearer relief the kindly feelings, that render him what Burke said of Fox, "a creature made to be loved?" It is the image of an Otho; and seems to have been taken in the drowzy, inarticulate quietude of the features which a man feels while he is sitting for his portrait, and all the time wishing painter, brush, and pallet at the devil. How much happier is his picturesque and invaluable drawing of our old bard, the venerable Charles Morris! You would swear that he had just smacked the veritable taste of the society's punch, which, time out of mind, it was his office to mix—or was singing one of his best lyrics, or telling a beefsteak story of its days of yore; mingling as he told it, the enthusiasm of youth with the garrulity of age, and heightening the bliss of the present by transfusing into it the delights of the past.

Talking of Charles Morris, some of the pleasantest days I have passed, have been in those episodical parties that are occasionally branching out from the parent society. One of the most delightful of these meetings was at Charles's snug retreat in Surrey,—provided for him by the kindness of the late Duke of Norfolk, as a pillow for the calm repose of his declining years. It was pleasing to behold this Nestor of the convivial world, who had never quitted town for the greater part of his century, endeavouring (for it was a hard effort) to slumber away the summer in that secluded spot,

"Tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres."

It had been arranged that we were to drop upon him by surprise, especial care having been taken to provide an excellent dinner, and some admirable wine, which we packed up in our respective carriages. It was a fine morning we had chosen for our little expedition, and we set out anticipating the amusement we should derive from the bustle of poor Charles, invaded in his tranquillity by so formidable a party. He was basking at the end of his garden on a kind of "specular mount," listening to the music of a favourite blackbird, that was shrouded in his shady covert, and paying his quit-rent with a song. Suddenly, the cavalcade became discernible, and the rattling of the carriages every moment more distinct. In an instant they were whirling round the sweep before the ivied front of his cottage and the first, out of which jumped the Duke of Sussex, Bolland, and Harry Stephenson, was already at the door. "We are come to dine with you, old bard," said the Duke, as he alighted. At that moment up came the other vehicles, to the unspeakable surprise of Charles, and the consternation of his housekeeper. Baucis and Philemon were not more taken a-back, when they found what visitants had descended upon them. "Your Royal Highness," said the Bard, "has taken us by surprise—but we will send off for some provisions to Dorking: it is only three miles off." In the mean while, conformably to previous instructions, the messenger forwarded for that purpose, was intercepted;—and a walk into the garden being proposed, we took him to the end of it, and kept him chatting, whilst the servants were setting out the table, and arranging the banquet. All this time Charles was suffering the agonies of a host, who, though "on hospitable thoughts intent," was conscious of the tenuity of his larder, and on the anxious look-out for the arrival of the basket laden with supplies from Dorking. But in a very short time, the dinner, which was a most sumptuous pic-nic, was announced. In truth, it had been prepared almost by magic, its entire mechanism having been constructed with the greatest skill and foresight. Our old Bard preceded us to the dining-room with every sort of misgiving as to the quality of the entertainment, and making a thousand apologies. But how shall I describe his stare, when he perceived a turbot at the head of the table, large enough for the imperial repast of a Domitian, and a long vista of ham, fowls, venison pasty, terminating in a delicious round of boiled beef. "A most ingenious and well executed device!" exclaimed Charles: "the joke, however, is not at my expense;" and sat down with all imaginable glee to the goods the gods had provided. It was a truly convivial day. The very genius of good-humour presided over it: reason not dethroned, but enlivened by wine:—fancy, anecdote, whim, frolic, overflowed. I was seated near Cobb, who was a man of varied and pleasant conversation. We were talking of the bad taste you so often met with amongst people who did not know how to talk, and generally contrived, by a most infallible instinct, to hit upon the most stupid and distasteful topics. Cobb said he had an unaccountable dislike to the relation of dreams, which the narrator seldom failed to detail as circumstantially as possible: and that his ingenuity was sometimes painfully taxed

to turn off the conversation to a more agreeable subject. These visions, he observed, of an old woman's indigestion ought to be as carefully concealed as the other results of it. He had a severe penance, he said, to go through a few days before, having had to entertain at his house an East India Director or two, who were far from being the brightest of the Leadenhall-street Magi. One of them happened to be the identical luminary who had proposed to the Court of Directors, that English ladies should be prohibited from going out to India,—a measure, he contended, which would prevent the increase of the race of *half-castes* for the future. "We were so hard pushed," said Cobb, "for subjects, that the fellow began to tell us his wife's dream of the preceeding night. It was a long prosing story, the very worst stuff of which dreams are made. When he had done, I was afraid we should have another dream; so I told him it was nothing to a dream which Mrs. Cobb had. We had been thinking," I said, "of a trip to a watering-place, for the sake of sea-bathing. The subject made such an impression on her mind, that she actually dreamed that she was a bathing-machine at Brighton: but, retaining all her perceptions as to female decorum, was so extremely shocked when the gentlemen came into her, for the purpose of undressing, that she disturbed the whole house by her cry. Whether my friend the Director took the hint or not," said Cobb, "I did not perceive; but we heard nothing more of his wife's dreams."

It was about the time of poor Sheridan's death. Cobb had lived much with that highly-gifted man, and told us several anecdotes of him, strongly illustrative of his character. He mentioned a rebuke Sheridan gave J——, a barrister, who had usurped much of the conversation by long stories about himself, and his gallantries with women, evidently with a view of impressing every body with the notion of his being a great favourite with the sex; but concluded each adventure by assuring those who listened to him, that from a principle of virtue, he always desisted from pursuing the matter to extremes. The bottle had circulated pretty freely, and Sheridan, who had long shown symptoms of impatience, but had remained silent, at last summoned up as much articulation as he could command, and addressed him nearly thus:—"Sir, I have been listening to you for some time, and the result of all that you have been saying is, that your historical relations are without fact, and your amorous ones without intrigue. You may, therefore plead as a set-off against the liberties you have been taking with *truth*, your want of success in taking them with *women*."

Cobb heard him, at the Covent-garden hustings, handle Clifford with considerable strength of irony. Clifford had made some strong comments upon his (Sheridan's) political conduct. When it came to Sheridan's turn to address the rabble, he began thus. "As to the lawyer, who has honoured me with so much abuse, I do not know how to answer him, as I am no great proficient in the language or manners of St. Giles's. But one thing I can say of him, and it is in his favour:—I hardly expect you will believe me—the thing is incredible—but I pledge my word to the fact—that once, if not twice, but once most assuredly, I did meet him in the company of gentlemen!"

Cobb remarked, that it was a singular circumstance that Sheridan always made a bad figure as a witness in a court of law, when he happened to be subpœna'd on a trial. When Lord Thanet, Ferguson, and others, were tried for a misdemeanor in attempting to rescue O'Connor at Maidstone, and knocking down Rivett, the Bow-street officer who detained him; Law, (afterwards Lord Ellenborough,) who had long borne Sheridan a grudge for the rough treatment he had received from him during the impeachment of Hastings, cross-examined him with great acrimony. The cause had lasted the whole day, and Sheridan was not called till nine in the evening, when, in all probability, he had arrived near the end of his second bottle at Bellamy's. It was not prevarication, but a sort of absurd playing with the questions, that gave Law, on that occasion, considerable advantage over him. "Do answer my questions, Mr. Sheridan," said the counsel, "without point or epigram."—"Very true, Sir," replied Sheridan: "your questions are without point or epigram." Lord Kenyon once or twice reminded Sheridan that he was on his oath, and that a court of justice was not a fit place for repartee or quibble.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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## THE ESCAPE OF THE QUEEN AND INFANT SON OF JAMES THE II FROM WHITEHALL.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE following poem which we here enrich our pages with, is one of several composing a most delightful little volume of poetry, replete with flowing versifica-

tion and delightful imagery, bearing the title of the "Seven Ages of Woman," with other poems, by Miss Strickland, the talented authoress of "Worcester Field; or the Cavalier."

It was night, but with darkness there came not repose,
To London, that city of splendour and woes;
Her streets echoed still with alarum and din,
For foes were around her, and tumults within;
Strange murmurs were mixed with the rush of the blast,
And the sweep of the rain falling heavy and fast.
Ah! who are the boatmen that vent'rously urge
That tempest-tost skiff o'er the black swollen surge
Of Thames, in his wrath fiercely foaming along,
While his tide flows in currents terrific and strong?
See how they labour and stretch to the oar,
Midst the gloom of the night and the elements' roar,
Who may they be, who so rashly dare brave
December's rough gales on that perilous wave?
Mark them:—their freight is no soldier or knight,
Or seamen of hardihood, valour, and might,
Who, through years of emprize, has accustomed his form,
To the blasts of the north, or the tropical storm.
That pale shrouded figure who sits by the side
Of the steersman, regardless of tempest or tide,
Deeply feels the strange contrast, and change of this scene,
From her own fair Italia's unclouded serene.
But, oh! not on this one brief thought does she cast,
Though the winds howl around her, the rain patters fast,
And drenches her garments, and drips from her hair,
For her heart only throbs with a mother's fond care;
And she but wraps her mantle more tight on her breast,
That pillow to guard where her infant finds rest!
That babe and that mother—Oh! England, they are
Thy fugitive Queen and thy Monarch's young heir,
Rudely driven from a palace—they deem thee less kind
Than the rage of the waters and tempest combined.
Lo! death is behind them—new perils before
Though the oft baffled shallop, at length gains the shore. . . . . .

Have we crossed the dread river? Then mount, and away.'
'Not so, hapless Queen, there is further delay;
'The horses yet tarry, engaged for your flight,
'But there's safety as yet in the shadow of night;
'And here may'st thou shelter, oh, lady awhile,
'Beneath the dark walls of old Lambeth's gray pile:
'But oh! should the prince from his slumbers awake,
'One cry might betray you—good heavens! what a stake.'
'No! my heart's troubled beatings have rock'd him to sleep,
'And he knows not the vigils his mother must keep;
Unconscious of royaltys perils and woes,
'As sweetly he tastes his unruffled repose,
'Midst the dangers, the terrors, the gloom of this hour,
'As he did in the cradle of grandeur and power.
'The moan of the waters, the winds howling nigh,
To him have been music—a rude lullaby;
'For the elements wrath is less cruel and wild
'Than those whose fierce hatred pursues us, my child.'
She is silent—but still her keen agonies speak
In her lips quiv'ring motion, her pale tearful cheek,
And the fast streaming eyes, that are raised in deep prayer,
Or turned on the city in speechless despair;
She seeks midst its lights, that in countless array,
Before her in distance confusedly lay,
Her own royal home, whose proud walls yet contain
Her monarch, and sighs for its perils again.
Then starts as she catches at times from the shore,
In the hush of the blast, the vex'd multitude's roar;
And stands in dread conflict of interest wild,
With her thoughts on her husband, her eyes on her child;
In that fearful division, weak nature's strong strife,
Which—which shall prevail, the fond mother or wife?
That choice is not hers—She turns weeping away,
Her consort's strict mandate of flight to obey,
As the low cautious whisper is borne to her ear,
'All is ready—delay not—the steeds trample near,'
And that heart's bitter pangs, which no language could tell,
Are unbreathed—she but murmurs, 'Oh, London, farewell!'

HISTORICAL NOTES TO THE ABOVE POEM.

Sir John Dalrymples in his memoirs of Great Britain gives the following account of the escape of King James's Queen:—On the 6th of December, in the evening, the Queen, with the nurse carrying the Prince, then five months old in her arms, and accompanied by the Count de Lausune, so famous for his own misfortunes, and by a few attendants, went privately from Whitehall. She crossed the Thames in an open boat, in a dark night, in a heavy rain, in a high wind, whilst the river was swollen, and at the coldest season of the year. A common coach had been ordered to wait for her on the opposite side, but by some accident it had been delayed for an hour. During this time, she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes on the Prince, unconscious of the miseries attendant upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which, she in vain explored the palace in which her

husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence."

Not less interesting than this beautiful and pathetic quotation from the elegant historian above, is the account which King James himself gives of this event, in his own memoirs, which when we consider it was written by the husband, and father of the royal fugitives, must excite in the bosom of every person of sensibility, feelings of the most lively sympathy, for the anguish of heart in which he must have indited it.

"All things being ready by this time for the Queen and princes departure, it fell out opportunely enough that the Count Lozune a French gentleman, was then at the court of England, whither he came to offer his services to the king, but treachery and desertion of so many false friends, made the zeal and fidelity of his true ones, useless, at least in reference to the war, so his Majesty accepted of his offer another way, as thinking him a proper person to attend upon the Queen in this voyage, and that under the notion of his returning to his own country (there being no business for him in England) a yacht might be prepared, and the Queen and Prince pass unsuspected in his company.

"The Queen had a great reluctancy to this journey, not so much for the hazards and inconveniences of it, as to leave the King in so doubtful a situation, she having never done it hitherto in his greatest difficulties and dangers. And therefore when it was first proposed, her Majesty absolutely refused it in reference to herself, telling the King she was very willing the Prince her son should be sent to France, or where it was thought most proper for his security, that she could bear such a separation with patience, but could never bear it with reference to himself, that she would infinitely rather share his fortune, whatever it should prove, than abandon him in his distress, that all hardships, hazards, or imprisonment itself would be more acceptable to her in his company, than the greatest ease and security in the world without him, unless he really proposed to come away himself too, then she was willing to be sent before him, if he thought it a more proper method to conceal their departure; which the King assuring her he really did, her Majesty consented to it at last.

"This journey and separation therefore, being at length resolved on, the Queen disguising herself, crossed the river, upon the 9th of December, taking with her only the prince, his nurse, and two or three persons more, along with her, to avoid suspicion, and had sent to have a coach ready prepared on the other side, in which she went down to Gravesend, and got safe aboard the yacht, which, considering that the rabble was up in all parts to intercept and plunder whoever they thought were making their escape, was such a providence, that nothing but a greater danger could excuse from rashness and temerity in attempting; but in such afflicting circumstances, where the government of a distressed prince is not only returned, but himself and royal family in just apprehensions of the most barbarous treatment, all other hazards and hardships pass unregarded. Otherwise, for the queen to cross the river in a tempestuous night, with the prince not six months old, to wait in the open air for a considerable time, till the coach was ready, and not only exposed to the cold but to the continual danger of being discovered, which the least cry of the prince might have done; to travel in the middle of an enraged people, without guards, servants, or convenience sufficient to preserve them from common dangers, or even to defend them from the cold, had been a tempting of providence on a less pressing occasion; however, it pleased God to bring them through all those dangers."

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# Laconics;

OR,

*Pithy Remarks and Maxims, collected from various Sources.*

POETRY

Is a blossom of such delicate growth; that it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection.

PANEGYRIC

Is seldom judicious in the epitaphs on *Public Characters*, for if it be deserved, it cannot need publication; and if it be exaggerated, it will only serve to excite ridicule.

HAPPINESS.

To form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness bears to another's, we are to consider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumstances.

RESERVE

Is a debt to prudence, as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good-

VIRTUES

Like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE LONDON BRIDGE PAGEANTS IN THE TIME OF HENRY V.

THE following curious detail of those Pageants which welcomed the conqueror of Azincour into the City of London, is collected from a Latin manuscript in the Cottonian Library, which was most probably written by an eye-witness, both of the King's valour abroad, and of his triumphs at home. The manuscript is on paper, in a very small and fair current black letter, and is entitled in the catalogue, '*The Acts of King Henry V, the author, a Chaplain, in the Royal Army, who saw them for himself.*' The account runs as follows:—'And therewith, about the hour of ten in the day, the King came in the midst of them all; and the Citizens gave glory and honour to God, and many congratulations and blessings to the King, for the victories he had brought them, and for the public works which he had wrought; and the King was followed by the Citizens towards the City, with a proper, but a moderate, protection. And for the praise and glory of the City, out of so many magnificent acts of the noble Citizens, some things worthy of note the pen records with applause. On the top of the Tower, at the entrance of the Bridge, which stands, as it were, on going into the strength of the City, there stood on high a figure of gigantic magnitude, fearlessly looking in the King's face, as if he would do battle; but on his right and left hand, were the great keys of the City hanging to a staff, as though he had been Gate-keeper. Upon his right stood the figure of a woman not much less in size, habited in the gown, tunic, and ornaments of a female, as if they had been meant for a man and his wife, who appeared favourers of the King, and desired that they might see his face, and receive him with many plaudits. And the Towers about them were ornamented with halberts and the Royal Arms; and trumpeters stood aloft in the turrets which were resounding with horns and clarions in winding and expanding melody. And in the front of the fortress this appropriate and elegant writing was imprinted, '*The King's City of Justice.*' And there appeared, on both sides, all the way along the Bridge, very little youths; and, also, on both sides, out of the stone-work before them, was a lofty column, the height of the smaller towers, made of wood, not less delicate than elegant, which was covered over with a linen cloth painted the colour of white marble and green jasper, as if it had been of a square shape, and formed of stones cut out of the quarries. And upon the summit of the column on the right side, was the figure of an Antelope rampant, having a splendid shield of the Royal Arms hanging about his neck, and in his right foot he held a sceptre extended, and offered it to the King. Upon the top of the other column was the image of a lion, also rampant, which carried a spear, having the King's banner displayed upon the upper end, which he held aloft in his dexter claw. And across, at the foot of the Bridge, was erected the fabric of a Tower, the height of the aforesaid columns, and painted; in the midst of which, under a superb tabernacle, stood a most beautiful effigy of St. George, all in armour, excepting his head, which was adorned with laurel interwoven with gems, which shone between it like precious stones for their brightness. Behind him was a tapestry of cotton, having his arms resplendently embroidered in a multitude of escutcheons. Upon his right was suspended his triumphal helmet; upon his left his shield of Arms of a correspondent magnitude; and he had his right hand upon the handle of his sword, which was girt about him. Upon the tower was raised an extended scroll, containing these words, '*To God only be honour and glory;*' and in front of the building, this congratulatory prophecy,—Psalm xlvi. 4.—'*The streams of the River make glad the City of God:*' and all the principal towers were gallantly adorned with the Royal Arms embossed upon them, or displayed in banners upon lances reared above them. In the house adjoining to the fortress behind, were innumerable children representing the English Priesthood, in radiant garments with shining countenances: others were like virgins, having their hair adorned with laurels interwoven with gold; and they continued singing from the coming in of the King, with modulation of voice and melody of organs, according to the words of this song in English.'—*Chronicles of London Bridge.*

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, (No. XI.)

### FESTIVAL OF THE CHURCH WAKE.

NOTHING can exceed the jollity and gaiety of a church-wake in Austria Proper. They are kept every year, on two successive Sundays, in every village. The preparations for the fête are made the week preceding it, by the united efforts

of the young single men. The largest tree from the next forest is chosen, stripped of its bark, planed, and surmounted with the crown of a fir-tree, bearing the emblems of country life; apples, bottles filled with wine, ribbons, and garlands. This tree is raised in the centre of a pavilion, or rather a bower, covered with branches, and hung over with festoons of every colour. Each farmer invites his friends of the neighbouring villages. After grand mass is over, the dinner is served, consisting of at least twenty different dishes. At three o'clock, after the second divine service, the lads make their appearance, dressed very elegantly, and repair in a body to the different farm-houses where the maidens are. These are conducted in procession to the dancing-place, the before-mentioned bower. The orchestra consists of an exquisite band of from ten to fifteen musicians, who regularly attend these festivals. Among their instruments are two lyres, but no violin, which give to the music an exquisite air of country life. There is nothing which equals the waltzes of these people. The most prejudiced enemy to this dance cannot help being delighted with the simplicity and true charm which these dancers display in every turn, without having ever been under the modelling hand and snuffling command of a French dancing-master. One might look for hours with interest at the hearty delight with which they enjoy this ancient fête. If distinguished persons are present, they are requested to open the ball, a thing which is always complied with. At sunset lamps are lighted, and the dance continues until eleven o'clock. The maidens are again conducted home in the same manner, and each is delivered into the hands of her parents. It was at the castle and domain of G——k, the property of C—t F——s, where we witnessed one of these fêtes. The family of the Count had partaken for half an hour in the popular rejoicing. For this honour the young people brought them a serenade.—*Austria as it is.*

## Anecdotiana.

### REFRESHING A QUEEN'S MEMORY.

It is related of our Maiden Queen Elizabeth, that enjoying the air at one of her palace windows, she beheld a gentleman musing, to whom she had not realized her promises of favour, she sent for him, and said, "What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?" After a short pause, he answered, "He thinks, madam, of a woman's promise." The queen drew in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, I must not confute you; anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor."

### MOZART THE COMPOSER.

When Mozart had composed his *chef-d'œuvre*, Dou Giovanni, he hastened to Prague to lay his work before a public, which, as he expressed himself, was alone capable of giving a correct opinion of the merits of his production. It was accordingly performed through three successive nights. The enthusiasm increased with every performance. When he returned to Vienna, this master-piece met there with a cold reception; the Emperor Joseph was present during the performance. Mozart was called before the monarch:—"Mozart," said the monarch, "your music would do very well, but there are too many notes in it!"—"Just as many," replied the offended artist, "as there ought to be!"

This kind-hearted soul received soon after an invitation from Frederick the Great, with an offer of 5000 florins salary; his own was but 800 florins, 80*l.* While hesitating, he was called before his Sovereign, Joseph II. who addressed him; "Mozart, you are going to leave me." Overpowered by the kind tone in which these words were pronounced, he, sobbing, and tears gushing from his eyes, could only reply, "No, never will I leave your Majesty!"

### THE PARSON'S TOAST.

Lord Clive, one day after dinner, asked a chaplain to one of the regiments in the East India Company's service, for a toast, who after considering some time, at length exclaimed with great simplicity, "Alas! and alack-a-day! what can I give?"—"Nothing better," replied his Lordship;—"Come, gentlemen, we'll give a bumper to the parson's toast.—A *lass*, and a *lac* a day."

### EPIGRAM

ON THE LATE JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

Some pious old ladies are said to grow wild,
When they hear so much talk of Joanna *with child*
And swear, as they lift up the whites of their eyes,
That it can only be by the *Father of lies.*

### EPITAPH

ON FRANK ROW, OF SELBY.

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish-clerk and grave-stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for other's used to do,
Is now for Frank done by another.

ON A MR. JOHN SULLEN.

Here lies John Sullen, and it is God's will,
He that was Sullen shall be Sullen still;
He still is Sullen:—if the truth ye seek,
Knock until Doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| March23 | | Mar. 23 | St. Edelwald was an English Benedictine monk of Rippon, He afterwards became a hermit, and was buried by St. Cuthbert, in St. Peter's Church, at Lindisfarne. He is said to have died A. D. 699. |
| | | | 1801. The emperor Paul, of Russia, supposed to have met his death by strangulation at St. Petersburgh, a death that tyrants have often met with. |
| | St. Edelwald. | | 1824. The beautiful collection of Paintings, the property of the late Mr. Angerstein, purchased by government, towards forming a National Gallery. |
| —24 | St. Irenæus. | — 24 | St. Irenæus, was bishop of Lyons, and a native of Greece. He was beheaded during the persecution of Severus in 202. |
| | | | 1602. Died at Richmond, in Surrey, Q. Elizabeth, ÆT. 70, in the 45 year of her reign. She was born at Greenwich, in Kent. It is said of Elizabeth, that she gloried in the title of a virgin Queen, and refused several matrimonial overtures; yet was supposed to be pleased with these applications. |
| | | | 1603. James I. crowned King of England. He was son of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, by her cousin, Lord Darnley. Buchan, the Scotch historian, was his tutor, and when accused of having made him a pedant, replied "That he could do nothing better with him." |
| — 25 | Lady Day; or the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary | — 25 | This day celebrates the angel's message to the Virgin Mary, respecting the Saviour of the World. The Roman Catholic Festival of the Annunciation is commonly called in England, *Lady Day*, which is one of the legal quarters. |
| | | | The Roman Feast, Hilaria, observed in honour of the Mother of the Gods. |
| | | | 1815. The allied Sovereigns of Europe entered into a treaty to exterminate Napoleon Buonaparte. |
| | | | 1688. Parochial Charity Schools first instituted in London and its vicinity, for the education of the children of the poor. |
| — 26 | St. Ludger. | — 26 | St. Ludger was bishop of Munster, in Germany, and died A. D. 809. |
| | | | 1811. A lamentable fire took place at Rohenfield, in Hanover, which consumed above 150 houses. |
| — 27 | St. John of Egyot. | — 27 | St. John was a hermit, inured to obedience by an ancient holy anchoret. He is reported to have lived on the top of a high rock from the 42 year of his life, until the year of his death, A. D. 394. |
| | | | 1625. James I. expired at Theobald's, near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire. This Seat formerly belonged to Lord Burleigh, who often entertained his Royal mistress Q. Elizabeth at this residence. |
| | | | 1625. The unfortunate Charles I. succeeded to the crown on this day. |
| | | | 1802. The brief peace of Amiens concluded. |
| | | | 1812 The French Flotilla defeated before Dieppe, by Captains Harvey and Trollope, of the *Rosario* and *Griffin* sloops. |
| — 28 | St. Sixtus III. Pope. | — 28 | Sixtus III. was a priest of the Church of Rome, and succeeded Celestine in the Papacy. He was accused of debauchery by Anicius Bassus, who had been consul, and was cleared by a council of 56 Bishops. He died A. D. 440, after having governed the Church of Rome nearly eight years. |
| | | | 1483. Born at Urbino, Raffaelle, (Sanzio) the celebrated painter. The Cartoons at Hampton Court, by him, are existing memorials of his great fame; these paintings have been engraved in a stile equal to the masterly efforts of the painter, by the late Mr. Holloway, the historical engraver to the King, who laboured nearly thirty years on them. |
| | | | 1757. Robert Damiens, the regicide, was executed with horrible torture, for attempting to assassinate Louis XV. of France, at Versailles. |
| | | | 1801. Died, the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in Egypt, after defeating the French, at Aboukir, on board Lord Keith's ship. |
| | | | 1802. On this day the new primary planet, *Pallas*, was discovered. |

Godfrey, Duke of Jerusalem, arresting Argillan.

## THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS TO PALOS, AFTER PERFORMING HIS FIRST VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

In our ninth number, we extracted that portion of Mr. Washington Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus, which related to the first arrival of the renowned navigator and discoverer in Spain, poor and friendless, not having wherewith to satisfy the attacks of hunger on himself, or to prevent its blanching the cheeks of his child, the youthful companion of his misfortunes. From his destitute and hopeless condition, joined with his commanding and intelligent appearance, when craving food of the hospitable father of Rabida, may be dated the origin of the discovery of the western hemisphere. We now proceed to lay before our readers another portion of the work equal in interest to the extract before given, the part we have chosen is that which details his return, after having completed his first voyage, and the joyful reception he met with from his former friends the inhabitants of Palos, which arrival is most admirably contrasted with the return of his companion in adventure, the dissatisfied and avaricious Alonzo Pinzon, who deserted from him in his vessel the Pinta, at Cuba. To this we have added his reception at the Spanish Court.

### RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AT PALOS.

The triumphant return of Columbus, was a prodigious event in the history of the little port of Palos, where every-body was more or less interested in the fate of his expedition. The most important and wealthy sea-captains of the place had engaged in it, and scarcely a family but had some relative or friend among the navigators. The departure of the ships, upon what appeared a chimerical and desperate cruise, had spread gloom and dismay over the place; and the storms which had raged throughout the winter had heightened the public despondency. Many lamented their friends as lost, while imagination lent mysterious horrors to their fate, picturing them as driven about over wild and desert wastes of water without a shore, or as perishing amidst rocks and quicksands, and whirlpools·

or a prey to those monsters of the deep, with which credulity, in those days, peopled every distant and unfrequented sea. There was something more awful in such a mysterious fate than in death itself, under any defined and ordinary form.

When the news arrived, therefore, that one of the adventurous ships was standing up the river, the inhabitants were thrown into great agitation, but when they heard that she returned in triumph from the discovery of a world, and beheld her furling her sails in their harbour, the whole community broke forth into transports of joy. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended; for a time there was nothing but the hurry and tumult of sudden exaltation and breathless curiosity. Some were anxious to know the fate of a relative, others of a friend, and all to learn particulars of so wonderful a voyage. When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged to see, and welcome him, and a grand procession was formed to the principal church, to return thanks to God for so signal a discovery made by the people of that place,—the unthinking populace forgetting, in their exultation, the thousand difficulties which they had thrown in the way of the enterprise. Wherever Columbus passed, the streets resounded with shouts and acclamations; he received such honours as are paid to sovereigns, but to him they were rendered with tenfold warmth and sincerity. What a contrast was this to his departure a few months before, followed by murmurs and execrations; or, rather what a contrast to his first arrival at Palos, a poor pedestrian, craving bread and water for his child, at the gate of a convent!

Understanding that the court was at Barcelona, Columbus felt disposed to proceed thither immediately in his caravel; reflecting, however, on the dangers and disasters he had already experienced on the seas, he resolved to proceed by land. He despatched a letter to the king and queen, informing them of his arrival, and soon after departed for Seville to await their orders, taking with him six of the natives whom he had brought from the New World. One had died at sea, and three were left ill at Palos.

It is a singular coincidence, which ap-

pears to be well authenticated, that on the very evening of the arrival of Columbus at Palos, and while the peals of triumph were still ringing from its towers, the Pinta, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, likewise entered the river. After her separation from the Admiral in the storm, she had been driven before the gale into the Bay of Biscay, and had made the port of Bayonne. Doubting whether Columbus had survived the tempest, and, at all events, anxious to anticipate him, and to secure the favourable prepossessions of the court and the public, Pinzon had immediately written to to the sovereigns, giving information of the discovery he had made, and had requested permission to come to court and communicate the particulars in person. As soon as the weather permitted, he had again set sail, anticipating a triumphant reception in his native port of Palos. When, on entering the harbour, he beheld the vessel of the admiral riding at anchor, and learnt the enthusiasm with which he had been received, and the rejoicings with which his return had been celebrated, the heart of Pinzon died within him. He called to mind his frequent arrogance and insubordination, and his wilful desertion off the coast of Cuba, by which he had impeded the prosecution of the voyage. It is said that he feared to meet Columbus in this hour of his triumph, lest he might put him under arrest; but it is more probable that he was ashamed to appear before the public in the midst of his rejoicings, as a recreant to the cause which excited such universal admiration. Getting into his boat, therefore, he landed privately, and kept himself out of sight until he heard of the admiral's departure. He then returned to his home, broken in health, and deeply dejected. Palos had been his little world, in which he had moved with unrivalled importance; but now he found himself fallen in public opinion, and fancied the finger of scorn continually pointed at him. All the honours lavished on Columbus, all the rapturous eulogiums of his enterprise, sunk into the soul of Pinzon as so many reproaches on himself; and when at length he received a severe and reproachful reply to the letter he had written to the sovereigns, his morbid feelings added virulence to his malady, and in a few days he died, the victim of envy and remorse.

He was a man of great spirit and enterprise, one of the ablest seamen of the age, and the head of a family that continued to distinguish itself among the early discoverers. He had contributed greatly to encourage Columbus when poor and unknown in Spain, offering him his purse, and entering with hearty concurrence into his plans. He had assisted him by his personal influence at Palos, combating the public prejudices, and promoting the manning and equipping of his vessels, when even the orders of the sovereigns were of no avail; he had advanced the part of the funds to be borne by the admiral; finally, he had embarked with his brothers in the expedition, staking life as well as property on the event. He had thus entitled himself to participate largely in the glory of this immortal enterprise: but forgetting the grandeur of the cause, he had deserted the high object in view, and by yielding to the impulse of a low and sordid passion, had tarnished his character for ever. That he was a man naturally of generous sentiments is evident from the poignancy of his remorse: a mean man could not have fallen a victim to self-upbraiding for having committed a mean action. His story shows how one lapse from duty may counterbalance the merits of a thousand services; how one moment of weakness may mar the beauty of a whole life of virtue; and how important it is for a man, under all circumstances, to be true, not merely to others, but to himself.

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### COLUMBUS'S RECEPTION AT THE SPANISH COURT OF BARCELONA.

Columbus's entrance into the noble city of Barcelona, when on his way to the Spanish Court, has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.—First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and single dis-

pensation of providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia, and Arragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his grey hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome; a modest smile lighted up his features, shewing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but their was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honour in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds, and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or laboured into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence: all present followed their example, a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of *Te deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious responses of the minstrels, rose up from the midst in a full oody of sacred harmony; bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

When Columbus retired from the royal presence, he was attended to his residence by all the court, and followed by the shouting populace. For many days he was the object of universal curiosity, and wherever he appeared, he was surrounded by an admiring multitude. While the mind of Columbus was thus teeming with glorious anticipations, his pious scheme for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre was not forgotten. It has been shewn that he suggested it to the Spanish sovereigns at the time of first making his propositions, holding it forth as the great object to be effected by the profits of his discoveries. Flushed with the idea of the vast wealth that was now to accrue to himself, he made a vow to furnish within seven years an army, consisting of four thousand horse, and fifty thousand foot, for the rescue of the holy sepulchre, and a similar force within the five following years. This vow was recorded in one of his letters to the sovereigns, to which he refers, but which is no longer extant, nor is it certain whether it was made at the end of his first voyage, or at a subsequent date, when the magnitude and wealthy result of his discoveries became more fully manifest. He often alludes to it vaguely in his writings, and he refers to it expressly in a letter to Pope Alexander VI., written in 1502, in which he accounts also for its non-fulfilment. It is essential to a full comprehension of the character and motives of Columbus, that this wild and visionary project should be borne in recollection. It will be found to have entwined itself on his mind with his enterprise of discovery, and that a holy crusade

was to be the consummation of those divine purposes, for which he considered himself selected by heaven as an agent. It shews how much his mind was elevated above selfish and mercenary views. How it was filled with those devout and heroic schemes, which in the time of the crusades had inflamed the thoughts and directed the enterprises of the bravest warriors and most illustrious princes.

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION

Represents the seizure and arrest of Argillan, who has spread disaffection among the troops, and thrown the odium of the supposed assassination of Rinaldo, upon Godfrey, Duke of Jerusalem, the leader of the forces congregated in Palestine.

What strange tumultuous clamours fill my ears?
Who dares disturb the peaceful camp with fears?
Thus am I grac'd? Is thus your leader known,
After such various toils and labours shewn?
Is there who now with treason blots my name?
Or shall suspicion sully Godfrey's fame?
Ye hope, perchance, to see me humbly bend,
And with base prayers your servile doom attend:
Shall then that earth, which witness'd my renown,
Behold such insults on my glory thrown?
This sceptre be my guard, fair Truth my shield,
And all my deeds in council and in field!
But Justice shall her ear to mercy lend,
Nor on th' offender's head the stroke descend
Lo! for your merits I your crime forgive,
And bid you for your lov'd Rinaldo live.
Let Argillan alone the victim fall.
And with his blood atone th' offence of all.
Who, urg'd by light suspicion rais'd th' alarms,
And fir'd your erring bands with rebel arms.
While thus he spoke, his looks with glory beam'd,
And from his eye the flashing lightning stream'd;
Ev'n Argillian himself, surpris'd and quell'd,
With awe the terrors of his face beheld.
The vulgar throng, so late by madness led.
Who pour'd their threats and curses on his head;
Who grasp'd, as rage supply'd, with ready hand
The sword, the javelin, or the flaming brand;
Soon as they heard his voice, with fears were struck,
Nor longer durst sustain their sovereign's look,
But tamely, while their arms begirt him round;
Saw Argillan in sudden fetters bound.†

*Book* VIII.

## A VOICE FROM THE DEEP,

A GALLEY STORY.

"WHAT say you, boys, a caulk or a yarn?" says one of the 'quarter-gunners, addressing indiscriminately the watch one night, as soon as they were mustered. "Oh, let's have a yarn, as we've eight hours in," replied one of the topmen. "Bob Bowers will spin us a twist;" and away to the galley a group of eight or ten instantly repaired.

"Well, boys!" says Bowers, "let's see, what'll you have?—one of the *Lee Virginneys*, or the saucy *Gee's?* *—Come, I'll give you a saucy *Gee*.

"Well, you see, when I sarved in the *Go-along Gee*—Captain D*** (he as was killed at Trafflygar aboard the *Mars*, seventy-four—aye, and as fine a fellow as ever shipped a swab, † or fell on a deck—There warn't a better man aboard from stem to starn. He knew a seaman's duty, and more he never ax'd; and not like half your capering skippers, what expect unpossibilities. It went against his grain to seize a grating-up, and he never flogged a man he didn't wince as if he felt the lash himself!—and as for starting,—blow me if he didn't break the boatswain by a court-martial for rope's-ending Tom Cox, the captain o' the fore-top in Plymouth-Sound.—And yet he was'nt a man what courted, as they call it, cocularity; for once desarve it, you were sure to buy it; but do your duty like a man, and, d—n it, he'd sink or swim with you!

"He never could abide to hear a man abused:—let's see, was't to the first or second leeftenant he says—no, 'twas the second—and blow me, too, if I doesn't think 'twas the third—it *was* the third, kase I remember, now, he'd never a civil word for no one. Well, howsomever, you see, says the skipper, mocking the leeftenant, in a sneering manner, one morn, who'd just sung-out, 'You sir! you know, to one o' the topmen,—'*You* sir, I mean,' says the skipper, looking straight in the leeftenant's face,—'pray, sir, says he, 'how do *you* like to be *you sir'd* yourself?"

"Well, the leeftenant shams deafness, you know; but I'm blowed but he hard every word on't—for never a dolphin a-dying tarned more colours nor he did at the time! But avast there, a bit—I'm yawing about in my course. Howsomever you know, 'tis but due to the dead, and no more nor his memory desarves, so here's try again—small helm bo—steady—ey-a. Well, you know, the *Go-along-Gee* was one o' your flash Irish cruisers—the first o' your fir-built frigates—and a hell of a clipper she was! Give her a foot o' the sheet, and she'd go like a witch—but somehow o' nother, she'd bag on a bowline to leeward. Well,

† See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 177.

* Gee is the sailor's name for a favorite ship
† Epaulette

there was a crack set o' ships at the time on the station. Let's see, there was the *Le Revolushoneer* (the flyer, you know) —then there was the fighting *Feeby*—the dashing *Dry'd*, and one or two more o' your flash-uns; but the *Gee* took the shine on 'em all in reefing and furling.

"Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the station, as went with the West-Ingee convoy, as far as Madery or so—(to protect 'em, you know, from the French privateers, and to bring back a pipe of the stuff for the admiral:—aye, and I take it the old boy must have bous-ed-up his jib-stay pretty often, for many's the pipe we shipped in the *Gee* for him.

"Howsomever, you see, we was order ed to sail with one of these thund'ring convoys, the largest as ever was gothered together in cove—nigh-hand a hundred and eighty or ninety sail. Let's see, there was the *Polly-infamous*,‡ sixty-four, was our commodore you know; and 'sides we in the *Gee*, there was a ship *Cravatte*,‖ and an 'eighteen-gun-brig.' Well, we sail-ed with the convoy from cove on St. Patrick's day, with a stagg'ring breeze at east-north-east. *We* was stationed astarn to jog-up the dull-uns, and to 'touch 'em up in the bunt' with the buntin.

"Well, a'ter we runs out of one o' your reg'lar easterly gales, what has more lives nor a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows, til lit blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers, you know). Four or five of our headmost and leewardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken aback, two was dismasted clean by the board: but the *Go-along Gee* was as snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining as much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

"Well, howsomever, we weathers out like a Mudian, though we lost to be sure the corporal of marines overboard, as was consulting his ease in the lee-mizen-chains. Well, a'ter the wind and sea gets down, the commodore closes the convoy, and sends shipwrights aboard of such ships as needed 'em most. Well, at last we gets into your regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman's yacht, or to ruffle the frill of a lady's flounce: and on one o' those nights as the convoy, you know, was cracking-on every thing low-and-aloft, looking just like a forest afloat —we keeping our station astarn on 'em all —top-sails low'r'd on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Patterson's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of beneties playing under the bows; what should I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship! Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I'd the starboard cat-head at the time); so I waits till I hears it again—when sky larking Dick, who'd the larboard look-out, sneaks over and says, 'Bob, I say Bob-bo, did you never hear nothing just now?' Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—'Aboard the G—e, ahoy—a-.' Well, there was nothing, you know, in sight within hail (for the starnmost ships of the convoy were more nor two miles a-head)—so I'm d—d if Dick and myself wasn't puzzled a bit, for we warn't just then in old Badgerbag's† track. Well, we looks broad on the bows, and under the bows, and over the bows, and every where round we could look, when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we sees something as white as a sheet on the water! Well, I looks at Dick, and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time—when looking again, by the light of the moon, 'I'm d—d,' says I, 'if it is'nt the corporal's ghost!'—'I'm d—d if it is'nt,' says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish a bit (though I says nothing to no one, you know), for 'twas only a fortnight afore the corporal and I had a bit of a breeze 'bout taking my pot off the fire. Well, says the voice, 'Will you heave us a rope? I don't want a boat!' was the cry. 'D—n it, ghost or no ghost,' says I, 'I'll give you a rope, if it's even to hang you;' so flying, you see, to the chains, I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands. Well, I was as mum as a monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling-knot; when looking down on his phiz, says I, just quietly over my breath, 'Is *that* Corporal Crag?' says I,—'Corporal Hell!' says he, 'why don't you haul up?'—'Well, I sings ou for some-un to lend us a fist (for Dick was afeard to come forward again—and I'm blow'd but the leeftenant himself was as shy as the rest o' the watch). So I sings out again for assistance, for there was the unfortunate fellow towing alongside like a hide what was soft'ning in soak. 'Will no one lend us a hand?' says I, 'or shall I turn the jolly adrift, and be d—d to you;' Well, this puts two o' the topmen you see on their pluck, for both on 'em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains

‡ Polephemus. ‖ Corvette.

† A name given by *Jack* to Neptune, when playing tricks on travellers upon first crossing the line.

—Now what do you think ?"—" Why the corporal's ghost, to be sure," says one of the group.—" No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost's mate's minister's mate —nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster, dead or alive ; but as fine a young fellow as ever I seed in my days. For, you see, the whole on it is this :—'twas no more nor a chap of an apprentice, whose master had started him that morn ; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins, and swims like a fish to the *Gee*—mind ! the *starnmost* ship of the convoy ! though his own was one of the headmost, aye and running the risk not to fetch us you know, nor another chance to look to for his life. And why ?—why ? bekase the ship had a *name*—aye, sure ! she *was* the *Gee ! ! !*"—*Naval Sketch Book.*

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## LINES SUGGESTED ON THE FALLING IN OF THE BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

" Oh for that warning voice," again sing I,
" The friendly whisperer of danger nigh ;
To rescue from the jaws of gaping death,
The hapless wretch, the scathful dome beneath,
Could but that awful pause, precedent to the din
Of dire dismay that gulphs the victims in,
Could but that pause's dire effect be known,
Could expectation greet the crashing groan,
But blind futurity, a stranger, still defies
The curious glance, that through her vista pries.

Observe the busy scene, the reckless crowd,
The caterers of pleasure, youth, endowed
With age, now apes the "slipper'd pantaloon,"
Leaps to the grave in mockery's guise, where soon,
By fate ordained, he'll gain an earnest tomb.
Mark, where Melpomene bedecks the face,
The studied eye-ball's glare, the form, the grace,
The mimic'd majesty of kings, the practised groan,
The trial fight, the merry sufferer's moan.
What heedless mortal there, but darts
A hope to the applause, his antic parts.

Shall certain gain, his talent chuse but draw :
Poor thoughtless actor, thou wilt rant no more :
No more the peeping tear will glaze the eye
Of those who hear thy counterfeited sigh :
For thee, and only thee, the tear shall flow,
From no imaginary cause, or mimic'd woe :
A sigh by thee unheard in pity's breast shall glow.

Ye mystic powers ! who laugh at puny man,
His work he fondly deems, of time, a lengthened span
Shall creep away, ere to its kindred earth
The structure dwindles to its source of birth.
Methinks I see the fiend, Destruction named,
Hovering o'er the pile with eye enflam'd,
Brooding in scornful joy, where late his brand
Was busied with old Times progressive hand :
Methinks I hear, amid that pealing shriek,
The hoarse laugh quivering from his blighted cheek :
Jeering at dilatory Time's defeated mien,
He wings his passage to his black demesen.
Now rumour, ne'er a sluggard, stalks her rounds :
The hideous tale, the listening ear astounds :
With frantic strides, the mother hither hies
To claim the quiet corse, a bloody prize.
The new made widow braves the tottering walls
Eager, she seeks the sight, her eye appals :
In rude confusion, mingling in the air,
Th' expiring groan blends with the lively tear,
And ushers in full many an hour of care.

But oh ! blest charity, sweet advocate for those
Who silent shed the tear of bitter woes,
Nor ask that aid, unask'd thy friendly hand
Shall proffer, when, around, thy powerful wand
Shall wield its influence in pity's mild domains
And draw, from feeling hearts, sweet comfort's strains :
With sorrow's joy, I view thy heavenly way :
I list with pleasure's pain, th' invoking lay ;
High heaven's reward, to those, half gained, who ope
The silent hand, where grief's dull victims droop.

And should the hapless structure, e'er again
Rear, from its bloodstained bed of death and pain,
Its doomed head, and greet again the skies,
Ere misplaced laughter's joyous strains arise,
Oh let the hymn of prayer, to heaven's high throne
Ascend in solemn chant, religious moan ;
For those whom charity can nought avail,
Who, prone in death, nor hear, nor heed her wail :
Engulphed in sin, denied a dying prayer,
The voice of penitence, nor whisper'd hope nor fear :
They've gone from this dark stage of varying strife,
They've gone to death's long waking dream from life ;
They've gone ! then prompt to mercy's genial throne,
For them the prayer, who wait in realms unknown,
Till in their ears the awful summons dins,
In that mysterious hour, when dark begins
The *Grand Rehearsal* of their worldly sins."

W. MORLEY.

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## THE WARRIOR KNIGHT.

His country call'd him to the field
In broad cuirass and polished shield ;
His helmet on his brow reclin'd,
And his raven plume engaged the wind.
Gone to the battle, bold in war—
Fear is the maiden's clouded star.

Will he not conquer in the strife ?
Will he not win, or yield his life ?
He comes, he comes,—his triumphs bring
Joy to her bosom, and his King :
Fear's star was dim, but love's star shines,—
The maiden on her Knight reclines. P.

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# Laconics ;

OR,

*Pithy Remarks and Maxims, collected from various Sources.*

### COMMON SENSE.

FINE sense and common sense are not half so valuable as common sense ; there

are forty men of wit, for one man of sense, and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

TALENTS.

GIVE a man a superiority far more agreeable than that which proceeds from riches, birth, or employments, which are all external. Talents constitute our very essence.

DEPORTMENT.

COMMON Swearing argues in a man a perpetual distrust of his own reputation; and is an acknowledgment, that he thinks his bare word not to be worthy of credit.

CONVERSATION.

METALS are known by their weight, and men by their talk. Material gravity makes gold precious, and morality renders the man so.

AVARICE.

There is something truly disgusting in this powerful propensity of the human mind. In all other passions there is some pleasure to be pleaded for their indulgence but this is composed solely of anxiety, chagrin, and apprehensions. Lord Bacon, in speaking of misers, wittily observes, that gold is a good servant, but a bad master.

SHYNESS.

WHAT is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

MODESTY

OFTEN passes for errant-haughtiness; as what is deemed spirit in a horse, proceeds from fear.

DRESS

LIKE writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application.

RICHES

ARE the gift of heaven, and often the reward of virtuous actions; but not to be esteemed our only happiness in having or misery in wanting them.

ANGER.

WHEN men are moved to anger, they ought to sound a retreat to their exasperated spirits, lest, being too much heated, violence should usurp the seat of prudence, and a minutes fury draw after it a subject of long repentance.

KNOWLEDGE AND VALOUR.

RECIPROCALLY contribute to the making a great man, and renders him immortal, because they themselves are so.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO A HANDSOME COQUETTE.

*(For the Olio.)*

Lady! thou'rt fair as summer's loveliest eve,
And beauty sits enticing on thy brow!
Yet dare I not one sigh of love to heave,
Or fonder thoughts within my breast allow;
Cruel and careless are the hopes contain'd
Within thy bosom, white and cold as snow;
My soul indignant has thy bonds disdain'd,
Because thy youthful heart no feelings true
doth know.

Thine eye is bright and, like a syren's, darts
Beams full of pleasure on the raptured gaze,
But shipwreck waits the poor deluded hearts
Who steer too closely to its potent blaze
That eye, which glances fondly to seduce,
Would sparkle proudly at the lover's praise,
But, wand'ring falsely, would as sure produce
Embittered poison rank, to wither all his
days.

Lady! thy smile speaks love, but well I know
Thou wishest only slaves to watch thy look;
On me it turns, I from the tempter go,
For such a hopeless state I could not brook:
'Tis fascinating, and would well adorn
The lips of Cupid when he twangs his bow;
But, carv'd by vanity, 'twould close in scorn
To hear love's heartfelt theme from love's true
feelings flow.

Farewell! may better hopes be found in time
To swell thy bosom with affection's thought,
May love himself be found to guide thy smile,
Thine eye to speak the heart, in truth, be
taught;
Thus wilt thou find thyself upon the road
Which leads to happiness.

R. JARMAN

## CHINESE MANNERS AND SCENERY.

[*Extract of a Letter from Canton.*]

"DEAR D.—The whole horizon was studded with moving specks, and the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was absolutely swarming with countless vessels. A freshening breeze soon brought us within sight of the Grand Lama, and in a short time, we were moving rapidly between the islands. Their bold, bare, rocky appearance formed an agreeable contrast to the rich yet tame and unvarying scenery of the islands we had last seen in the Straits of Sunda. To me, who for the first time beheld the shores of a country of which I had heard so much, and knew so little, they formed an object of peculiar interest; they recalled to my mind the hills of my native country, and their very barrenness was more agreeable than the eternal sameness of the rich green wooded scenery of the Straits. I leaned out of the cabin-port to watch the motions of some Chinese boats which were approaching the ship,

and I could not help admiring the bold and daring way in which the Chinese brought them alongside. The ship was dashing along before a fine steady breeze, with all sails set—studding sails below and aloft; no attempt was made to shorten sail for them, yet they bore boldly down upon us, just cleared our lower boom end, sheered alongside, hooked a hook-rope on to the chain plates, and in an instant two or three fellows were scrambling up the ship's side with the agility of as many squirrils. Before I had time to look round me, a fellow with a long tail, and, as I thought, dressed in petticoats, whisked through the port past me, nodded familiarly to me, said 'chin-chin,' and bolted through the door of the cabin. 'Chin-chin!' muttered I to myself, 'what the deuce does the man mean?'—so, by way of solving my doubts, I followed him on deck. There I found my active friend in company with one of the ship's officers, with his fists doubled and pressed together shaking them up and down, while his head was nodding like that of one of the china-shop mandarins. I fancied, of course, that he was either asking for something, or begging pardon: but I found afterwards that he was merely saluting. And now commenced a conversation which for your edification, I shall endeavour to commit to paper, as I thought it in my ignorance, a most extraordinary one.

"'Aya! my olo fleen,' said the long-tailed shaven-headed man, 'how you do? I welly glad to see you. You hab catchee wifo?'

"'Yes.'

"'Aya! I welly glad! How you wifo?'

"'Very well, I thank you.'

"'You hab catchee chilo?'

"'Yes.'

"'How many piecie?'

"'Three.'

"'Aya! he hab bull-chilo, cow-chilo?'

"'One piece bull-child, two piece cow-child.'

"'I welly glad. I chin-chin you very much.'

"I was astonished. Good children and bad children I had heard of before; but bulls and cows were appendages to a family circle which I had not any idea of.

"A favourable breeze soon rattled us up as far as the Bocca Tigris, before passing which we were obliged to heave-to, to allow time for the pilot to procure a pass; and we lost nearly two hours in waiting the pleasure of a rascal of a mandarin. The passage through the Bocca is very narrow, and commanded by two fortresses, which, if properly manned and mounted, ought to be be able to blow any vessel out of the water which might attempt to pass perforce. As it is, there is a formidable show of embrasures and guns, but the greater part of them are in such a state, that they are almost as dangerous to their defenders as to the enemy.

"The scenery, in going up the river towards Whampoa Reach, where the ships are moored, is striking to a stranger, from the peculiarity of its features. The low, swampy, paddy grounds, extending for miles, are intersected by innumerable small branches of the river, covered in general with vessels of all descriptions, which appear as if moving through fields of richest verdure, as nothing but their masts and sails are discernible. The sameness of the scene is a little relieved by the picturesque villages and mandarin houses peeping out from clumps of trees, while the bleak and lofty hills in the distance, form a bold and striking background."—*Weekly Review.*

## SONNET.

My friends are pillowed in their grassy grave,
And calm and quietly they sleep below;
Their race is finished, and their hour of woe
For ever swallowed in the Lethean wave,
But as for me, I stand alone to brave,
The thunder, and the lightning, and the storm;
I look around, but there is none to save—
No bow of promise lifts its cheering form—
From out the thickening darkness might I glide
Into the future and be seen no more,
Oh! might I banish from the aching core
Of my worn heart, the canker and the tide
Of sorrows, that hath been increasing there
Day after day, for more I feel I cannot bear.

## ACCOUNT OF GIANTS.

That most ancient and respectable of all histories, the Holy Bible, establishes to us distinctly several races of giants, as the Rephaims, the Anakims, the Enims, the Zonzonims, &c.

The Anakims, or descendants of Anak, were the inhabitants of the promised Land, to which Moses would lead the Jews. It was those Anakims, who being seen by the spies, sent by the Hebrew General, were reported to be men of that size, that the Hebrews were but as grashoppers to them. The giant Og, king of Basan, overcome by Moses, was of that race, whose bedstead of brass measured fifteen feet and a half*, and the Rabbins sustain,

* Nine cubits; the Jewish cubit was twenty cubits and a half.

that that was not even his bed, but only his cradle, when a child.

When Joshua entered the land of Canaan, he defeated the descendants of Anak, who inhabited the cities of Hebron, Dabir, and Anab, and only spared those of Gaza, Gath, and Azoth, where, for many ages, the tombs of these giants were seen; and where Josephus informs us, that, in his time, their bones of a monstrous and incredible size were yet shewn.

The Rephaims, descended from Repha, and continued below the time of David; Goliath of Gath, who was slain by that king of the Israelites, was ten feet seven inches high, and was one of the last branches of that family; and the scripture hath mentioned four others, one of which was brother to Goliah, and were slain by David and his soldiers.

Prophane Historians have not been less fruitful on this subject. They gave seven feet of height to Hercules their first hero, which is nothing surprising, as that is the smallest of the gigantic size; and, in our days, we have seen men eight feet high. The emperor Maximin is reported to have been of that size.

The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Secondilla and Pusio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Funnam, a Scotsman, who lived in the time of Eugine the second, king of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob le Maire, in his Voyage to the Streights of Magellan, reports, that the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones; and, having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered several human skeletons of ten and eleven feet long.

The Chevalier Scory, in his Voyage to the Peek of Teneriffe, relates, that they found, in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain, the head of a Guanche, which had eighty teeth, and that the body (which was in the burial-place of the kings of Guimar, and of whose race it was said to be) was not less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew to Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high.

Rioland, a celebrated Anatomist, who wrote in the year 1614, says, that, some years before, there was to be seen, in the suburbs of St. Germaine's at Paris, near St. Peter's Chapel, the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high.

In the City of Rouen, in 1509, some persons employed in digging in the ditches near the Jacobins, found a stone-tomb, which contained a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin-bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, it being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved, "In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont, and his bones." Platerus, a famous physician, and who certainly knew human bones from others, declares, that he saw at Lucerne, the true human bones of a subject, which must have been at least nineteen feet high.

Valence in Dauphine, boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivarias, who was slain by an arrow, by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of the shin-bone, with the articulation of the knee, and his figure painted in Fresco, with an inscription, shewing, that this giant was twenty two feet and a half high, and that his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the Merderi, a little river at the foot of the mountain of Crussol, upon which (tradition says) the giant dwelt. This river overflowing its banks, discovered a very long and wide brick tomb, in which were these bones, and an arrow, which they supposed to be the same which slew him.

The Canons regular of the abbey of St. Ruff, in the same city of Valence, had in their possession a collar-bone of the same giant, which measures three feet and a half, though above six inches are broken off from one end, and also one of the Vertebræ of the loins, which is three feet eight inches in circumference, eleven inches high, the hole for the passage of the spinal marrow being four inches in diameter. We may conclude, that this giant must have been taller than the inscription above cited makes him, at least unless he had been very ill proportioned which is very common in men of such extraordinary size.

The Giant Theutobochus, King of the Teutoni, went far beyond the Tyrant Bucart.

Florus says, that Marius conquered and took Theutobochus prisoner near the city of Aix, and that that King was a singular spectacle in the triumph; for, says he, he was so big that he surpassed even the trophies. Those trophies were trunks of trees, either left rough, or cut into the form of a man, on which the Romans hung the arms and spoils of the vanquished. The only trophy which we have the

dimensions of in the antiquities of father Montfaucon, is that of the triumphal arch at Carpentras, which is thirteen feet four inches high; these trophies were carried by men, or in chariots, either of which would elevate them about four feet, which then made it 17 feet to the top of their heads. Therefore, if Theutobochus, when walking in the triumph, was taller than those figures, he must certainly have been an astonishing spectacle to the Romans, who were already little, if compared to the Gauls.

The historians of Dauphine deny that Theutobochus was vanquished near Aix, or taken by Marius; but they say, the battle was fought in Dauphiné, a few leagues from Valence; and that Theutobochus died of his wounds, and was buried by the care of Marius the conqueror.

But be that as it will, on January 11, in the year 1613, some masons digging in a field near the castle of Chaumont, in Dauphiné, in a sandy soil, discovered a brick tomb, 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and eight feet high; on which was a grey stone, with the words *Theutobochus Rex* cut thereon. When the tomb was opened, they found a human skeleton entire, 25 feet and a half long, ten feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast bone to the back.

Before they moved a bone, they observed the measure of the head, which was five feet in length, and ten feet round; the lower jaw was six feet round the chin from joint to joint; the circumference of each orbit of the eye was seven inches, about the size of a small plate; each of the collar bones was four feet long.

His teeth were about the size each of an ox's foot, and his shin bone measured four feet.

Near Mazarino in Sicily, in the year 1516, was found a Giant 30 feet high, his head the size of an hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

Near to Palermo, in the Valley of Mazera in Sicily, a skeleton of a Giant, 30 feet long, was found, in the year 1548; and another of 33 feet high, in 1550; and many curious persons have preserved several of these gigantic bones.

The Athenians found near their city two famous skeletons, one of thirty-four, and the other of thirty-six feet high; also a sepulchre, of one hundred and fifty-feet long, which inclosed a skeleton of a like length, with an inscription. At Totu, in Bohemia, in 785, was found a skeleton, the head of which could scarce be encompassed by the arms of two men together; and whose legs, which they still keep in the castle of that city, were twenty six feet long; by which it may be supposed that that Giant did exceed a hundred and ten feet.

The skull of the Giant found in Macedonia, about six leagues from Thessalonica, in September, 1691, (at the time when M. Quainet was consul for France in that city) held 210 pounds of corn, which is about five bushels French measure; and whose body was ninety six feet high.

Boccace tells of a Giant 300 feet high, found near Trapani in Sicily, whose teeth are still hung up in the church of that town, and which the learned of that time thought to be the skeleton of Polypheme.

The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, president of the royal society of London, treated this matter very learnedly, not doubting in the least of any of these facts, but of opinion that these bones were those of elephants, whales, or other enormous animals.

Elephants bones may be shewn for those of Giants; but they can never impose on persons who have considered human bones ever so lightly; the difference between the two species is too striking, even in those which time has somewhat defaced, to mistake the one for the other.

Whales, which by their immense bulk, are more proper to be substituted for the largest giants, have neither arms, nor legs; and the head of that animal hath not the least resemblance with that of a man: the whale, therefore, cannot be brought to refute any of those histories, in each of which some of the above parts were found.

But if it is true, that a great number of the Gigantic bones, which we have mentioned, have been seen, and examined, by the best anatomists, and have been by them reputed to be real human bones, the existence of Giants is proved, if there had been but only one of that species.

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## Fine Arts.

### THE DIORAMA.

The two new views we are about to notice of this highly entertaining exhibition, present powerful claims to public patronage, and we have little doubt but what they will excite as lively an interest as those that have preceded them. The subjects are the Cloister of the Convent of St. Wandrille, in Normandy, and the Swiss Village of Unterseen, which is situated upon the river Aar, between the Lakes of Thoun and Brientz, in the Can

ton of Berne. We proceed to notice the Ruins first, because generally speaking, this part of the exhibition has been considered as its most prominent feature; and we think in the present instance, that it is eminently calculated to retain the character. The view of the Cloister as first seen by the spectator, has the appearance of being enveloped in the mist of morning, which gradually dissipates by the suns effulgence, and presents to the spectator a distinct view of this venerable pile, with its architectural decoration forcibly depicted: the distance is well managed, and in good keeping; in fact, this painting may be considered, upon a whole, as near to perfection as it is possible for human powers to arrive at. The artist (M. Bouton) has skilfully added to the effect of the scene by the admirable way in which he has introduced a plank in an inclined position; another powerful aid has been given to the subject by the moving of the leaves influenced by the wind, which overgrow various parts of the building, causing their shadows to be displayed on the adjoining columns as the sun appears and disappears; but the most striking feature of the picture is the passing of the clouds which is beheld by the spectator through an open arch of the cloister. This delusion would have been complete had the blue of the sky been of a brighter nature, as it ought to be, considering that it is viewed as laced by bright sunshiny clouds.

The other subject is the Village of Unterseen, which is pre-eminently felicitous; the view is taken from the entry of the principle street. On the right of this painting you behold a spacious *chalet*, or house of great antiquity, with its sloping and projecting roof, having before it a small pond of water, with the shadows of the surrounding objects beautifully represented on its glassy surface. The left of the painting presents a line of *chalets* with a break or way leading to the back of the buildings, finely shewn, the nearest building has a gallery extending along the whole front of the house, covered by its projecting roof, which is formed by transversal poles, covered over with tiles, the colouring of which is true to nature, the windows of the buildings possess the charm of reality, and are relieved by a variety of objects, such as clothes hanging out, &c. which give a very natural appearance to the painting, as does the trees in one or two instances, which are growing against the houses; the road, paved with flint-stones, is admirably depicted, as is the body of one or two fir trees laying along side the road, which are pourtrayed with the wedges sticking in them (such as are used in rending of them,) with the utmost fidelity to nature; the street is terminated by another running at right angles. In front of this road is seen an extremely picturesque *chalet*, sweetly displayed. The distance of this view is bounded by the sterile tops of the Gillihorn, the Hoch-Birchi, the Bellenhorhst, and Sulek mountains, some of which are topped with snow, whilst those nearer to the spectator are robed in the verdant drapery of the fern and heath-broom. Beautiful as the several Landscapes have been which the proprietors of the Diorama have already exhibited, none of them have, in our opinion, come up to the present in point of excellence as a work of art. There is one little drawback upon the great merit of the painting, and that is the whiteness, or an appearance similar to hoar-frost, which pervades the front and top of the houses on the left, although the sun is shining powerfully upon them. This defect might be easily remedied, the removing of which, would add materially to render the illusion perfect.

## Illustrations of History.

### WILLIAM RUFUS AND THE JEWS.

It is related of William Rufus, that being in Roan one tyme, there came to hym dyvers Jews, whyche inhabited that citie, complayning to him, that divers of their nation had renounced their Jewish religion and were become Christians, wherefore they besought that, for a certaine summe of money which they offered to gyve him, it myghte please him to constreyne them to abjure Christianitie and turne to the Jewish laws againe. Hee was contented to satisfie their desires, and so receiving the money, called them afore him, and what with threats and putting them otherwise in feare, he constreyned dyvers of them to forsake Christ, and returne to their old errors. There was also about the same time, a young man, a Jew, by a vision appearing unto him (as is said) was converted to the Christian faith, and being baptized, was named Stephen, because St. Stephen was the man that had appeared to him in the vision, as by the same was enformed. The father of hym being sore troubled that his sonne was thus become a Christian, and hearing what the King had done in such like matters, presented to him 60 markes of silver, upon condition he should compell his sonne to returne to his Jewish religion. Hereupon was the young man brought

before the king, unto whome the King said, Sirrah, your father here complayneth that without his licence ye are become a Christian; if this be true, I command thee to returne againe to the religion of your nation without any more adoe. Unto whom the young man answered: Your Grace, as I suppose, dothe but jest. Wherewith the King said, What thou dunghill knave, should I jest with thee? Get thee hence quickly, and fulfill my commaundement, or by St. Luke's face, I shall cause thine eyes to be plucked out of thine head. The young man, nothing abashed therewith, with constant voyce answered, Truly I will not do it, but know for certaine, that if you were a good Christian man, you would never have uttered any such wordes, for it is the part of a Christian to reduce them again to Christ which be departed from him, and not to separate them from him, which are joyned to him by faith. The King herewith confounded, commaunded the Jew out of his sight, but his father perceiving that the King could not perswade his sonne to forsake the Christian faith, hee required to have his money againe; But the Kyng said, he had done so much as hee promised to doe, that was to perswade him so far as he might. At length, when he would have the King to have dealt further in the matter, the King, to stop his mouth, returned back to him the one half of his money, and reteyned the other half."

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES—No. XII.

### CUSTOM OF MAKING APRIL-FOOLS ON ALL FOOL'S DAY.

A CORRESPONDENT to the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1766, in an article written on this subject, observes that it is a matter of considerable difficulty to account for the expression *an April-fool*, and the strange custom prevalent throughout this kingdom, of people *making fools of one another* on the first of April, by trying to impose upon each other, and sending one another upon that day, upon frivolous, ridiculous, and absurd errands. The author of the article, after making some judicious remarks upon the subject, proceeds to give the following account of his supposition of the origin of this strange and puerile custom, by observing, that the usage arose from the years formerly beginning, as to some purpose, and in some respects, on the 25th of March, which was supposed to be the incarnation of our Lord, it being customary with the Romans, as well as with us, to hold an high festival attended by an Octave, at the commencement of the New Year, which festival lasted for eight days, whereof the first and last were the principal; therefore the 1st of April is the Octave of the 25th of March, and the close or ending, consequently of the feast, which was both the festival of the annunciation, and of the beginning of the New Year. Hence it became a day of extraordinary mirth and festivity, especially amongst the lower orders, who are apt to prevent and make a bad use of institutions, which at first, might be very laudable in themselves.

Another account is given as follows in that highly interesting and amusing annual Time's Telescope for 1822, which says, "On this day every body strives to make as many fools as he can; the wit chiefly consists in sending persons on what are called sleeveless errands; for the *history of Eve's mother*, for *pigeon's milk*, *stirrup oil*: and similar ridiculous absurdities. Fools in the modern or dramatic sense, were known in the church, and called also Vice. Shakspeare makes Richard the Third say:—

> Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
> I moralize two meanings in one word.
> *Act* 3, *Sc.* I.

The fool Vice, or Iniquity, was a character in the ancient Mysteries. There is a Fool introduced among the persons at the Crucifixion, in the great window at the east end of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge. Thus, perhaps, All Fool's Day was set up by the common people, or by scoffers, in opposition to, or ridicule of, All Saint's Day, and All Soul's Day, which happen on the 1st and 2nd of November, in the opposite season of the year.

### CURIOUS CEREMONY OBSERVED ON MAUNDAY THURSDAY.

THE following ceremony was observed in the year A. D. 1363, by Edward the Third, who actually washed the feet of a number of poor persons, in imitation of the example of our Saviour's washing the feet of his disciples, as recorded in the second lesson; and it is also on record, that Cardinal Wolsey did the same at York, in the time of Henry the Eighth, the court being at the time held there; and the same ceremony is still kept up in Catholic countries. After the above ceremony had been performed, liberal donations were made to the poor, of clothing and silver money; and refreshments were served to them, to mitigate the severity of the fast.

A relic is still preserved of this custom at the present time at St. James's on this day, when it is customary to feast as many men and a like number of women, as the King is years old. The bounty dispensed to each person by the Sub-Almoner, consists of cod, salmon, red-herrings, pickled herrings, and four loaves, which is presented to them in a wooden bowl, to which is afterwards added three pounds and a half of beef, and an additional loaf. After this distribution, which takes place in the morning, has been gone through, the health of the King is drank by all from wooden cups.

In the afternoon, the ceremonies and additional bounties are resumed in the Chapel, when the service is read, and a distribution of money and clothing takes place. When the dispensation is ended, an appropriate thanksgiving is pronounced by the Chaplain.

The ceremony commences by a procession of eight Yeomen of the Guard; and a Yeoman Usher, one of the former carrying on his head a gold dish, in which is a number of Red and White bags, containing a portion of money, and as many new two-penny, three-penny, and four-penny silver pieces, as will together amount to as many pence as the King is years old. The dish is placed on a table in front of the altar. The Sub-dean of the Chapel-Royal, the Sub-Almoner. The Lord High Almoner's Secretary, the Groom of the Almonry, and two boys and two girls selected for their good behaviour from St. Margaret's School, each decorated with muslin scarfs and sashes, close the procession. After the first lesson has been read, the above distribution takes place.

After which, the persons who form the procession, with those who performed the service, and the partakers of the royal bounty, drink the king's health in claret from wooden cups, and the ceremony concludes.

It may not be amiss to add, for the information of our readers, that the word *Maunday*, is derived from the hand-baskets or *Maunds*, from which the King and heads of the Clergy in their different dioceses anciently distributed provisions to the poor. The day is also called in Latin *dies Mandati*, or the day of the Command.

## Anecdotiana.

### ERASMUS.

On many occasions, evinced a considerable degree of humour. Archbishop Warham once made him a present of a horse.—"I have received your horse," answered he, "who is not over handsome, but a good creature; for he is free from all mortal sins, save gluttony and laziness."

### MR. JUSTICE PARK.

When this worthy Judge, was at Harrowgate, a year or two ago, he had occasion to write to town. Before dating his letter, remembering that Harrowgate is spelt both with and without the *w*, he called the waiter, and in his usual hesitating manner, said, "Pray, waiter,—is there—a—*w*——in Harrowgate?" "Oh, Sir," said the moral waiter, astounded at such a query from a grave old gentleman; "Oh Sir, we never allow any such doings in this house!"

### WEDLOCK.—(*Translation.*)

A man and his wife are one flesh upon earth,
But in heaven they return to the state of their birth:
How happy for many, if this were the place
Out of one, to be two—when divorce is the case! P.

### TIME'S PACE.

Man overtakes Time, when he's living too fast:—
But the slowest-paced Time, overtakes him at last. P.

### EARTH'S POSITION.—(*Translation.*)

King Solomon says, that "the earth stands for ever!"
But Ovid's belief that she sits,—this denies;
If she stands and she sits;—a third sophist, as clever,
Concludes between both, that she—lies. P.

### SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following relates the circumstance which was the occasion of Raleigh's advancement in the Queen's favour: it is the original of the piece of gallantry, which Sir Walter Scott has worked into his Kenilworth. Raleigh found the queen taking a walk; and a wet place incommoding her royal foot-steps, he immediately spread his new plush cloak across the miry place. The Queen stepped cautiously on it, and passed over dry; but not without a particular observation of him who had given her so eloquent, though silent a flattery

Shortly afterwards, from Captain Raleigh, he became Sir Walter Raleigh, and rapidly advanced in the Queen's favour.

### A PUN.

A wag speaking of the embarkation of troops, said, "notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind they go away in *transports*."

# APRIL.

APRIL was the second month of Romulus's year, which consisted only of ten months, March being the first. It was ordained the fourth month of the Year by Numa, who divided the year into twelve months, beginning with January. The word *April* is derived from Aprilis, of Aperio, I open; because in this month, the flowers begin to bloom, and the earth to produce vegetation. Our Saxon ancestors termed this month *Oster-monat*, from the Goddess *Oster*,or *Eoster*, or *Eastre*, or because the winds were found to blow mostly from the east this month. The Zodaical sign is Taurus, which signifies, that at this season of the year, the Sun, in passing through that sign, increases incessantly in force and heat. The Romans dedicated this month to Venus, and among the Festivals and Solemnities which they observed in its duration were the following:—On the first day, or the Calends of this month, the Roman ladies were crowned with Myrtle, and washed under the same tree, offering up a sacrifice to Venus. On the same day, the maids who were marriageable, offered sacrifices to the Goddess *Fortuna Virilis*, praying her to conceal the defects of their body from those who had a wish to marry them. On the fifth, the day of the Nones, the Festival of Megalesia, held in honour of the Mother of the Gods, commenced, and lasted for eight days. On the eighth, Games were appointed to celebrate the victory obtained by Julius Cæsar, over Juba and Scipio. The ninth and tenth were devoted to celebrate the Games of Ceres in the Circus, called Ceralia.

On the thirteenth, the day of the *Ides*, sacrifices were offered to *Jupiter Victor*, and *Liberty*, because on that day their two Temples were dedicated at Rome, one by Q. Fabius, and the other by T. Gracchus. On the fifteenth, was kept the Festival of the *Fordicalia*, at which they offered in sacrifice, thirty Cows with calf: on the same day, the calves were taken out and burnt by the Governess of the Vestal Virgins, and a perfume was made with their ashes, which the Romans perfumed themselves with, on the day of the Palilia, or the foundation of Rome. On the eighteenth, the *Equiria* or horse-racing took place in the Great Circus, when they amused themselves by tying a quantity of straw to a number of Foxes, which was set on fire, and the animals then made to run to afford them diversion. On the twentieth, was celebrated the Feast of *Palilia*, in honour of *Pales*, the Goddess of Flocks, to intreat her to preserve them from disease, and make them fruitful. On the twenty-seventh, they had the Feast called *Robigalia*, from *Robigus*, the God of Mildew and Hoar-frost: and on the twenty-ninth, the *Floralia* Festival, held in honour of *Flora*, the Goddess of Flowers, was kept: and on the last day, sacrifices were offered to Vesta, upon the Palatine Mount. The distinguishing characteristic of this month, is fickleness, for we often find that the most lovely sun-shiny days are succeeded by others, which, by the force of contrast, often seem the most unpleasant of any in the year; the bright green of the leaves, and the delightful view of newly opened flowers, is too frequently obscured by clouds, and chilled by rough wintry blasts.

A portion of Rosalind's Song, in Shakspeare's "As you like it," may be viewed as a striking illustration of fair nature's appearance at this season —

> "Now daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckow buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight;
> The cuckow now on every tree,
> Sings cuckoo—cuckoo.—"

The month of April may be considered as presenting the most perfect image of Spring: no production is yet come to maturity, and the vicissitudes of warm gleams and gentle showers, have the most powerful effect in hastening that universal springing of the vegetable tribes, whence the season derives its appellation.

The poet Thompson, in his beautiful poem, the Seasons, has forcibly described, in the following lines, the unsettled state of the weather, at this immature period of the year:—

> "As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
> And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze
> Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
> Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
> The bittern knows his time with bill ingulpht
> To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore,
> The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
> And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
> At last fron Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
> And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
> Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
> But full of life and vivifying soul,
> Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
> Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven."

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| March29 | St. Mark, (Pope) | Mar. 29 | St. Mark succeeded Sylvester in the papacy, in the year 366, and is said to have died the same year. |
| | | | 1461. A sanguinary battle was fought on this day, between Towton and Saxton, two villages near York, by the adherents of the houses of York and Lancaster, when the party of Edward the IV. entirely defeated the army of Henry VI. who escaped with great difficulty into Scotland. Upwards of 38,000 human beings were left dead on the field, of which 28,000 were Lancasrians. |
| | | | 1751. Died, Capt. Thomas Coram, ÆT. 84, the projector of that excellent institution the Foundling Hospital. |
| —— 30 | Palm Sunday. | —— 30 | 1807. On this day Dr. Olbers discovered the planet *Vesta* |
| | | | Palm Sunday is denominated in the Missals, *Dominica in ramis Palmarum*, or Palm Sunday; it was so termed from the distribution of palm branches and green boughs which took place on this day, in commemoration of our Saviour riding to Jerusalem. The ancient usage of decorating churches, houses, &c. with evergreens, is still retained in most parts of the kingdom. |
| | St. Zozimus. | | St. Zozimus was bishop of Syracuse, and died A. D. 660. |
| | | | 1824. Expired, the Rev. T. Maurice, ÆT. 70. Mr. Maurice was assistant-keeper of the MSS. at the British Museum, and author of the Indian Antiquities, and the history of Ancient and Modern Hindostan, as well as several other productions, all of which display talent of the highest order. |
| —— 31 | St. Benjamin, Deacon and Martyr. | —— 31 | St. Benjamin suffered martyrdom by order of Varanes, King of Persia, who was a fierce and implacable enemy of the early Christians about the year A. D. 422. |
| | | | 1596. On this day was born at La Haye, in Touraine, Rene Des Cartes, the celebrated French philosopher and mathematician. The philosophy of Des Cartes met with, in his time, an extensive reception, though attended with considerable opposition, it is now sunk into contempt as being founded on mere supposition. |
| | | | 1654. A prohibition against the barbarous custom of cock-fighting was issued on this day by Oliver Cromwell. |
| | | | 1827. On this day died at Vienna, L. Von Beethoven, the celebrated composer. He is said to have left not fewer than 120 performances, the greater part of which are esteemed as productions of the highest order. |
| APRIL 1 | St. Melito. | April 1 | St. Melito was bishop of Sardis, in Asia. He is said to have composed several works, of which only a few fragments remain. He died A. D. 175. |
| | | | Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso) the celebrated Latin Poet was born on this day at Sulmo, in Italy, 43 years B. C. |
| | | | 1810. On this day Napoleon espoused Maria Louisa, Arch-duchess of Austria. |
| —— 2 | St. Francis. | —— 2 | St. Francis was born at Paulo, in Calabria, in 1416. He was the founder of the order of the Minims, and is said to have died in a convent built for him and his monks, by Charles VIII. of France, A. D. 1507. He was canonized by Pope Leo X. in 1519. |
| | | | 1578. Born on this day, at Folkestone, in Kent, the celebrated physician, William Harvey. He is famed for being the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood. |
| | | | 1802. The capture of the Danish Navy effected by the lamented Nelson. He also on this day bombarded Copenhagen. |
| —— 3 | St. Richard de Wiche. | —— 3 | St. Richard was born at Wiche, near Worcester, and consecrated bishop of Chichester in 1245 He died at Dover, A. D. 1253, ÆT 56. |

The Soldan Solyman aroused by the Magician Ezmeno.

## THE FOREIGN EXECUTIONER,

### A LEGEND OF WHITEHALL.

*Extracted from the Manuscripts of the Reverend* CEPHAS GODWIN.

ANNO 1716.—In the January of this year, it was my singular fortune to meet with a certain event, which was remarkable not only as a most astonishing memorial of retributive Providence, but also as an illustration of that, concerning which many have received erroneous impressions, or have deemed it to be for ever lost in Oblivion. The unsettled state of Scotland had led me to enforce upon the minds of my hearers, the beauty of loyalty and good order in the sight of God; and the detestation with which the Almighty looks upon anarchy, rebellion, and warfare against the sovereign. The ground of my discourse was the history of Saul's death; *vide* II. Samuel, chapter I, verses 1 to 16; and in concluding the subject, my words, as well as I can remember,—for my Sermons have since been destroyed,—were as follow:—"So fell, my brethren, the first of the Jewish Monarchs, after a reign of about thirty-nine years, in a valley by Mount Gilboa, first mortally wounded by his own hand, and then despatched by the weapon of an Amalekite. But it is time now to turn from the mighty who fell, to him by whose hand his death was hastened. If, then, there be a crime which is abhorred by all nations universally, the law of whose condemnation is written by the finger of the living God upon the heart of every man, whether civilized or savage, at the commission, and the sight, and even the very thought of which, the foulest hearts and the most hardened consciences have shrunken dismayed; whose power and effect are such, that one glance, of but one moment's continuance, will flash such terror into the breast of the perpetrator that it will not leave him through eternity;—that crime is murder; Oh! may none of you ever feel the dreadful horrors of great darkness, and the keen knawings of that worm which even death cannot kill, awakened in your breasts by the commission of that most

accursed of sins. It is sufficient to dye with the deepest sorrow, and the most alarming terrors, a life which is surrounded by all that humanity esteems valuable, or delightful, or rich, or honourble, or glorious. It is like that distemper which gives to every thing around us, whether the splendid productions of art, or the yet more beautifully variegated face of nature, a nauseous yellow or sable stain ; for believe me, ever after the blood of a fellow creature hath imbued your hands, all things will speak of it, and all places will display it. The ruddy tints of the rose will show to the sight of a murderer deeper with his sin ; the fair and beautiful snow will seem marked and spotted with sanguine pollution ; the sun cannot set gloriously in the West, nor rise again in the East, without the lovely colours which it spreads around, reflecting back the hue of blood unto his eyes and conscience ;—for him the moon shall nightly be turned into blood, and the fires of the stars shall shine with a crimson light, as if his crime had reversed the beauties of nature, and had imparted the stain of his infamy to the whole world. Oh! say, can such an one be at rest? can his soul ever possess that ' peace which passeth all understanding ?' No !—even though he might put away the sword of the avenger, yet would he not be delivered from the continual fear and power of death. His mind would still be filled with all the terrors of dissolution ; there would be the cold damps upon his brow, the icy chilliness in his veins, the fairest scents would be to him turned into the loathsome 'smell of mortality,' the green sod on which he walked would constantly bring the grave to his remembrance, and for him, even this living world would be full of death. This indeed is horrible ; but yet even this crime may be wrought into one that can neither be increased nor diminished, when the hand of the rebel, or of the assassin,—I place them together for they are even as one,—is raised against his Sovereign, as was the Amalekite's in my text. ' How !' says David, evidently amazed at the enormity of the crime, at which he shrank back as it were in terri-

fied astonishment, 'How! wast thou not *afraid* to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's Anointed?' His death swiftly followed, for the crime had been confessed by his own mouth; the declaration was witnessed by all, and the sin so avenged, was in a two-fold degree condemned."

It was my intention, according to my usual custom, to have next proceeded to a deduction of consolation and utility from this subject;—as my own sentiments are that a Minister cannot lawfully leave his people either in anger or alarm; for, whatevêr he may have said to reprove or to awaken, should be impressed with kindness and charity before they separate:—I was, then, about to proceed to this part of my discourse, when the attention of the whole congregation was turned to a Stranger who had fainted. I had before this, remarked his peculiarly solemn, but distressed demeanour; the tears stood in his eyes as I spake, but they seemed unable to flow downwards. His gaze was fixed intently upon me, while his mouth somewhat opened, appeared to drink in every word which I had uttered, yet with all this, he was evidently labouring under some dreadful remembrance; his breath heaved with violent gaspings, and the perspiration hung upon his dark and aged face, as if he stood condemned before all mankind. Indeed, he very much reminded me of the Hebrew Ahasuerus, whom Westphalus supposed to be the Wandering Jew, and who once appeared in an Holsatian Church during sermon, in a wretched dress, beating upon his breast, and sighing heavily.

The confusion which such a circumstance would excite in a country Parish-Church may be well conceived; almost every eye was turned towards the stranger, but a few anxiously sought mine, to learn what should be done at such a crisis. Having directed that he should be carried to my own home, and carefully attended to, I put an early conclusion to the service, for the moment that men's curiosity is awakened their religious thoughts are scattered; and, in common with all my hearers, I felt a considerable desire to know something more of the sorrows of this unhappy stranger. Upon my return to the Parsonage, I found my guest,—who had refused all refreshment,—seated in the posture of calm despondency, with his hands clasped and resting on his knees, and his face, marked with all the characters of grief and agony, looking downwards. By his side was a large antiquely-carved oaken chest, secured with grotesque iron bands, hasps, and an immense lock, upon which he frequently cast a watchful and an anxious glance; and then, as if the very sight of it renewed all the horrors of his mind, turned shudderingly away, covered his eyes with his hands, and after a while sank again into his former sullenness and melancholy. When I entered the room, he did not at first perceive me, but as I drew near to him, and was about to address him, he started up, then threw himself in agony across the chest, turned upon me a frantic and furious glance, which gave an almost demoniacal expression to his features, and in a foreign toned, harsh, and agitated voice; he cried, while he convulsively grasped the box,—"No, no, no! you shall not search it, nor tear it from me but with my life; and you cannot force me to accuse myself; Santo Ignacio, no!—the Inquisition themselves would not condemn me for the deed!"

"My unhappy brother," said I, "console yourself, and believe that both you and your possessions, whatever they be, are in perfect safety in the dwelling of Cephas Godwin, a Minister of the Protestant Church, as you have already seen. It is true, I am called upon by my sacred office, to denounce the vengeance of Heaven against sinners, but then it is against such only as treat it's gospel and its commands alike with scorn:—such as have neither fear, nor belief, nor repentance, nor even the human feeling of remorse. Now I can well trust that some of these are in your bosom, and it shall be my care to fill it with all the purer and better sensations, which even angels delight to witness."

"Aye," replied the stranger hastily, with a sarcastic and hollow laugh, "but then you will say that I must first confess, that my inward sins must first be probed,—that I must be put to open penance in this world, in order to avoid the more dreadful condemnation of the next!—Oh! no, no, no! death rather than that:—Santo Jeronymo! how could I tell of———?"

"Not so,"; I returned "*our* Church does not enjoin auricular confession; it recommends only that if one have committed a deadly crime, which lies so heavily upon his soul that it would relieve him to relate it,—or if he have greatly injured any fellow creature, to whom he may yet make atonement by speaking of his sins,—then does it command it's Ministers to receive such declarations with sympathy, pity, secrecy, and absolution, to endeavour earnestly to right the wrong,

and to set the unburthened Christian traveller, leaping with joy, on his road homewards."

"I do not," said the stranger, gazing intently upon me, "I do not behold your visage glowing like the sun, nor are you habited in a celestial vestment, nor do you bear the golden triumphant palm of heaven;—I do not see in your face and form aught that is beyond the kind features of humanity and religion;—but your words are the words of an angel. You are indeed fitted to speak the gospel to man, for with you it is in truth the sound of good tidings—But for me, I am stained with all that virtuous men must in common execrate!—I have a deadly sin upon my soul which presses upon it more heavily than that massive oaken chest, which I have borne by night, and by day, by sea and by land, for more than sixty years, ever did upon my body. I have deeply injured a fellow-creature; one of the most exalted rank and the most estimable piety, whom it was the duty of all faithfully to serve:—but it is past, and the dead have no feeling."

As he concluded, the gentler sensations which my last words had excited, seemed to be again swallowed up in his former sullenness; and I was therefore about to leave the room to order for him another chamber, when I said,—"Quiet yourself, my unhappy brother, at least for the present; whoever you may be, and whatever have been your crimes I know not, but in this dwelling you are safe. Your sleep shall not be watched, that the involuntary words then often uttered by the tongue, may be brought against you;—your property shall remain near your couch inviolate;—for trust me, if I knew you to be a murderer, and that chest to contain the evidences of your guilt, I would not open it for worlds!"

"*Madre del nuestro Senor!*" said the stranger, starting to his feet, "and how came you to know that?—you are not a Roman priest, you do not pretend to miraculous visions and revelations, yet by a few forcible words you lay open my soul as truly, as if I had shewn you all her feelings in the most faithful confession. Well might you say, that your Church enjoins it not; where her pastors are so gifted with the knowledge of humanity she requires it not. I have been excommunicated and anathematized by the ecclesiastics of my own nation, but their heaviest curses never awakened my conscience like the brief exhortation I have heard from you."

"Alas, my unfortunate friend," said I, "so similar is the hand-writing of guilt in the souls of all men, that when it's characters have been once read they are ever after known to us.—The human heart, with all it's disguises, possesses too much sameness ever to deceive those who have long studied it."

"And are these terrific feelings to last for ever?" continued the stranger, as if musing aloud; "and cannot any repentance wash them away? or, are they but the forerunners of others still more awful? the pangs of condemned spirits adapted to the finite powers and capacities of men?"

"No, no," returned I, "you are in error, it cannot be; for he that truly repenteth is no longer covered with sin, the very act performed in full faith is sufficient to put it away. And why deem that your conscience has been wounded by *my* words? Why bow down thine head before me like a bullrush? 'Stand up, for I also am a man!' The truth and power of my ministry were imparted, not inherent; and if perchance the descriptions were vivid, and the denunciations awful, remember, that to such as have not sinned, the path of crime cannot be made too terrible; it cannot be guarded with too great security. To such as unhappily have trodden it, they have proved it for themselves, and it remains only to lead them gently back again."

"The same,—the same throughout," cried the stranger; "and now can'st thou tell me, Oh! friendly shepherd of men! what day of the year we have arrived at?"

"To-morrow," said I, "will be the anniversary of the martyrdom of a royal and a blesed victim:—it will be the thirtieth of January."

"Most true, most true, I should have known it. To-morrow, then, my nativity will be fulfilled, and I must prepare to speak of that which hath been; for unto thee, thou beneficent pastor, my crimes and my life shall be made known. Do not deny me thy prayers."

"They have been thine already, and now prepare to take some food and rest in thy chamber. Peace be with thee, my erring brother, and doubt not for a moment of thy perfect safety." The stranger answered not, but with great difficulty raised the chest, which appeared to be of considerable weight to his shoulders, refusing my offered assistance; and then making a sign for me to lead the way, he followed slowly, bending under his age and his burthen, into another apartment.

*(To be Continued.)*

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION

Represents the Soldan Solyman when on his way to Gaza, whilst flying from the Christians, who had been victorious over the Pagans in a battle fought with his party; spent with toil, and faint with the excessive heat, and the pain of his wounds, aroused from a slumber he had fallen into beneath a palm tree, in a retired part of the country, by the voice of Ismeno, a powerful magician, who stands before him and persuades his immediate return to Jerusalem.

He swath'd his wounds: a palm-tree near him stood
From this he shook the fruit; (his homely food!)
His hunger thus appeas'd, the ground he press'd,
And sought to ease his limbs with needful rest;
On his hard shield his pensive head reclin'd,
He strove to calm the tumult of his mind.
Disdain and grief his heart alternate rend,
And like two vultures in his breast contend.
At length when night had gain'd her midmost way,
And all the world in peaceful silence lay,
O'ercome with labour, sleep his eyes oppress'd
And steep'd his troubles in Lethean rest.
While thus on earth he lay, a voice severe,
With these upbraidings, thunder'd in his ear.
O! Solyman! regardless chief awake!
In happier hours thy grateful slumber take.
Beneath a foreign yoke thy subjects bend,
And strangers o'er thy land their rule extend.
Here dost thou sleep: here close thy careless eyes,
While uninterr'd each lov'd associate lies?
Here, where thy fame has felt the hostile scorn,
Canst thou unthinking, wait the rising morn?
The Soldan wak'd, then rais'd his sight, and view'd
A sire, of reverend mien, who near him stood:
Feeble he seem'd with age, his steps to guide
A friendly staff its needful aid supply'd.
Say, what art thou, who dar'st (the monarch cries)
Dispel soft slumber from the traveller's eyes?
What part cans't thou in all our glory claim,
And what to thee our vengeance or our shame?
In me behold a friend, (the stranger said)
To whom in part thy purpose stands display'd:
And here I proffer, with auxiliar care,†
In all thy labours and designs to share.

*Book* X.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS, LAWS, AMUSEMENTS, AND AGRICULTURE OF THE MEXICANS.

In our present number we lay before our readers the following amusing extracts from Captain Lyon's Journal, which comprise his interesting description and general character of the several races, inhabitants of the republic of Mexico, with the existing laws and amusements; together with an account of the agricultural state of the republic. The whole of which pleasing detail may be viewed for its intelligence, as calculated to throw considerable light upon a very interesting country.

† See the Embellishment, page 193.

ACCOUNT OF THE CREOLES OF MEXICO.

The Creoles, or descendants of Europeans, are by their circumstances, the most eminent persons in New Spain, and, with the exception of those engaged in active commerce, are an indolent, overbearing, haughty race, who, with the ignorance which the barbarous policy of Spain has entailed upon them, have preserved also the most profound contempt for the poor despised Indians: and in fact for every one without their own particular pale. They are, with some bright and gifted exceptions (whom, were it proper, I could enumerate with the greatest pleasure), the least estimable people in the country; although, from the influx of strangers and intercourse with the old world generally, there is every reason to expect and hope for a material improvement. The establishment of schools will accomplish much towards this; but above all, the improvement and softening of manners will be proportioned to the proper estimation in which the women are held: and I am happy to say that they begin to assume their proper station in society.

Smoking, gaming, and the want of proper attention to personal cleanliness, will soon disappear; and with a little humility (for there are few people in the world who have a better opinion of themselves), the Mexican gentry of the present day may very speedily take intellectual precedence of their ancestors.

As to their dress the rich picturesque costumes of both sexes are rapidly giving place to European fashions.

THE RANCHEROS OR VAQUEROS.

Who are a mixed race of Creole and Indian blood, may be considered as the yeomen of the country, and live in the extensive cattle-plains, or in the cultivated yet retired districts, content in their cabin of mud or stakes,—lively, brave, good-tempered, profoundly ignorant, and careless of every thing beyond their immediate occupations.

There is an independence and fearlessness of manner in the legitimate Ranchero which is very imposing and pleasing; and as he sallies forth in the gray of the morning to review his herds of cattle, on his active little horse, and cased in his short leather jacket and boots, with the ready lasso at his saddle-bow, he presents the most pleasing picture of health and hap

piness. His frame is generally light, active, and sinewy* ; and the poorness of his diet on Tortillas and an occasional lump of Tasajo or sun-dried beef, maintains him in a state of body capable of enduring great fatigue. His chief fault is a propensity to get very tipsy, whenever it is in his power, but he is generally good-humoured ; and the murderous broils so frequent in the towns, are rarely heard of in the Ranchos or Haciendas. The wives and daughters of this class of people live a most retired life ; and there is little variety in their occupations of grinding maize and making Tortillas, spinning and sometimes weaving ; except on Sundays and religious festivals, when, attired in their gayest clothes, they walk, or are conveyed on the some horses with the men of the family, to the nearest church village, where having heard mass and purchased all which they required at the market, they join in the crowded and monotinous fandango, peculiar to the country, and which frequently continues all night. The female costume consists of a white shirt with short sleeves, and petticoats very full below, thickly plaited above, which are tied tight immediately over the the hips. In this article of dress the most gaudy colours are preferred, and even richly worked muslin and gaudy French silks have here and there found their way into the most retired parts of the country. They all use a kind of shawl or Reboso, which is invariably worn over the head, and covers the bust and shoulders. A passion for gaudy coloured shoes, which contrast oddly with the nut-brown ankles, is universal with old and young on great occasions : and I have seen whole bevies of girls trudging barefoot to the merry-makings, and carrying their sky-blue or yellow shoes in their hands.

THE ARRIEROS OR MULETEERS.

This race are an offset from the Rancheros ; but their mode of life is very peculiar and enduring ; since, in their constant journeyings, whether they travel in the burning low lands, or in the most elevated, cold, and misty regions of the great Cordillera, they rarely sleep under a roof ; but, having cooked their very frugal meal near the cargo in their charge they lie down amidst their mules' equipage, sheltered from the rain by a piece of coarse Petate or sacking. The mules meanwhile are sent out to pasture under the care of one of the party, who attends them throughout the night ; and at daybreak half a dozen Arrieros will commence, and in two hours saddle and securely load fifty or sixty of these useful animals. The proverbial honesty of the Mexican Arrieros is to the present day unimpaired ; and, with but few exceptions, withstood the test of the late troubled times. Many of them pique themselves on their vocation, which is very frequently hereditary ; and men of extensive property will be found conveying merchandize through the country on their own mules. I confess that of all the natives of Mexico, Arrieros are my favourites. I have always found them to be civil, nay courteous, obliging, cheerful, and perfectly honest ; and their character in this latter respect, may be estimated by the knowledge of the fact, that thousands and even millions of dollars have frequently been confided to their charge, which they in many instances have defended, at the hazard of their lives, against those bands of robbers which the local government have now succeeded in dispersing.

THE MEXICAN INDIANS.

The last on the list of society are the poor Indians,—a mild, enduring, and despised race of people, who with care are capable of receiving the best impressions. The memory of their former free state seems stamped upon their serious countenances ; and when excited during the revolutionary war, their courage, passions and devotedness were very remarkable : as, under the guidance of their priests, they took up arms against their ancient oppressors. They for the most part lead a pastoral and retired life, cultivating the fruits of the mighty Barrancae, or assembling in little villages, where they manufacture cloth and various articles of earthenware, and rear poultry for the markets. They have preserved their race unmixed with Spanish blood, and but few even speak the Spanish language. In their commerce with the towns they are always to be seen in groups ! and I do not ever remember to have seen a pure Indian walking with a white man. They differ somewhat in costume in each particular State ; but the general habit is a short tunic, of dark brown or blue woollen confined round the waist, with breeches of the same material ;—a profusion of thick black hair spreads itself over the neck and shoulders. All wear black or straw hats ; but few of them make use of shoes, supplying their place by a rude kind of sandal. The women wear the same coloured woollens as the men ; but generally use a white shirt, fancifully ornamented round the neck with a border of coloured worsted, and a short kind of cloak, which, unlike that of the Creole females, is worn over the shoulders. The hair is usually divided into two large and

* Some of the Vaqueros are as tall and muscular as our Yorkshiremen.

long pigtails, having red or other coloured worsted interwoven with them, and the ends are frequently joined in a bow, so as to hang over the loins: some wear these tresses tightly bound round the head, which has a good effect, heightened occasionally by the addtion of some simple wild flower. The intellect of the Indians has never hitherto been fairly tried, but great docility to their instructors might be expected; as they look up with particular veneration to their priests, who sway them unboundedly by that religion which was introduced after the Conquest, and so modified to their prejudices and intellects as to resemble in many respects, as far as the blind worship of uncouth images is concerned the idolatry of their ancestors.

### THE MEXICAN LAWS.

During the eventful scenes of a protracted revolutionary war, law and justice gave place to the dictates of the various leaders of the prevailing parties; and almost all trace of that distributive justice which was strictly attended to by the Spaniards, had disappeared when Mexico found itself free. The early congresses of the Republicans speedily discovered the tottering situation in which the nation still remained, and edicts were passed that the different States, now "free and sovereign," *(libre y soberano)*, should form their own laws, for domestic safety, and to repress the wild disorganized manners which now prevailed. Each Senate, therefore, drew up a code of law, rather, in most instances, according to the feelings of the framers, than adapted to the temper and character of the people of the State which they directed. In many the penal code was so arranged that the graver crimes received the lightest punishments; in others,—Jalisco, for instance, —it was said to be founded on the penal code of England, and in this State, trial by jury was instituted. Little advantage, however, was derived from this measure, as bribery to some members of this body, and the ignorance of the others, usually swayed their decisions, and justice was rarely dispensed.

### THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY PEOPLE.

The infirm and aged country people lead a quiet easy life, and occupy themselves in the midst of their families, by assisting in cooking their frugal meals, or spinning the woollen or cotton yarn for the manufacture of their very simple dresses. No instruction is given to the rising generation beyond that of rearing the boys to the pursuits of their fathers, and teaching the girls their domestic duties. The priests are usually too ignorant or too indolent to give any kind of education to their young parishioners; and a child which can repeat the ordinanzas of the church, and quantities of orisons to the most popular saint, by rote like a parrot, is considered as being highly gifted.

There is a marked difference in regard to moral conduct between the dwellers in cities and the agricultural or pastural people,—very much in favour of the latter. The poor industrious peasant, living amongst his mighty mountains, or tending the immense herds of cattle on the plains, possesses many excellent qualities, and is degraded by but few vices; while the white Creole of Mexico is the least estimable, in every respect, of the inhabitants of New Spain. The marriages amongst all classes, but particularly those of the poorer orders, are contracted at an early age; yet I rarely saw such large families of children as are to be met with in Europe. The duration of life is about the same as with us; and although at a much earlier period the persons of both sexes bear deep impressions of age, they are generally healthy, and enjoy life free from many of those complaints to which Europeans are subjected in their declining years. Rheumatism is the chief scourge of the old, agues of the middle-aged; but on the whole, the labouring classes of Mexico may be considered as a very healthy race.

### THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE MEXICANS.

The Mexican Spaniard is lively and fond of amusement. Religious festivals and fire-works are his delight; and the dances, although very ungraceful compared with those of the mother-country, are always well attended. The love of this amusement is more general amongst the peasantry, who frequently dance throughout the night, with a regard to order and decency which is very praise-worthy. Their musical instruments are small guitars, fiddles, and harps, of their own making; and singing usually accompanies the favourite fandango tunes of the Xarabe. The amusements of the children are as amongst us, but as they grow up, the love of play is instilled into them by the example of their parents, and soon forms one of the most important and favourite occupations of their lives: in fact, gaming, smoking cigars, and riding on horseback in the Paséo, are the chief occupations of the men.

### AGRICULTURE AND PRICE OF LABOUR.

Of those States through which I travelled, Guadalaxara and Valladolid, with the western boundaries of the State of

Mexico, are by far the most productive; and agriculture, even in its present improveable state, yields a certain and valuable revenue. Maize flourishes in all the varieties of the Mexican temperature; wheat and barley are cultivated on the extensive plains amidst the irregular Cordillera, and thrive most luxuriantly at elevations of from 6000 to 7000 feet.

The maize is cultivated in two ways. The first and most general, called "Tapa-rado," is by sowing in ploughed fields, which are again turned over: the other, named "Tapapê," is when it is planted at regular intervals, a square vara apart, and pressed down by the foot of the husbandman. I have seen far less standing wheat than barley, which latter occupies very extensive districts near the plains of Appan and in various other parts. The annual rains are in these places sufficient for its nourishment: but there are situations in which all the farinaceous grains require occasional irrigation; for which purpose a mountain-stream or a river is usually considered as indispensable*.

No manure of any kind is used for agricultural purposes, although it could in many in many instances be most effectually employed.

The time of harvest varies according to localities; but I saw barley in the sheaf near Appan, in October and November.

Near the little villages, peas, beans, (principally of the kind called Frijoli, similar to our black French beans,) varieties of Chilis or Capsicums and the Camotes or sweet potatoe, are cultivated; but coffee, cotton, indigo, Vanilla, (which at Vera Cruz was selling at 1000 pods for 150 dollars,) and other valuable productions, are chiefly reared in Oaxaca and distant districts which I did not visit. The sugar-cane, fruits, and other products of the warmer climates, are to be found in the depths of the precipitous Barrancas. But I must confess that I saw but little profusion of cultivated flowers; and still less of fruits, of which so much is said, except in the principal towns.

All the agricultural implements are extremely rude, but the natives prefer them in most instances to those recently sent from England. Our ploughs are much admired, for their facility in turning up the ground to a depth the Mexican plough cannot reach, the neatness of the distribution of the crops, and the very evident improvement in the produce of many fields, has already excited the astonishment and elicited the praises of the neighbouring farmers, wedded as they have been to their own particular customs. If they once begin to imitate, much will have been accomplished.

The Haciendas usually contain a little village, inhabited by the labourers on the labourers on the estate. The women are employed in making curd-cheeses, either for the benefit of the farm or their private consumption; but butter is rarely to be found, hogs'-lard being in most instances used in its place. The milk indeed of the cows is not of that rich quality which would be requisite for this purpose; and the heat of the climate in many of the most flourishing cattle districts is too great to admit of butter becoming solid, except during the three or four winter months.

The mode of regulating rent is by the number of Fanegas* which the land could receive. It is usually paid in money, not in produce.

The price of labour varies considerably, according to the situation of Haciendas. On the cattle-farms the Vaqueros, Rancheros, or herdsmen, receive about five dollars a month. The husbandman, hired by the day or week, about sevenpence English *per diem*.

† Grain reared by this process is distinguished by the affixture of the term *Riego*, as Mais de Riego; Cebada de Riego.

* Five Fanegas are equal to eight bushels English.

### TO A LARK.
*For the Olio.*

Warbling songster! speed thy flight,
Through yonder boundless fields of light;
Where zephyrs fondly play;
Where summer breezes fresh'ning blow,
And sun-rise beauties lovely glow,
To greet the coming day.

In lengthen'd strains of joy prolong
The fulness of thy love-fraught song,
With many a cadence graced;
Until its lay becomes a part
Of all that's in the listener's heart,
Of all his thoughts has traced.

Glance round thy softly brilliant eye,
On all the varied scenery,
And tell the happiest spot.
Fond bird! thy swift descent has shown,
Thou deem'st the happiest spot thy home,
Where love has fixed thy lot.

Ah! heedless of the coming storm,
Thou tastest sweetly of the dawn,
Without a care to frown:
But man must have his pleasures such,
In all he dreads some thought to touch,
And melt their value down.

Thy little life is varied joy!
Nor mix'd with sorrow's base alloy,
Nor marred by endless fear:
Thy lofty flight is but a change
Of pleasure, for without a range,
Thou'rt equal happy here.

But might I rise with equal wing,
And there, like thee, enraptur'd sing,
And view the lessen'd plain:
I'd think of all the care and woe
That linger'd for me down below;
And never touch the earth again.

R. JARMAN.

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## BALLAD,

*By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.*

I saw her when flowrets
Bedeck'd the Spring time,
In the first glow of beauty,
And maidenly prime;—
Her heart was all gladness,
Her soul was all truth,
As she walk'd in the freshness
Of feeling and youth

Love came with the Summer,
'Mid roses and smiles;
And the heart of the maiden
Was caught by his wiles;—
I saw her, when blushes
Glow'd bright o'er her brow,
As she knelt at his altar,
And plighted her vow!

But the roses soon faded
That deck'd Love's gay bowers,
And the bright skies were shaded
By tempests and showers;
Then Autumn winds scattered
The leaves, as they pass'd;
And *hearts*, too, like flow'rets,
Were chill'd by the blast!

I saw her, when Sorrow
Had blighted her cheek,
When the heart of the mourner
Must wither—or break;
'Mid the chill of affection,
That waits on decay,
When the flowers of existence
Had faded away!

*The Cypres Wreath.*

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## THE MOLE CATCHER.

*A Village Sketch,*

I used to meet Isaac Bint, the mole-catcher every spring, when we lived at our old house, whose park-like paddock, with its finely clumped oaks and elms, and its richly timbered hedge-rows, edging into wild, rude, and solemn fir plantations, dark, and rough, and hoary, formed for so many years my constant and favorite walk. Here, especially under the great horse-chesnut, and where the bank rose high and naked above the lane, crowned only with a tuft of golden broom—here the sweetest and prettiest of wild flowers, whose very name hath a charm, grew like a carpet under one's feet, enamelling the young green grass with their white and purple blossoms, and loading the very air with their delicious fragrance—here I used to come almost every morning, during the violet-tide—and here almost every morning I was sure to meet Isaac Bint.

I think that he fixed himself the more firmly in my memory by his singular discrepancy with the beauty and cheerfulness of the scenery and the season. Isaac is a tall, lean, gloomy personage, with whom the clock of life seems to stand still. He has looked sixty-five for these last twenty years, although his dark hair and beard, and firm manly stride, almost contradict the evidence of his sunken cheeks and deeply lined forehead. The stride is awful: he hath the stalk of a ghost. His whole air and demeanour savour of one that comes from under ground. His appearance is "of the earth, earthy." His clothes, hands, and face are of the colour of the mould in which he delves. The little round traps which hang behind him over one shoulder, as well as the strings of dead moles which embellish the other, are encrusted with dirt like a tombstone: and the staff which he plunges into the little hillocks, by which he traces the course of his small quarry, returns a hollow sound, as if tapping on the lid of a coffin. Images of the church-yard come, one does not know how, with his presence. Indeed he does officiate as assistant to the sexton in his capacity of grave-digger, chosen, as it should seem, from a natural fitness—a fine sense of congruity in good Joseph Reed, the functionary in question, who felt, without knowing why, that, of all men in the parish, Isaac Bint was best fitted to that solemn office.

His remarkable gift of silence adds much to the impression produced by this remarkable figure. I don't think that I ever heard him speak three words in my life. An approach of that bony hand to that earthy leather cap was the greatest effort of courtesy that my daily salutations could extort from him. For this silence Isaac has reasons good. He hath a reputation to support. His words are too precious to he wasted. Our mole-catcher, ragged as he looks, is the wise man of the village, the oracle of the village inn, foresees the weather, charms away agues, tells fortune by the stars, and writes notes upon the almanacks—turning and twisting about the predictions after a fashion so ingenious, that it's a moot point which is oftenest wrong—Isaac Bint, or Francis Moore. In one eminent instance, our friend was, however, eminently right. He had the good luck to prophecy, before sundry witnesess—some of them sober—in the tap-room of the Bell, he then sitting, pipe in mouth, on the settle at the right hand side of the

fire, whilst Jacob Frost occupied the left;—he had the good fortune to foretel on New Year's Day, 1812, the downfal of Napoleon Bonaparte—a piece of soothsayership which has established his reputation, and dumbfounded all doubters and cavillers ever since; but which would certainly have been more striking if he had not annually uttered the same prediction, from the same place, from the time that the aforesaid Napoleon became first consul. But this small circumstance is entirely overlooked by Isaac and his admirers, and they believe in him, and he believes in the stars, more firmly than ever.

Our mole-catcher is, as might be conjectured, an old bachelor. Your married man hath more of this world about him—is less, so to say, planet-struck. A thorough old bachelor is Isaac, a contemner and maligner of the sex, a complete and decided woman-hater. Female frailty is the only subject on which he hath ever been known to dilate: he will not even charm away their agues, or tell their fortunes, and, indeed, holds them to be unworthy the notice of the stars.

No woman contaminates his household. He lives on the edge of a pretty bit of woodland scenery, called the Penge, in a snug cottage of two rooms, of his own building, surrounded by a garden cribbed from the waste, well fenced with quickset, and well stocked with fruit-trees, herbs, and flowers. One large apple-tree extends over the roof—a pretty bit of colour when in blossom, contrasted with the thatch of the little dwelling, and relieved by the dark wood behind. Although the owner be solitary, his demesne is sufficient populous. A long row of beehives extends along the warmest side of the garden—for Isaac's honey is celebrated far and near; a pig occupies a commodious stye at one corner; and large flocks of ducks and geese (for which the Penge, whose glades are intersected by water, is famous) are generally waiting round a back gate leading to a spacious shed, far larger than Isaac's own cottage, which serves for their feeding and roosting-place. The great tameness of all these creatures—for the ducks and geese flutter round him the moment he approaches, and the very pig follows him like a dog—gives no equivocal testimony of the kindness of our mole-catcher's nature. A circumstance of recent occurrence puts his humanity beyond doubt.

Amongst the probable causes of Isaac's dislike to women, may be reckoned the fact of his living in a female neighbourhood (for the Penge is almost peopled with duck-rearers and goose crammers of the duck and goose gender,) and being himself exceedingly unpopular amongst the fair poultry-feeders of that watery vicinity. He beat them at their own weapons; produced at Midsummer, geese fit for Michaelmas; and raised ducks so precocious, that the gardeners complained of them as forerunning their vegetable accompaniments; and "panting *peas* toiled after them in vain." In short, the Naiads of the Penge had the mortification to find themselves driven out of B——— market by an interloper, and that interloper a man who had no manner of right to possess any skill in an accomplishment so exclusively feminine as duck-rearing; and being no ways inferior in another female accomplishment, called scolding, to their sister nymphs of Billingsgate, they sat up a clamour and a cackle which might rival the din of their own gooseries at feeding-time, and would inevitably have frightened from the field any competitor less impenetrable than our hero. But Isaac is not a man to shrink from so small an evil as female objurgation. He stalked through it all in mute disdain—looking now at his mole-traps, and now at the stars—pretending not to hear, and very probably not hearing. At first this scorn, more provoking than any retort, only excited his enemies to fresh attacks; but one cannot be always answering another person's silence. The flame which had blazed so fiercely at last burnt itself out, and peace reigned once more in the green alleys of Penge wood.

One, however, of his adversaries—his nearest neighbour—still remained unsilenced.

Margery Grover was a very old and poor woman, whom age and disease had bent almost to the earth; shaken by palsy, pinched by penury, and soured by misfortune—a moving bundle of misery and rags. Two conturies ago she would have been burnt for a witch; now she starved and grumbled on the parish allowance; trying to eke out a scanty subsistence by the dubious profits gained from the produce of two geese and a lame gander, once the unmolested tenants of a greenish pool, situate right between her dwelling and Isaac's, but whose watery dominion had been invaded by his flourishing colony.

This was the cause of feud; and although Isaac would willingly, from a mingled sense of justice and of pity, have yielded the point to the poor old creature, especially as ponds are there almost as plentiful as blackberries, yet it was not so easy to control the habits and inclinations of their feathered subjects, who all perversely fancied that particular pool;

and various accidents and skirmishes occurred, in which the ill-fed and weak birds of Margery had generally the worst of the fray. One of her early goslings was drowned—an accident which may happen even to water-fowl; and her lame gander, a sort of pet with the poor old woman, injured in his well leg; and Margery vented curses as bitter as those of Sycorax; and Isaac, certainly the most superstitious personage in the parish—the most thorough believer in his own gifts and predictions—was fain to nail a horse-shoe on his door for the defence of his property, and to wear one of his own ague charms about his neck for his personal protection.

Poor old Margery! A hard winter came; and the feeble, tottering creature shook in the frosty air like an aspen leaf; and the hovel in which she dwelt—for nothing could prevail on her to try the shelter of the workhouse—shook like herself at every blast. She was not quite alone either in the world or in her poor hut: husband, children, and grandchildren had passed away; but one young and innocent being—a great grandson, the last of her descendants—remained a helpless dependent on one almost as helpless as himself.

Little Harry Grover was a shrunken, stunted boy, of five years old—tattered and squalid, like his grandame, and, at first sight, presented almost as miserable a specimen of childhood, as Margery herself did of age. There was even a likeness between them; although the fierce blue eye of Margery had, in the boy, a mild appealing look, which entirely changed the whole expression of the countenance. A gentle and a peaceful boy was Harry, and, above all, a useful. It was wonderful how many ears of corn in the autumn, and sticks in the winter, his little hands could pick up! how well he could make a fire, and boil the kettle, and sweep the hearth, and cram the goslings! Never was a handier boy or a trustier; and when the united effects of cold, and age, and rheumatism confined poor Margery to her poor bed, the child continued to perform his accustomed offices—fetching the money from the vestry, buying the loaf at the baker's, keeping house, and nursing the sick woman, with a kindness and thoughtfulness, which none but those who know the careful ways to which necessity trains cottage children would deem credible; and Margery, a woman of strong passions, strong prejudices, and strong affections, who had lived in and for the desolate boy, felt the approach of death embittered by the certainty that the workhouse, always the scene of her dread and loathing, would be the only refuge for the poor orphon.

Death, however, came on visibly and rapidly; and she sent for the overseer to beseech him to put Harry to board in some decent cottage; she could not die in peace until he had promised; the fear of the innocent child's being contaminated by wicked boys and godless women preyed upon her soul; she implored—she conjured. The overseer, a kind but timid man, hesitated, and was beginning a puzzled speech about the bench and the vestry, when another voice was heard from the door of the cottage.

"Margery," said our friend Isaac, "will you trust Harry to me? I am a poor man, to be sure; but, between earning and saving, there'll be enough for me and little Harry. 'Tis as good a boy as ever liv'd, and I'll try to keep him so. Trust him to me, and I'll be a father to him. I can't say more."

"God bless thee, Isaac Bint! God bless thee!" was all poor Margery could reply.

They were the last words she ever spoke. And little Harry is living with our good mole-catcher, and is growing plump and rosy; and Margery's other pet, the lame gander, lives and thrives with them too. — *Monthly Mag.* M.

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## THE DEPARTED.

The dimple of mirth may be seen on the cheek
Be the wind of adversity ever so bleak,
What was stamp'd there in youth, will remain there through years,
Though the cheek hath been wash'd by an ocean of tears.

Though that dimple still dwells there, forget not the past;
How the fair one hath stoop'd to the conquering blast,
In secret it smote her, she liv'd for awhile,
But her short span of life was the day of a smile.

O no! in our memory, the music of youth,
Our thoughts shall return to the pale cheek of truth,
When the lov'd song is heard, 'midst the festival gay,
We will think how she sang it and then past away.

Then in the cold winter of sorrow and care,
O'er our hearth of content, she shall come,—smiling there,
Should we raise the dear song in a far humbler strain,
Her glad voice shall mix with the sweet sound again.

For me when I gaze on the records of time,
They steal o'er my soul like the sweet evening chime,
I have heard it in youth like a calm prophete tale,
Which spoke of the tears in life's sorrowful vale! W

TO SILVIA.

Oh! Silvia, I have tried in vain,
To break alas! thy galling chain,
And liberty recover.
But let me wander where I will,
Thy syren form pursues me still,
A pining captive lover.

Hope says I've not the smallest chance,
Ye gods! then what a pretty dance,
She'll lead my heart to teaze me;
Oh beauteous prize of smiling evil;
Would I could hate—but there's the Devil,
Thy very sins would please me.

G. B. C.

## REMARKS ON THE TRAGEDIES OF MACBETH AND OTHELLO.

The following forcible critical remarks upon the above beautiful productions of the immortal bard of the Avon, which originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, we extract from a volume of Dr. Drake's recently published, entitled "Memorials of Shakspeare; or, Sketches of his Character and Genius," and as these plays are decided favorites of the public, and always before them we surmise they will be received by our readers with no small degree of pleasure.

Perhaps the four that may be named, as those which have been to the popular feeling of his countrymen the principal plays of their great dramatist, and which would be recognized as his master-works by philosophical criticism, are *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Lear*. The first of these has the most entire tragic action of any of his plays. It has, throughout, one awful interest, which is begun, carried through, and concluded with the piece. This interest of the action is a perfect example of a most important dramatic unity, preserved entire. The matter of the interest is one which has always held a strong sway over human sympathy, though mingled with abhorrence, the rise and fall of ambition. Men look on the darings of this passion with strong sympathy, because it is one of their strongest inherent feelings—the aspiring of the mind through its consciousness of power shown in the highest forms of human life. But it is decidedly a historical, not a poetical interest. Shakspeare has made it poetical by two things chiefly—not the character of Macbeth, which is itself historical—but by the preternatural agencies with which the whole course of the story is involved, and by the character of Lady Macbeth. The illusion of the dagger and the sleep-walking may be added as individual circumstances, tending to give a character of imagination to the whole play The human interest of the piece is the acting of the purpose of ambition, and the fate which attends it—the high capacities of blinded desire in the soul, and the moral retribution which overrules the affairs of men But the poetry is the intermingling of preternatural agency with the transactions of life—threads of events spun by unearthly hands—the scene of the cave, which blends unreality with real life—the preparation and circumstances of midnight murder—the superhuman calmness of guilt, in its elated strength, in a woman's soul—and the dreaminess of mind which is brought on those whose spirits have drunk the cup of their lust. The language of the whole is perhaps more purely tragic than that of any other of Shakspeare's plays; it is simple, chaste, and strong—rarely breaking out into fanciful expression, but a vein of imagination always running through. The language of Macbeth himself is often exceedingly beautiful. Perhaps something may be owing to national remembrances and associations; but we have observed that, in Scotland at least, Macbeth produces a deeper, a more breathless, and a more perturbing passion, in the audience, than any other drama.

"If Macbeth is the most perfect in the tragic action of the story, the most perfect in tragic passion is *Othello*. There is nothing to determine unhappiness to the lives of the two principal persons. Their love begins auspiciously; and the renown high favour, and high character of Othello seems to promise a stability of happiness to himself and the wife of his affections. But the blood which had been scorched in the veins of his race, under the suns of Africa, bears a poison that swells up to confound the peace of the Christian marriage bed. He is jealous, and the dreadful overmastering passion which disturbs the steadfastness of his own mind, overflows upon his life and hers, and consumes them from the earth. The external action of the play is nothing—the causes of events are none; the whole interest of the story, the whole course of the action, the causes of all that happens, live all in the breast of Othello. The whole destiny of those who are to perish lies in his passion. Hence the high tragic character of the play—showing one false illusory passion ruling and confounding all life. All that is below tragedy in the passion of love, is taken away at once by the awful character of Othello, for such he seems to us to be designed to be. He appears never as a lover—but at once as a husband; and the relation of his love made dignified, as it is a husband's justification of his marriage, is also dignified, as it is a soldier's relation of his stern and peri-

lous life. It is a courted, not a wooing, at least unconsciously wooing love, and though full of tenderness, yet it is but slightly expressed, as being solely the gentle affection of a strong mind, and in no wise a passion. 'And I loved her, that she did pity them.' Indeed, he is not represented as a man of passion, but of stern, sedate, immoveable mood. 'I have seen the cannon, that, like the devil, from his very arm puffed his own brother,'—and can *he* be angry? Montalto speaks with the same astonishment, calling him respected for wisdom and gravity. Therefore, it is no love story. His love itself, as long as it is happy, is perfectly calm and serene, the protecting tenderness of a husband. It is not till it is disordered that it appears as a passion. Then is shown a power in contention with itself —a mighty being struck with death, and bringing up from all the depths of life convulsions and agonies. It is no exhition of the power of the passion of love, but of the passion of life vitally wounded, and self-overmastering. What was his love, he had placed all his faith in good —all his imagination of purity, all his tenderness of nature, upon one heart, and at once that heart seems to be an ulcer. It is that recoiling agony that shakes his whole body—that having confiding with the whole power of his soul, he is utterly betrayed; that having departed from the pride and might of his life, which he held in his conquest and sovereignty over men, to rest himself upon a new and gracious affection, to build himself and his life upon one beloved heart,—having found a blessed affection, which he had passed through life without knowing,—and having chosen, in the just and pure goodness of his will, to take that affection instead of all other hopes, desires, and passions, to live by—that at once he sees it sent out of existence, and a damned thing standing in its place. It is then that he feels a forfeiture of all power, and a blasting of all good. If Desdemona had been really guilty, the greatness would have been destroyed, because his love would have been unworthy—false. But she is good, and his love is most perfect, just, and good. That a man should place his perfect love on a wretched thing, is miserably debasing, and shocking to thought, but that, loving perfectly and well, he should, by hellish human circumvention, be brought to distrust, and dread, and adjure his own perfect love, is most mournful indeed — it is the infirmity of our good nature, wrestling in vain with the strong powers of evil. Moreover, he would, had Desdemona been false, have been the mere victim of fate; whereas he is now in a manner his own victim. His happy love was heroic tenderness, his injured love is terrible passion, and disordered power, engendered within itself to its own destruction, is the height of all tragedy. The character of Othello is perhaps the most greatly drawn, the most heroic, of any of Shakspeare's actors; but it is perhaps, that one also of which his reader last acquires the intelligence. The intellectual and warlike energy of his mind—his tenderness of affection—his loftiness of spirit—his frank, generous magnaminity—impetuosity like a thunderbolt, that dark fierce flood of boiling passion, polluting even his imagination—compose a character entirely original; most difficult to delineate, but perfectly delineated.—*Drake's Memorial of Shakespeare.*

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THE DECLARATION OF LOVE.

*By I. Neale.*

My heart is gone, I can't tell how,
But pure's the flame I feel;
To richer girls, let others bow,
To Mary Ann—I Neale.

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## Illustrations of History.

ORIGIN OF COFFEE-HOUSES IN LONDON

The Coffee Plant is a native of Arabia, it is supposed by some to have been the chief ingredient of the broth of the Lacedemonians. The use of this berry was not known in England till the year 1657, at which time Mr. D. Edwards, a Turkey Merchant, on his return from Smyrna to London, brought with him one Pasquel Rosie, a Greek of Ragusa, who used to prepare this liquor for his master every morning, who, by the way, never wanted company. The merchant, therefore, in order to get rid of a crowd of visitants, ordered his Greek to open a Coffee-house, which he did in St. Michael's Alley, in Cornhill. This was the first Coffee-house opened in London.

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE ART OF MAKING GLASS.

Many of the most valuable discoveries have found their origin in the most trivial accidents.

The following account of the origin of the art of making glass, is derived from a circumstance related by Pliny:—As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopt near a river which issues from Mount Carmel As they could not readily find

stones to rest their kettles on, they used, for this purpose, some of thdse pieces of nitre. The fire which gradually dissolved the nitre, and mixed it with the sand, occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing else than *Glass*.

THE CURRANT BUSH.

This pleasant fruit was brought from Zante into England, about the year 1582, and is thus spoken of by Archbishop Grindal: "Although it brings not its fruit to perfection, yet it may serve for pleasure, and for some use."

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, (No. XIII.)

### EASTER.

From the varied contents of Time's Telescope for 1826, and the volume for the present year, we collect the following amusing accounts of customs, observed on the anniversary of the Paschal Festival.

IRISH CUSTOM.

"In Ireland, at the festival of Easter, a cake, with a garland of meadow flower, is elevated upon a circular board upon a pike, apples being stuck upon pegs around the garland. Men and women then dance round, and they who hold out longest, win the prize."

SHAVING IN CHURCH YARDS.

Many centuries past, it was usual in England for the barbers to shave the parishioners in the Church-yard, on high Festivals, (as Easter, Whitsuntide, &c.) before matins, the observance of the custom was restrained in the year 1422, by a particular prohibition of Richard Flemmyng, Bishop of Lincoln.

EASTER IN FRANCE.

"In the week preceeding Easter, in France, baskets full of eggs boiled hard of a *red* or violet colour, are seen in the streets, and the children amuse themselves in playing with, and afterwards eating them. In Egypt at this period, the *cattle* and *trees* were coloured *red*, because say they, at this time, the world was once on fire. The *egg* placed on the paschal table of the Jews, was a symbol of the human race, and of their successive generation; the egg entered into all the mysterious ceremonies called apocalyptic; and the Persians, who present eggs at the commencement of the new year, know that the egg is the symbol of the world; and whether the Christians, whose year commenced at Easter till 1563, have borrowed the custom of presenting eggs to children from the Persians, or from the paschal ceremonies of the Jews, there is little doubt that the red colour given to them, is derived from the Jews and Egyptians. Throughout the country of Bonneval, on the day preceding Easter Sunday, and during the first day of that week, the clerks of the different parishes, the beadles and certain artizans, as those who were constantly employed in constructing the implements of agriculture, or in making or mending harness for the horses, went about from house to house, to ask for their 'Easter Eggs.' In many places, the children make a sort of feast at breakfast time, on Easter day, with *red* or *yellow* eggs. The following custom on Easter day, is general throughout France: On this day, the different mechanics, such as the smith, the wheel-right, the shepherd, the ferryman, the miller, &c. go to their customers, and ask for eggs, which are never refused; the children of the village also proceed on the same errand, and have red eggs given to them. This kind of begging is called *les roulees*, or going the rounds.

## Science and Art.

GLUE MADE WATER-PROOF.

A correspondent informs us that he has succeeded in making a glue perfectly water-proof; and having the property, also, of drying almost immediately after its application. His method, we learn, is first to immerse common glue in cold water, until it becomes perfectly soft, but yet retaining its original form; after which it is to be dissolved in common raw linseed oil, assisted by a gentle heat, until it becomes entirely taken up by the latter, after which it may be applied to substances for adhesion to each other, in the way common glue is ordinarily applied. It dries almost immediately, and water will exert no action on it. It is unnecessary to say for how many valuable purposes in the arts this application may be used. For cabinet-makers it is important, as mahogany veneers, when glued by this substance, will never fall off by exposure to a moist atmosphere. In ship-building it will probably answer a valuable purpose, as it has infinitely more tenacity than common glue, and becomes impervious to water.—*New Monthly*.

ANATOMICAL PREPARATION.

A mixture of spirit varnish and vermillion, diluted with a small quantity of

water, which soon sets and becomes hard, is now succesfully employed for anatomical preparation.

It is so penetrating, as frequently to return by the veins, and is found to be very convenient, from the circumstance of its not requiring the application of heat. The first application of the above mixture to anatomical purposes, is reported to have been by an American anatomist of the name of Ramsay.

PRESERVATION OF FRESH WATER FISH IN WINTER.

When fish ponds are frozen over, it should be the daily practice, for the preservation of the fish, to break the ice in several places, and agitate the water beneath, in order to renew the supply of atmospheric air. If as in many fish-preserver, a penstock will allow of the water being partially drawn off from beneath the ice, it will materially aid in the preservation of the fish. The necessity of a supply of atmospheric air, may be easily proved, by confining a few small fish in a glass vessel nearly filled with water, and tied over with a piece of bladder; the fish will, in consequence, soon grow languid and die, and the air above the water will be found to extinguish a lighted taper owing to its being deprived of its oxygen.

*Register of Arts.*

## Anecdotiana.

PUNISHMENT OF A COWARD.

The Ephori of Sparta imposed a heavy fine upon a citizen for having suffered many injuries to be done to him without resentment, saying, "The State might serve itself with his fine, for they could not expect he would serve his country by his personal valour, that would not right himself, when basely wronged."

HOW TO DISCHARGE A DOCTOR'S BILL.

A singular old gentleman was waited upon with a surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating for some time upon its contents, he desired the young man who called with it, to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for, but as for the visits he had charged, he should return them again.—

G. B. C.

FAULTINESS OF MEMORY.

The following anecdote is related of a gentleman whose memory was so bad and so circumscribed, that he scarce knew what he read. A friend, knowing this, lent him the same book to read seven times over; and upon asking him how he liked the performance, received for answer:—"I think it is an admirable production; but the author *sometimes repeats the same things.*"

A SHARP RETORT.

A certain lady of rank quarrelling with another, who had been raised from humble life to to the sphere she then moved in, asked her, by way of reproach, what dowry she had brought her husband?—"Chastity," was the immediate reply.

SUNDAY.—*(Translation.)*

Why should the day be *Sun*-Day called,
I cannot well divine;
For it should seem on other days
The *sun* does never shine P.

POSTPONING AN ECLIPSE.

A Coxcomb, who undertook the conducting of two ladies of quality to the Observatory, to behold an eclipse of the moon, arrived with them too late; consequently the eclipse was over, and his companions much disappointed. Oh! said he, pray ladies don't be chagrined, I am upon excellent terms with the astronomer, and he is so polite a man, that I am sure it will be a pleasure to him to begin again!"—G. B. C.

TO A PERSON DESIROUS OF SEEING HIS NAME IN PRINT,

Sir,—the readiest way is to go into debt,—
Then your name you may see in the *London Gazette.* P.

A RETORT.

A haughty courtier meeting in the street
A scholar, thus he insolently greets,
Base men to take the wall, I ne'er permit
The scholar said I do, and gave him it.—G. B. C.

ON SOME SNOW THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S BREAST.

Those envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair;
But grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolved into a tear. G. B. C.

SINGULAR POETICAL WILL.

The following is given as a correct copy of the Will of the late Mr. Joshua West, the poet of the Six Clerk's Office, Chancery Lane, dated December 13, 1804.

Perhaps I die not worth a groat!
But should I die worth something more,
Then I give that and my best coat,
And all my manuscripts in store,
To those who shall the goodness have,
To cause my poor remains to rest
Within a decent shell and grave—
This is the will of—JOSHUA WEST.
J. A. Berry,
John Baines.

EPITAPH ON MR. A. GREENHILL.

A Greenhill all the seasons round,
E'en to the verge of years;—
Death hath not triumph'd:—in this mound
A—Green-Hill, still, appears. P

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| April 4 | St. Isidore. | April 4 | St. Isidore was bishop of Seville for the long period of 40 years, during which time he was a benefactor of the poor, & an ornament to the church.<br>1774. Died, the celebrated Oliver Goldsmith, the eminent Historian, Essayist, Novelist, Poet, and Dramatic Writer. It has been said, that endowed as he was with great wit and much learning, he could neither be called wise nor happy.<br>1802. Died, Lloyd Lord Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice of England, in the 69th year of his age. |
| — 5 | St. Tigernach. | — 5 | St. Tigernach was an Irish Bishop. He died A. D. 550.<br>1588. On this day was born at Malmesbury, Thomas Hobbes, author of the work entitled "Leviathan," and many others of a philosophical nature; some of his works contained such dangerous principles, that the Parliament passed a censure on them in 1665.<br>1605. Expired, the eminent antiquary, John Stow. His survey of London is highly esteemed, as is his Annals of England. |
| — 6 | Easter (Old Lady Day.)<br>St. Sixtus I. Pope | — 6 | St. Sixtus was a Roman by birth, and succeeded Alexander I. A. D. 131, and died a martyr. A. D. 140. He was contemporary with the Emperor Adrian, and held the See until the consulships of Verus and Aniculus. He is said to have ordained, that the elements and vessels belonging to the Altar, should be touched by none but ministers.<br>1348. Died, calmly and serenely, the beautiful Laura de Noves, celebrated for having been passionately beloved by Francis Petrarch, the Italian Poet. She returned his passion by indifference. Petrarch fostered his love at Vancluse: where he immortalized her perfections in his verses.<br>1814. The first abdication of Bonaparte took place on this day, when he accepted the Isle of Elba for his residence. |
| — 7 | St. Hegissipus. | — 7 | St. Hegesippus was a Jew, he embraced Christianity at Rome, in A. D. 157, and died in 181. He wrote an ecclesiastical history from Christ to his own time, fragments only of which are preserved.<br>1718 .Dr. Hugh Blair the eminent divine, was born at Edinburgh on this day, his admirable sermons and his lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres have been translated into various languages, and are looked upon as master pieces of composition.<br>1807. Expired, Lalande, the eminent astronomer, ÆT 70, at Paris. |
| — 8 | St. Dionysius. | — 8 | St. Dionysius was bishop of Corinth. He suffered martyrdom about the year A D 178, an account of some of his writing may be found in Eusebius<br>1364. Died suddenly at the Savoy palace in the Strand, John King of France, surnamed *the Good*, whilst a prisoner. He was a prince of great courage and virtue. |
| — 9 | St. Gaucher, died A. D. 1130. | — 9 | 1626. Expired on this day the great Lord Bacon, the eminent statesman, aged 66. Bacon has justly been called the father of experimental philosophy<br>1807. Died John Opie, an historical painter of high rank, ÆT 46. |
| — 10 | St. Bademus, Abbot, died A. D. 376. | — 10 | 1752. Expired the eminent surgeon, William Cheselden, ÆT 64. He was principal surgeon to Queen Caroline, and head surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Mr. Cheselden obtained great celebrity for his skill in operating for the stone and on the eyes.<br>1815. On this day, Murat, King of Naples, was defeated by the Austrians. |

*Erratum in our last.*—Page 183, 2 lines from bottom, 2nd column, *for* "common sense, *read* "exalted sense."

The Flight of Erminia on the Banks of the Jordan.

## ON THE MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE RE-PUBLIC OF MEXICO.

In our present number we lay before our readers, the following amusing extracts, from the recent published volumes of the unfortunate Captain Lyon, which detail his residence and tour in the republic of Mexico, while officiating as one of the Commissioners for the Real del Monte, and Bolanos Mining Companies. The volumes are pregnant with valuable and highly interesting information, illustrative of the habits of the Mexicans, their ceremonies and pastimes as well as the general appearance and productions of this, but yet imperfectly known, part of the habitable globe.

We commence our extracts with the captain's account of the festival of Easter, as observed in the neighbourhood of Tampico, a village seven miles to the southward of Pueblo Viejo

### THE FESTIVAL OF EASTER.

This being Easter-eve, was the first of those days especially set apart for gaming and idleness; and at about nine o'Clock I went to the Plaza (an open space near the church), were I found many hundred people already assembled to amuse themselves. A large circle surrounded by spectators and dancers is expressly set apart for fandangos, which, whatever they may be in Spain, are in the New World much inferior in grace and activity to the common African Negro dances; though the latter, it must be confessed, are usually to the sound of tin pots and empty gourds. Here the music is somewhat better, though not less monotonous; and consists of a guitar, a rude kind of harp, and a screaming woman with a falsetto voice. Beyond the fandango stood a range of booths, beneath which, men and women of all descriptions, old and young, rich and poor, officers in full uniform and beggars in rags, were gambling with the most intense interest; and individuals who from their appearance might be considered objects of charity, were fearlessly staking dollars,—some even adventuring a handful at a time. The favourite game

was that called "Chusa," which is played on a deep saucer shaped table, and resembles the E. O. of England. All round the Plaza small groups of Indian and other women were seated on the ground with little charcoal fires, at which they occupied themselves in preparing coffee, chocolate, fish, and other eatables; while under the Chusa tents, spirits of all kinds were sold in profusion.

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### A FUNERAL OF THE MEXICANS.

Our lodging was opposite the church of Tula, at which, hearing music in the evening, I found a crowd of people with a young woman who was bearing on her head a little dead child, dressed in coloured papers so arranged as to represent a robe, and tied to a board by a white handkerchief. Round the body were stuck a profusion of artificial flowers; the face was uncovered, and the little hands tied together as if in prayer. A fiddler and a man playing on a guitar accompanied the crowd to the church-poor; and the mother having entered for a few minutes again appeared with her child, and walked off, accompanied by her friends, to the burying-place.

The father followed with another man, who assisted him with a lighted piece of wood in throwing up hand-rockets, of which he bore a large bundle under his arm. The whole ceremony was one of cheerfulness and gaiety, since all children who die young are supposed to escape purgatory, and to become 'Angelitos*" at once. I was informed that the burial would be followed by a fandango, in token of rejoicing that the babe had been taken from this world.—It is doubtless the duty of Christians to be resigned to their afflictions; but I am sure that few English women could carry their first and only infant to its grave, with smiling countenances; and I equally can answer for the inability of the men to throw up rejoicing rockets when their first-born is taken from them, I entered the church, which was neat, and, according to custom, crowded with images; before one of these a sallow wretched man was kneeling, with his arms extended for so long a time that it became

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* Little angels.

painful to look upon him, and I left him to perform his agonizing penance ungazed upon by the eye of curiosity, since whatever may be the errors of the creed which imposes bodily suffering as an atonement for sin, his was an act of fervent piety, and, as such, was sacred. Hence I visited a school, attracted by the noise of seventeen little boys repeating at the full stretch of their variously toned throats the "Ordinanzas" of the Church, each one bawling with all his zeal, and with all his strength. Their master, a fat, lazy, good-tempered looking man, fairly lost his patience in endeavouring to make me hear, through the din, his questions as to "whether the Spaniards would come again and hang all the revolutionists;" and soon gave them their dismissal, after they had knelt down and rapidly screamed out two prayers which he named to them; each child then came and inclined his shoulder to receive the blessings of the master and the stranger, and after this very pretty little ceremony they all ran off whooping and hallooing down the street. I saw but one book in this extraordinary seat of learning; but the master very seriously assured me, that several of the boys could nevertheless read.

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### A FEAST DAY AT VETA GRANDE.

On our first feast day the village of Veta Grande appeared to have undergone some magical change, and to be peopled by a different race from those who had figured during the week. Fine shawls, brilliant coloured gowns, silk stockings and white satin shoes, were flashing like so many meteors amongst the mud huts, and in the evening I accepted an invitation to go to an exhibition of Maromeros, or rope-dancers, in company with two maiden ladies, sisters of a certain Don Jesus, who kept a little shop, and was one of the principal gentlemen in the town. It was a fine moonlight night, and we walked to a small mud amphitheatre usually appropriated to cock-fights, where we found the tight rope stretched, and a numerous party coloured audience assembled. The theatre was open to the clear starry sky, and illuminated by four flaming piles of the Ocote or candle wood, placed in iron cradles on the summits of tall poles. The whole scene was very novel and striking to me, as the miners and villagers lay extended and lounging on the earthern seats wrapped in their variously striped serapes; while five of the "militia" moved about in the crowd to preserve order.

The ladies kept us plentifully supplied with cigars, which they also smoked abundantly, and in our turn we purchased sugar-plums and sweet cakes for them during the very short intervals of smoking.

The rope-dancing was tolerable, particularly by a very fat old woman gorgeously attired, who seemed in a terrible fright lest she should have a fall. A boy of about twelve years of age quite astonished us by his activity and the variety of his postures and contortions, which far exceeded any thing of the kind I had ever seen in Europe. The tumblers were attended by a clown, who with a blackened face and much talking greatly delighted the company. The performances were closed by a "Comedia" in front of a ragged sheet.

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### THE CIGAR MANUFACTORY AT VILLA NUEVA.

The town of Villa Nueva is neatly built, possesses some good shops, and has a population, according to Don José, of 6000 souls. It is one of the dépôts of tobacco, which under the new as well as the old regime is a strict government monopoly. While the mules were being saddled, Don Jose very obligingly accompanied me to the "Fabrica"—a large well-arranged house, in which 400 men and 350 women are constantly employed in the manufacture of "Cigarros." This is the name given to those formed of cut tobacco enveloped in paper, while the term "Puros" is applied to the rolled tobacco leaf which in Europe is commonly called a cigar. Distinct portions of the house with separate entrances are appropriated to the sexes, who are distributed in long rooms having several rows of benches. Each labourer has a small basket with a certain weight of rasped tobacco, and sufficient papers ready cut to contain it when made into cigars; and when this proportion is disposed of, it is rigorously weighed and registered. From three to four reales is the average price of a day's labour, which commences at 5 A. M. and ends at the same hour in the afternoon. The expedition with which some of the most active people rolled the cigars was quite extraordinary, and there are many who complete 4000 in a day. The product of the last four days and a half had been 121,309 "Cajas" or paper parcels, each containing thirty-two cigars, making a total of 3,881,888! the expenses of working which was 1115 dollars. The cajas are sent to the market packed in chests, each containing 4,300. The distribution of labour at this establishment is very well arranged; from the makers the cigars are carried to the counting room, where they are expeditiously made into cajas, and pasted in a paper bearing the stamped seal of government. The

work-people are strictly examined, that they neither introduce liquor or weapons, and both sexes are searched nearly to the skin before retiring for the night, for which purpose female searchers, "Registradoras," are stationed at one door, and men at the other.

### MEXICAN ROPE DANCERS.

As this was the pay day for the native labourers, the evening was in consequence devoted to merriment, which was quite a contrast to those Saturdays meetings which I had seen at Zacatecas.—A party of itinerant Maromeros (or rope dancers) held their exhibition in the large walled yard of a once splendid mansion, in the Mining district Bolanos, to about eight hundred people; which was considered as a very "full house," the receipts, at a medio (or three-pence) for each person, amounting to fifty dollars. The performance, which was exceedingly bad, was nevertheless highly applauded by the spectators, who were sitting or lying in a confused multitude on the bare ground; while some few persons of distinction had taken the precaution to provide themselves with chairs and stools. During the exhibition of the tight rope dancers, the spectators derived a continual fund of gratification from the Pallase or clown, who particularly delighted the most respectable inhabitants by the recital of a coarse story. While a half Indian was performing some clumsy evolutions on the rope, the band, in obedience to a signal, suddenly ceased; and the dancer having dropped himself into a sitting posture on the cord, pulled off his high embroidered cap, and very gravely thus bespoke us: "Caballeros y Señoras (Gentlemen and Ladies,) I beg (suplico) that as I am about to throw a somerset, you will subscribe some money to be devoted to the service of celebrating the holy sacrament of the most Holy Mass." All arose:—the men took off their hats with the utmost gravity;—a general silence prevailed for a moment, and the vaulter, who evidently was in great dismay, attempted to throw his promised caper. Unluckily, however, he failed, tumbled on his nose, and no money was subscribed for the "solemn and most holy sacrament," forasmuch as the articles had not been fulfilled. To this succeeded fireworks, tumbling by two little boys, and performances on the slack rope; in which the unsuccessful vaulter astonished me by hanging with the rope at full swing and high above the ground, by one hand, by his heels, his toes, the back of his neck, and lastly by his teeth. He concluded with a performance which is said to have been exhibited by order of Montezuma for the amusement of Cortez and his officers, and which I cannot better describe than in the words of the Abbé Clavigero, substituting however *boys* for *men*. "One man laid himself upon his back on the ground, and raising up his feet, took a beam upon them, or a piece of wood, which was thick, round, and about eight feet in length. He tossed it up to a certain height, and as it fell, he received and tossed it up again with his feet. Taking it afterwards between his feet, he turned it rapidly round, and what is more, he did so with two men" (boys) "sitting astride upon it, one upon each extremity of the beam." The feat, however, was in the present instance accompanied by a lively tune from the band, to which the performer kept excellent time, while he danced, with his feet elevated beneath the beam, a very neat and difficult figure throughout the exhibition. While all these gaieties were going forward, two or three men constantly occupied themselves in picking their way through the crowd, and bawling lustily "sweetmeats and cakes for sale," and one old fellow particularly pleased me, by his energetic yet conciliating appeals to the gallantry of the gentlemen present, to purchase a kind of "Pan dulce" which was squeezed into the semblance of pigs—"What! Caballeros! does no one buy my pigs for the ladies? What! no pigs for the señoras?" an appeal which had such effect upon the Bolaños beaux, that many a fair mouth soon blew forth its cloud of smoke, relinquished its cigar, and swallowed a "puerco."

Our evening's entertainments,—all for the price of three-pence,—were concluded by two comedies in front of three sheets, which performed the part of scenery. One was tolerably good, being a mutilation of Moliére's "Mariage Forcé," the other, which was highly applauded, I will not describe. The spectators, although a parcel of Indians and half-casts, the greater part without shirts, would have taught a lesson of quiet and good-breeding to our London audiences, much as we pride ourselves on our superior politeness and decorum, I never indeed saw so large a body of people more perfectly well-behaved, silent, and good-humoured.

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

### THE SUBJECT OF THE ILLUSTRATION

Pourtrays Erminia on her courser, fleetly pursuing her way along the sedgy side of the river Jordan, when flying from the Christians. She is supposed to

be absorbed in grief, and almost a prey to fear.

Meanwhile the courser with Erminia stray'd
Through the thick covert of a woodland shade*
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins a chilling terror glides.
By winding paths her steed pursu'd his flight,
And bore at length the virgin far from sight.
As, after long and toilsome chace in vain,
The panting dogs unwilling quit the plain,
If chance the game their eager search elude,
Conceal'd in shelter of the favouring wood:
So to the camp the Christian knights return,
While rage and shame in every visage burn.
Still flies the damsel, to her fears resign'd,
Nor dares to cast a transient look behind.
All night she fled, and all th' ensuing day,
Her tears and sighs companions of her way:
But when bright Phœbus from his golden wain
Had loos'd his steeds, and sunk beneath the main,
To sacred Jordan's chrystal flood she came;
There stay'd her course, and rested near his stream.
No nourishment her fainting strength renew'd,
Her woes and tears supply'd the place of food.
But Sleep, who with oblivious hand can close
Unhappy mortals eyes in soft repose,
To ease her grief, his gentle tribute brings,
And o'er the virgin spreads his downy wings:
Yet Love still breaks her peace with mournful themes,
And haunts her slumbers with distracting dreams.
She sleeps, till, joyful at the day's return,
The feather'd choirs salute the break of morn;
Till rising Zephyrs whisper through the bowers
Sport with the ruffled stream and painted flowers;
Then opes her languid eyes, and views around
The Shepherd's cots amid the sylvan ground:
When, 'twixt the river and the wood, she hears
A sound, that calls again her sighs and tears:
But soon her plaints are stopp'd by vocal strains,
Mix'd with the rural pipes of village swains.
She rose, and saw, beneath the shady grove,
An aged sire that ozier baskets wove;
His flocks around him graz'd the meads along,
Three boys, beside him, tun'd their rustic song.
Scar'd at th' unusual gleam of armour bright,
The harmless band were seiz'd with sudden fright,
But fair Erminia soon dispels their fears;
From her bright face the shining helm she rears,
And undisguis'd her golden hair appears.
Pursue your gentle tasks, with dread unmov'd,
O happy race! (she cry'd) of Heaven belov'd!
Not to disturb your peace these arms I bear,
Or check your tuneful notes with sounds of war.

*Book* VII.

## DESCRIPTION OF A FISH RESEMBLING A MAN. IT WAS TAKEN BY FISHERS, AT OREFORD, IN SUFFOLK, IN THE SIXTH YEAR OF KING JOHN'S REIGN.

In Hollingshed's Chronicle is the following curious account:—

In this sixt yeare of King John's raigne at Oreford in Suffolk, as Fabian hath it, (although I thinke he be deceiued in the time) a fish was taken by fishers in their nettes as they were at sea, resembling in shape a wild or sauage man, whom they presented unto Sir Bartholemew de Glanuille, knight, that had then the keeping of the castell of Oreford in Suffolke. Naked he was, and in all his limmes and members resembling the right proportion of a man. He had heares also in the usual parts of his body, albeit that on the crown of his head he was balde: his beard was side and rugged, and his breast verie harie. The knight caused him to be kept certaine days and nightes from the sea. Meate set afore him he greedily deuoured, and eate fishe both raw and sodden. Those that werd rawe he pressed in his hands tyll he had thrust out all the moysture, and so then he did eate them. Hee would not, or could not utter any speeche, although to try him they hung him uppe by the heeles, and myserably tormented him. He would get him to his couche at the setting of the sunne, and ryse agayne when it rose.

One day they brought him to the hauen, and suffered him to go into the sea, but to be sure he should not escape from them they set three ranks of mightie strong nettes before him, so to catche him againe at their pleasure (as they ymagined) but he streyght wayes dyuing down to the bottome of the water, gotte past all the nettes, and comming uppe shewed himselfe to them againe, that stoode wayting for him, and dowking dyuerse tymes under water and coming up agayne, hee behelde them on the shore that stoode still looking at him, who seemed as it were to mocke them, for that he had deceived them, and gotte past theyr nettes. At length, after hee had thus played him a great while in the water and that there was no more hope of hys returne, he came to them againe of hys owne accorde, swimming through the water, and remayned wyth them two monthes after. But finally, when he was negligently looked to, and nowe seemed not to be regarded, hee fledde secretelye to the sea, and was neuer after seene nor heard of.

## LOVE'S HOW D'YE DO.

When but a thoughtless merry girl,
With gaysome trip and airy curl,
Gathering sweet posies from the stems
Fresh in their dewy diadems;—
Love followed me about the shade,
And in the sun obeisance made;
I crossed him, pouted, and I flew.
To shun his teasing—*How d'ye do?*

* See the Embellishment, illustrative of the above, page 161.

By Ovid tutored, Love pursued,
And in his gentlest manner wooed;
Then, smile by smile, he reached my chin,
And press'd his roseate dimples in:
I shun'd but lov'd;—resolved and sigh'd;
He pitied—laugh'd—and called me "Bride!"
His accents and his heart were true,
And wedlock crown'd his—*How d'ye do?*—P.

## EVENING.

*(For the Olio.)*

There is a pleasure in the evening hour,
Which hearts of hardened texture cannot feel,
Nor the short-sighted vision of sad care,
Or the dim view of tott'ring age distinguish:
'Tis only for the feeling, happy, young,
For those whose souls are free & strong to grasp
The mental joys the eve delightful brings.
Now the cool gentle breeze, in sportive play
Noiseless approaches, as it were, to clear
The path before the night: the tired sun
Sinks to repose, where the horizon forms
His ready couch, and draws around the clouds
In curtain'd drapery; while the first star
Beams in the heaven, as his chamber lamp
Lighted to glimmer through the darken'd hours:
Yonder the first rays of the rising moon
Silver the placid sky, and blend a tint
Of calm complacency, of peaceful joy
With the declining light.
This is the hour of love
When, seated on some happy chosen spot,
Youths sigh long sentences of warm affection,
And maidens hear, enraptured, all they wish:
The hour of peace when he, whose well-tried mind
Rests in the midway between youth and age,
And looks nor ardently, nor listless round,
May wander, and find music in the scene,
To harmonize with all his inmost thoughts:
The hour for sympathy to work her spells
With a resistless might; for Poesy
To yield her happiest song.—Enchanting eve,
Welcome! thrice welcome! to the poet's breast
Is thy inspiring hour,

R. JARMAN.

## A WISH.

*(For the Olio.)*

What is a wish; that heartfelt dream
Which waking hours pourtray?
That strong wing'd soarer, stay'd by nought,
When fancy calls "away?"

A wish!—It leads us, where the soul
Strolls on forbidden ground;
It breaks the fetters fate has cast;
It hears unutter'd sound.

What is a wish? 'tis all of life
That gives to life its zest;
How poor were e'en the brightest joys
If *this* had left the breast!

The hour wherein we wish for aught,
That promises to please;
We're happier far, than when unbaulked,
Its brightest charms we seize.

What is a wish? A draft on hope,
Which expectation pays;
Strange, that its value should be lost,
If joy the debt delays.

Yet so it is; for when 'tis held
Long unredeemed, the heart
Would gladly from the bankrupt bond,
Worth nought but sorrow, part.

R. JARMAN.

## ON THE BIOGRAPHY OF EMINENT POETS.

The biography of Great Poets seems to be demanded by nature—especially of those who have steeped their poetry, not only in the light of inspiration, but in the heat of their own hearts. We cannot dissever them from the glories by which they are made immortal. Yet we know that they could not have lived always in that excited and exalted state of soul in which they emanated their poems. We desire to know the min the ebb of their thoughts and feelings, when they are but as mere men. We do not doubt that we shall love and esteem them when the lyre is laid aside, the inspired fit passed away—and that even then, with the prose of life, they will be seen mingling poetry. Such a man was Cowper—and of all we have been let know of the "Bard of Olney," from himself or others, we would not willingly let the most mournful or afflicting anecdote die; for while "we hold each strange tale devoutly true," we feel towards the object of our esteem, our love, and our pity, "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." That another hand should have suddenly lifted up or rent away the veil that hid the agonies of a mind still beautiful in all its most rueful afflictions, we might not have been able to endure, and might have turned away from the spectacle, as from one that we felt our eyes were not privileged to behold; but the veil was withdrawn at times by the sufferer himself, who, while he implored mercy from his Creator, was not loath to receive the pity of his fellow creatures—feeling, except indeed in the deepest, and most disastrous, and most despairing darkness of his spirit: that all their best sympathies were with him, and that he needed not to fear too rude or too close a gaze into his mysterious miseries, from eyes which he had often filled with the best of tears, and when mirth visited his melancholy, with the best of smiles too, although the hour and the day had come at last, when smiles were not for him, nor, as he thought, for any creature framed of the clay. Yet is his entire character, disturbed and distracted as it is seen to be, in beautiful and perfect consistency with all his poetry. But the sweet bells were out of tune, and jangled,

the strings of the heart were broken or the keys reversed, and the instrument that once discoursed such excellent music, at last jarred terribly its discord, and it was well when it was heard to sound no more.

Of our Great Living Poets it might not, perhaps, be becoming in us now to speak, in these unpremeditated and imperfect effusions,—but we trust that the world will one day or other have the biographies, of such men, for example, as Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth. Why should the friends who have been honoured with their closest friendship, and who may survive them, be afraid or unwilling to speak, with that sacred reserve that will be imposed on them by the reverence of their own spirits? Such recital will strengthen the cause of virtue, by shewing that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace. The same harmony that pervades the great works of their genius will be found to have pervaded their life and all its actions—the same order and the same calm. Though much will have to be unrevealed, it will only be because there is much of what is good and best that can have no other abiding place but in the memory of sons and daughters, and friends that are as sons and daughters;—but much may, and ought to be, and will be revealed, showing the links that connect the lofty with the low, and bind together, in a chain that may be made visible to all eyes, all the children of humanity. The land that loves them living will desire when they are dead, to have the lineaments of their characters in imperishable portraiture, drawn by hands whose skilful touch is guided by the heart of affection; nor need such hands tremble in telling the truth—and nothing but the truth.

But among Great Poets, there have been, and will be again, men with minds often sorely troubled and distracted by the passions God gave them,—by the adverse aspect of fortune,—and by "the influence of malignant star." That often sorely troubled and distracted mind has spoken in their poetry, and in their practice; and thus they have themselves made the whole world the confident of the darkest secrets of their spirits. Such a man in some measure, was Burns; such a man, in full measure, was Byron. It would, in such circumstances, be most absurd to say, that all other tongues should be silent on all those topics on which their own had so eloquently and passionately descanted; but still, as they were witnesses against themselves, and likewise their own inexorable judges, calling on their own consciences to execute sentence upon them for their confessed misdeeds, which remorse, as far as it could, had expiated—it surely behoves their brethren, to mitigate justice by mercy, in the decrees they pronounce upon the "poor inhabitants below," who were "strong to feel, and quick to know," though

> "Thoughtless follies laid them low,
> And stain'd their name."

Nay, their brethren owed them more than both justice and mercy—pity, pardon, commiseration, and, without insult or injury to virtue, immortal fame.

Such has been the doom, the destiny, the fate of Burns. If his vices were drawn in deepest shadows, his virtues were drawn in brightest sunbeams; and over the gloom, and over the glory, there was the light of genius. Therefore his country is neither afraid nor ashamed to see his character reflected with all its stains and all its purity in his works; but she looks on it steadily, though mournfully, with pardon, pity, and pride,—and her heart and her eyes fill as she gazes on his pale marble bust. She will suffer no one now to preach and moralize over his errors, except from his lips she hears

> "The still sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power,
> To soften and subdue."

His faults and frailties, errors and vices, were all far more than redeemed, had they been many times greater than they were, by his generous and his noble virtues; and it is felt now over all Scotland, and in every land trodden by the feet of her sons, that the bad belonging to the character of a great man, may without danger be buried in his grave; from whence it will never cease to send up admonitary whispers; and that it is true wisdom and true religion to elevate the good into the light, and hold it for ever there, as an encouragement and an example.

With higher and brighter intellectual powers certainly, but as certainly with deeper and darker moral transgressions, the same fate may be predicted for Byron. Not even the magic of his genius could ever transform vice, in all its most alluring or gorgeous adornments, into the fair apparition of Virtue, who is seen to be Virtue still,

> "Though some few spots be on her flowing robe,
> Of stateliest beauty."

The strong and severe moral sense of the English nation will not suffer itself to be long deluded by the "false glitter" of imagination, substituted for the true lustre of virtue. Christianity so clears the eye that looks into the human heart, that as in the darkest and remotest recesses nothing can escape its ken through obscurity, so neither is its visual nerve ever long made "dark with excessive bright." Thus the only high poetical criticism must be in the light of Christianity; for it deals with the manifestations, the phenomena of a nature which can only be understood in that light—else confounding and inexplicable. Byron's soul struggled in and against that light; yet had he not been born in a country where in many a temple that light is worshipped, he had never been the great Poet that he was—nor breathed so often those magnificent strains that, issuing from his better and inner nature,

"Do shame the wisdom of the Sadducee."

As for his life, it cannot either in its brighter or darker lineaments be concealed, for it is emblazoned both in its shame and glory. But severely as it will be judged by his fellow men, too often shocked by his recklessness and his profligacy, who is there who feels, in awe and dread, that he has himself a soul to be saved, who will not compassionately seek and search, —though of such quest he finds no end, and leaves off aghast and troubled,—for the causes of the evil he deplores,—causes which might, for aught he knows, if rightly understood, involve the fearful palliation of madness, or something incomprehensibly akin to madness, transmitted, perhaps in his very blood, and meeting with congenial passions all borrowing from it a more fearful force, till he who was possessed by them appeared, in his progress along the paths of this world and this life, alternately like an angel, and like a demon? Be that as it may, this is certain, that the mind of this country will never endure that such a being as Byron shall, after death, be pictured as one of the meanest and basest of mankind—but whether the wretch that makes the impotent effort; and were it possible to preserve his name from the oblivion to which nature has doomed it, would brand upon it ineffaceably the same epithets, that when affixed to the word "Byron," fall crumbling off like filth dried by the wind, that some brutal boor has flung against the gateway of some glorious ruin.—— *Blackwood's Mag.*

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SONNET,

*Written in the Spring.*

Fair was the face of this illumin'd dawn,
With vernal brightness, vernal softness fair,
The sun incessant woo'd the blushing morn,
And all the youthful hours laugh'd round the pair!
But ere the evening what a change was there.
Harsh thunders roll, and forked light'nings fly,
Hyemal tempests brood along the air,
Or fall in torrents from an angry sky.
Ah, scarce less mutable is man's brief day,
Soon are his early prospects clouded over,
And those soft suns that spot their April ray
Across his primrose pathway, shine no more,
Grief on the present drops her tearful showers,
And apprehension o'er the future lours.

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ADDRESS OF A LOVER TO HIS TAPER,

*Translated from the Arabic of the Sheick Safy Eddin Alhillay.*

Yon wasting taper when I see,
I cry, "Poor fool, our lots the same,
I bear a raging fire like thee,
Yet dread whate'er would quench the flame.
Like thine, with tears this face o'erflows,
And bleach'd and wan these cheeks appear.
Like thine, these eyes no slumbers close,—
Like thine—a melting heart is there."

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COLUMBUS,

*Translated from the Latin.*

"There is nothing *new* under the sun," said the King
Of the East, as he scattered his wisdom about,
But Columbus, the Dove of Time's ark, plumed his wing,—
Of the *old* world, he found *new* America out.

P.

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SIMILE.

As a dew-drop encircles a bud in the night,
And the sun shines it off in the beauty of light;
So a tear that rolls under an eyelid in grief,
Is removed by a friend, into chastened relief.

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THE BEAF-STEAK CLUB.

The Beafsteaks is distinguished most remarkab'y from other convivial assemblages called clubs, by this characteristic feature:—that at those common-place meetings you recognize nothing more than a class, a generalization,—a mere group

of fac-similes, whose manners are wound up and regulated into a mechanical uniformity—where fashion coldly and unfeelingly frowns down all that projects into relief, or shoots out beyond her tame, insipid level. It is thus that the generous outbreakings of nature, which constitute what you call emphatically a character, are rebuked and chilled. The growth of the individual man is lost in the generic man. But at the Steaks you will meet with real incarnations of the humours that inspired Jonson, Fielding and Smollett. *There* the whims and eccentricities, that take a man out of a class and render him an individual, luxuriate in contempt of that conventional despotism, that has deadened elsewhere the motley carnival of life down to a cold and dull monotony. Can the force of original humour go farther than it does in that excellent patriarch of the sublime society Jack Replevin? What can surpass the incessant volubility of that harmless prattle? From what undefined, undefinable quality of his heart, does it happen that Jack has never been felt as a bore?—that he is scarcely considered to be tedious? Yet the vibration of his tongue is unintermitted. You will hear him before he enters the room, or even as he is alighting from his hackney-coach. Ten to one he is engaged in a colloquy (if colloquy it can be called, when one of the parties has only to listen) with the coachman himself, albeit the fellow is of a tribe somewhat controversial, and who are not often disposed to give up their share in the dialogue. Yet it avails him nothing—he is quite baffled—all his efforts to be heard are fruitless—and his remark or his abuse, whatever it be, expires in a despairing grin upon his lips. Jack is now ascending the stairs that lead to our snug refectory in Arnold's theatre, perhaps recapiculating to himself the debate with the hackney-coachman, for he is still talking. "It would be a nice question," said Arnold, when Jack's voice was heard as usual on the staircase, "if an unlucky stumble were to throw Replevin from the top to the bottom, whether the thread of his verbosity would be snapped by the accident? I would bet," said he, "that Jack's tongue would be going on all the same, like Orpheus's as his head rolled down the Hebrus." But our amiable Gratiano, with all this redundancy, does not deal merely "in nothings." His reasons, if you will take the trouble of sifting them, will be found to bear a fair proportion to the chaff with which they are intermingled. Under his verbosity is a solid layer of sense, plain and practical, of inestimable value in the conduct of your affairs, or in teaching you how to conduct them yourself. This habit of talk has never been thwarted; for some of his friends deem it to be constitutional, and if it were checked, that his life would be endangered by the revulsion. In the mean while, the tones of his voice are soft and mellifluous, and in the fullest speed of his tongue he gives you no interruption, whether you choose to converse or to muse over your own matters. How difficult would it be, how grand a triumph of art, to transfer to the canvass, the mellowed complacency of Jack's countenance, beaming with smiles like the face of the summer ocean, as he is prosing to his unhearing audience,—nothing displeased with their attention, and taking a calm revenge by a double portion of prolixity!

Our brother Lonsdale, an artist of no mean celebrity, has failed in that portrait, which hangs in our salon with those of several other worthies of the sublime society. The hand of our excellent brother has proved itself more at home in other countenances—those more especially upon which nature has expended less of character and expression. For this reason, the kit-cat resemblance of our brother the High-Bailiff of Westminster, is a miracle of identity. Nor could he well err; having little more to copy than a wide Finlandish expanse,—a dead sea of visage on which not a ripple plays, not a shadow is reflected. In like manner, the ingenious Kneller of our club has most cunningly designed all that the graphic art could pourtray of brother ————'s starched, but simpering features; for there he "hangs in chains," as Arnold remarked, in allusion to the civic paraphernalia in which he is represented, of which the chain is a most conspicuous ornament. It was in allusion also to the toga in which he is painted, that Brougham, being asked whether he thought it a likeness, remarked that it could not fail of being a likeness, "there was so much of the *fur* about it." In such portraitures, in which little more is required than the duplicate of a common face, the artist has done wonders, for his resemblances are perfect. It is in the intellectual likeness, in those nice touches and gentler intimations of the pencil, that present you with an index of the character,—in those countenances where it peeps forth from the eyes, though faintly and almost imperceptibly, as the first gleam from the lattice of the morn—the *callida junctura* of the living principle with the mass that it vivifies and informs—it is here that brother Lonsdale has "come badly off." Hence the picture of our royal brother, which graces our little gallery of kit-cats,

leaves us in a bootless inquisition for the fine qualities that shine in the best-humoured of faces, and play in his cheerful and condescending converse. Where too, we asked, is the royalty of nature that reigns there, but reigns in such a sort as to throw out in clearer relief the kindly feelings, that render him what Burke said of Fox, "a creature made to be loved?" It is the image of an Otho; and seems to have been taken in the drowzy, inarticulate quietude of the features which a man feels while he is sitting for his portrait, and all the time wishing painter, brush, and pallet at the devil. How much happier is his picturesque and invaluable drawing of our old bard, the venerable Charles Morris! You would swear that he had just smacked the veritable taste of the society's punch, which, time out of mind, it was his office to mix—or was singing one of his best lyrics, or telling a beefsteak story of its days of yore; mingling as he told it, the enthusiasm of youth with the garrulity of age, and heightening the bliss of the present by transfusing into it the delights of the past.

Talking of Charles Morris, some of the pleasantest days I have passed, have been in those episodical parties that are occasionally branching out from the parent society. One of the most delightful of these meetings was at Charles's snug retreat in Surrey,—provided for him by the kindness of the late Duke of Norfolk, as a pillow for the calm repose of his declining years. It was pleasing to behold this Nestor of the convivial world, who had never quitted town for the greater part of his century, endeavouring (for it was a hard effort) to slumber away the summer in that secluded spot,

"Tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres."

It had been arranged that we were to drop upon him by surprise, especial care having been taken to provide an excellent dinner, and some admirable wine, which we packed up in our respective carriages. It was a fine morning we had chosen for our little expedition, and we set out anticipating the amusement we should derive from the bustle of poor Charles, invaded in his tranquillity by so formidable a party. He was basking at the end of his garden on a kind of "specular mount," listening to the music of a favourite blackbird, that was shrouded in his shady covert, and paying his quit-rent with a song. Suddenly, the cavalcade became discernible, and the rattling of the carriages every moment more distinct. In an instant they were whirling round the sweep before the ivied front of his cottage and the first, out of which jumped the Duke of Sussex, Bolland, and Harry Stephenson, was already at the door. "We are come to dine with you, old bard," said the Duke, as he alighted. At that moment up came the other vehicles, to the unspeakable surprise of Charles, and the consternation of his housekeeper. Baucis and Philemon were not more taken a-back, when they found what visitants had descended upon them. "Your Royal Highness," said the Bard, "has taken us by surprise—but we will send off for some provisions to Dorking: it is only three miles off." In the mean while, conformably to previous instructions, the messenger forwarded for that purpose, was intercepted;—and a walk into the garden being proposed, we took him to the end of it, and kept him chatting, whilst the servants were setting out the table, and arranging the banquet. All this time Charles was suffering the agonies of a host, who, though "on hospitable thoughts intent," was conscious of the tenuity of his larder, and on the anxious look-out for the arrival of the basket laden with supplies from Dorking. But in a very short time, the dinner, which was a most sumptuous pic-nic, was announced. In truth, it had been prepared almost by magic, its entire mechanism having been constructed with the greatest skill and foresight. Our old Bard preceded us to the dining-room with every sort of misgiving as to the quality of the entertainment, and making a thousand apologies. But how shall I describe his stare, when he perceived a turbot at the head of the table, large enough for the imperial repast of a Domitian, and a long vista of ham, fowls, venison pasty, terminating in a delicious round of boiled beef. "A most ingenious and well executed device!" exclaimed Charles: "the joke, however, is not at my expense;" and sat down with all imaginable glee to the goods the gods had provided. It was a truly convivial day. The very genius of good-humour presided over it: reason not dethroned, but enlivened by wine:—fancy, anecdote, whim, frolic, overflowed. I was seated near Cobb, who was a man of varied and pleasant conversation. We were talking of the bad taste you so often met with amongst people who did not know how to talk, and generally contrived, by a most infallible instinct, to hit upon the most stupid and distasteful topics. Cobb said he had an unaccountable dislike to the relation of dreams, which the narrator seldom failed to detail as circumstantially as possible: and that his ingenuity was sometimes painfully taxed

to turn off the conversation to a more agreeable subject. These visions, he observed, of an old woman's indigestion ought to be as carefully concealed as the other results of it. He had a severe penance, he said, to go through a few days before, having had to entertain at his house an East India Director or two, who were far from being the brightest of the Leadenhall-street Magi. One of them happened to be the identical luminary who had proposed to the Court of Directors, that English ladies should be prohibited from going out to India,—a measure, he contended, which would prevent the increase of the race of *half-castes* for the future. "We were so hard pushed," said Cobb, "for subjects, that the fellow began to tell us his wife's dream of the preceeding night. It was a long prosing story, the very worst stuff of which dreams are made. When he had done, I was afraid we should have another dream; so I told him it was nothing to a dream which Mrs. Cobb had. We had been thinking," I said, "of a trip to a watering-place, for the sake of sea-bathing. The subject made such an impression on her mind, that she actually dreamed that she was a bathing-machine at Brighton: but, retaining all her perceptions as to female decorum, was so extremely shocked when the gentlemen came into her, for the purpose of undressing, that she disturbed the whole house by her cry. Whether my friend the Director took the hint or not," said Cobb, "I did not perceive; but we heard nothing more of his wife's dreams."

It was about the time of poor Sheridan's death. Cobb had lived much with that highly-gifted man, and told us several anecdotes of him, strongly illustrative of his character. He mentioned a rebuke Sheridan gave J——, a barrister, who had usurped much of the conversation by long stories about himself, and his gallantries with women, evidently with a view of impressing every body with the notion of his being a great favourite with the sex; but concluded each adventure by assuring those who listened to him, that from a principle of virtue, he always desisted from pursuing the matter to extremes. The bottle had circulated pretty freely, and Sheridan, who had long shown symptoms of impatience, but had remained silent, at last summoned up as much articulation as he could command, and addressed him nearly thus:—"Sir, I have been listening to you for some time, and the result of all that you have been saying is, that your historical relations are without fact, and your amorous ones without intrigue. You may, therefore plead as a set-off against the liberties you have been taking with *truth*, your want of success in taking them with *women*."

Cobb heard him, at the Covent-garden hustings, handle Clifford with considerable strength of irony. Clifford had made some strong comments upon his (Sheridan's) political conduct. When it came to Sheridan's turn to address the rabble, he began thus. "As to the lawyer, who has honoured me with so much abuse, I do not know how to answer him, as I am no great proficient in the language or manners of St. Giles's. But one thing I can say of him, and it is in his favour:—I hardly expect you will believe me—the thing is incredible—but I pledge my word to the fact—that once, if not twice, but once most assuredly, I did meet him in the company of gentlemen!"

Cobb remarked, that it was a singular circumstance that Sheridan always made a bad figure as a witness in a court of law, when he happened to be subpœna'd on a trial. When Lord Thanet, Ferguson, and others, were tried for a misdemeanor in attempting to rescue O'Connor at Maidstone, and knocking down Rivett, the Bow-street officer who detained him; Law, (afterwards Lord Ellenborough,) who had long borne Sheridan a grudge for the rough treatment he had received from him during the impeachment of Hastings, cross-examined him with great acrimony. The cause had lasted the whole day, and Sheridan was not called till nine in the evening, when, in all probability, he had arrived near the end of his second bottle at Bellamy's. It was not prevarication, but a sort of absurd playing with the questions, that gave Law, on that occasion, considerable advantage over him. "Do answer my questions, Mr. Sheridan," said the counsel, "without point or epigram."—"Very true, Sir," replied Sheridan: "your questions are without point or epigram." Lord Kenyon once or twice reminded Sheridan that he was on his oath, and that a court of justice was not a fit place for repartee or quibble.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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## THE ESCAPE OF THE QUEEN AND INFANT SON OF JAMES THE II FROM WHITEHALL.

### HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The following poem which we here enrich our pages with, is one of several composing a most delightful little volume of poetry, replete with flowing versifica-

tion and delightful imagery, bearing the title of the "Seven Ages of Woman," with other poems, by Miss Strickland, the talented authoress of "Worcester Field; or the Cavalier."

It was night, but with darkness there came not repose,
To London, that city of splendour and woes;
Her streets echoed still with alarum and din,
For foes were around her, and tumults within;
Strange murmurs were mixed with the rush of the blast,
And the sweep of the rain falling heavy and fast.
Ah! who are the boatmen that vent'rously urge
That tempest-tost skiff o'er the black swollen surge
Of Thames, in his wrath fiercely foaming along,
While his tide flows in currents terrific and strong?
See how they labour and stretch to the oar,
Midst the gloom of the night and the elements' roar,
Who may they be, who so rashly dare brave
December's rough gales on that perilous wave?
Mark them:—their freight is no soldier or knight,
Or seamen of hardihood, valour, and might,
Who, through years of emprize, has accustomed his form,
To the blasts of the north, or the tropical storm.
That pale shrouded figure who sits by the side
Of the steersman, regardless of tempest or tide,
Deeply feels the strange contrast, and change of this scene,
From her own fair Italia's unclouded serene.
But, oh! not on this one brief thought does she cast,
Though the winds howl around her, the rain patters fast,
And drenches her garments, and drips from her hair,
For her heart only throbs with a mother's fond care;
And she but wraps her mantle more tight on her breast,
That pillow to guard where her infant finds rest!
That babe and that mother—Oh! England, they are
Thy fugitive Queen and thy Monarch's young heir,
Rudely driven from a palace—they deem thee less kind
Than the rage of the waters and tempest combined.
Lo! death is behind them—new perils before
Though the oft baffled shallop, at length gains the shore. . . . . .

Have we crossed the dread river? Then mount, and away.'
'Not so, hapless Queen, there is further delay;
'The horses yet tarry, engaged for your flight,
'But there's safety as yet in the shadow of night;
'And here may'st thou shelter, oh, lady awhile,
'Beneath the dark walls of old Lambeth's gray pile:
'But oh! should the prince from his slumbers awake,
'One cry might betray you—good heavens! what a stake.'
'No! my heart's troubled beatings have rock'd him to sleep,
'And he knows not the vigils his mother must keep;
Unconscious of royaltys perils and woes,
'As sweetly he tastes his unruffled repose,
'Midst the dangers, the terrors, the gloom of this hour,
'As he did in the cradle of grandeur and power.
'The moan of the waters, the winds howling nigh,
To him have been music—a rude lullaby;
'For the elements wrath is less cruel and wild
'Than those whose fierce hatred pursues us, my child.'
She is silent—but still her keen agonies speak
In her lips quiv'ring motion, her pale tearful cheek,
And the fast streaming eyes, that are raised in deep prayer,
Or turned on the city in speechless despair;
She seeks midst its lights, that in countless array,
Before her in distance confusedly lay,
Her own royal home, whose proud walls yet contain
Her monarch, and sighs for its perils again.
Then starts as she catches at times from the shore,
In the hush of the blast, the vex'd multitude's roar;
And stands in dread conflict of interest wild,
With her thoughts on her husband, her eyes on her child;
In that fearful division, weak nature's strong strife,
Which—which shall prevail, the fond mother or wife?
That choice is not hers—She turns weeping away,
Her consort's strict mandate of flight to obey,
As the low cautious whisper is borne to her ear,
All is ready—delay not—the steeds trample near,'
And that heart's bitter pangs, which no language could tell,
Are unbreathed—she but murmurs, 'Oh, London, farewell!'

HISTORICAL NOTES TO THE ABOVE POEM.

Sir John Dalrymples in his memoirs of Great Britain gives the following account of the escape of King James's Queen:—On the 6th of December, in the evening, the Queen, with the nurse carrying the Prince, then five months old in her arms, and accompanied by the Count de Lausune, so famous for his own misfortunes, and by a few attendants, went privately from Whitehall. She crossed the Thames in an open boat, in a dark night, in a heavy rain, in a high wind, whilst the river was swollen, and at the coldest season of the year. A common coach had been ordered to wait for her on the opposite side, but by some accident it had been delayed for an hour. During this time, she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes on the Prince, unconscious of the miseries attendant upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which, she in vain explored the palace in which her

husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence."

Not less interesting than this beautiful and pathetic quotation from the elegant historian above, is the account which King James himself gives of this event, in his own memoirs, which when we consider it was written by the husband, and father of the royal fugitives, must excite in the bosom of every person of sensibility, feelings of the most lively sympathy, for the anguish of heart in which he must have indited it.

"All things being ready by this time for the Queen and princes departure, it fell out opportunely enough that the Count Lozune a French gentleman, was then at the court of England, whither he came to offer his services to the king, but treachery and desertion of so many false friends, made the zeal and fidelity of his true ones, useless, at least in reference to the war, so his Majesty accepted of his offer another way, as thinking him a proper person to attend upon the Queen in this voyage, and that under the notion of his returning to his own country (there being no business for him in England) a yacht might be prepared, and the Queen and Prince pass unsuspected in his company.

"The Queen had a great reluctancy to this journey, not so much for the hazards and inconveniences of it, as to leave the King in so doubtful a situation, she having never done it hitherto in his greatest difficulties and dangers. And therefore when it was first proposed, her Majesty absolutely refused it in reference to herself, telling the King she was very willing the Prince her son should be sent to France, or where it was thought most proper for his security, that she could bear such a separation with patience, but could never bear it with reference to himself, that she would infinitely rather share his fortune, whatever it should prove, than abandon him in his distress, that all hardships, hazards, or imprisonment itself would be more acceptable to her in his company, than the greatest ease and security in the world without him, unless he really proposed to come away himself too, then she was willing to be sent before him, if he thought it a more proper method to conceal their departure; which the King assuring her he really did, her Majesty consented to it at last.

"This journey and separation therefore, being at length resolved on, the Queen disguising herself, crossed the river, upon the 9th of December, taking with her only the prince, his nurse, and two or three persons more, along with her, to avoid suspicion, and had sent to have a coach ready prepared on the other side, in which she went down to Gravesend, and got safe aboard the yacht, which, considering that the rabble was up in all parts to intercept and plunder whoever they thought were making their escape, was such a providence, that nothing but a greater danger could excuse from rashness and temerity in attempting; but in such afflicting circumstances, where the government of a distressed prince is not only returned, but himself and royal family in just apprehensions of the most barbarous treatment, all other hazards and hardships pass unregarded. Otherwise, for the queen to cross the river in a tempestuous night, with the prince not six months old, to wait in the open air for a considerable time, till the coach was ready, and not only exposed to the cold but to the continual danger of being discovered, which the least cry of the prince might have done; to travel in the middle of an enraged people, without guards, servants, or convenience sufficient to preserve them from common dangers, or even to defend them from the cold, had been a tempting of providence on a less pressing occasion; however, it pleased God to bring them through all those dangers."

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# Laconics;

OR,

*Pithy Remarks and Maxims, collected from various Sources.*

POETRY

Is a blossom of such delicate growth; that it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection.

PANEGYRIC

Is seldom judicious in the epitaphs on *Public Characters*, for if it be deserved, it cannot need publication; and if it be exaggerated, it will only serve to excite ridicule.

HAPPINESS.

To form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness bears to another's, we are to consider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumstances.

RESERVE

Is a debt to prudence, as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good-

VIRTUES

Like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE LONDON BRIDGE PAGEANTS IN THE TIME OF HENRY V.

The following curious detail of those Pageants which welcomed the conqueror of Azincour into the City of London, is collected from a Latin manuscript in the Cottonian Library, which was most probably written by an eye-witness, both of the King's valour abroad, and of his triumphs at home. The manuscript is on paper, in a very small and fair current black letter, and is entitled in the catalogue, '*The Acts of King Henry V, the author, a Chaplain, in the Royal Army, who saw them for himself.*' The account runs as follows:—'And therewith, about the hour of ten in the day, the King came in the midst of them all; and the Citizens gave glory and honour to God, and many congratulations and blessings to the King, for the victories he had brought them, and for the public works which he had wrought; and the King was followed by the Citizens towards the City, with a proper, but a moderate, protection. And for the praise and glory of the City, out of so many magnificent acts of the noble Citizens, some things worthy of note the pen records with applause. On the top of the Tower, at the entrance of the Bridge, which stands, as it were, on going into the strength of the City, there stood on high a figure of gigantic magnitude, fearlessly looking in the King's face, as if he would do battle; but on his right and left hand, were the great keys of the City hanging to a staff, as though he had been Gate-keeper. Upon his right stood the figure of a woman not much less in size, habited in the gown, tunic, and ornaments of a female, as if they had been meant for a man and his wife, who appeared favourers of the King, and desired that they might see his face, and receive him with many plaudits. And the Towers about them were ornamented with halberts and the Royal Arms; and trumpeters stood aloft in the turrets which were resounding with horns and clarions in winding and expanding melody. And in the front of the fortress this appropriate and elegant writing was imprinted, '*The King's City of Justice.*' And there appeared, on both sides, all the way along the Bridge, very little youths; and, also, on both sides, out of the stone-work before them, was a lofty column, the height of the smaller towers, made of wood, not less delicate than elegant, which was covered over with a linen cloth painted the colour of white marble and green jasper, as if it had been of a square shape, and formed of stones cut out of the quarries. And upon the summit of the column on the right side, was the figure of an Antelope rampant, having a splendid shield of the Royal Arms hanging about his neck, and in his right foot he held a sceptre extended, and offered it to the King. Upon the top of the other column was the image of a lion, also rampant, which carried a spear, having the King's banner displayed upon the upper end, which he held aloft in his dexter claw. And across, at the foot of the Bridge, was erected the fabric of a Tower, the height of the aforesaid columns, and painted; in the midst of which, under a superb tabernacle, stood a most beautiful effigy of St. George, all in armour, excepting his head, which was adorned with laurel interwoven with gems, which shone between it like precious stones for their brightness. Behind him was a tapestry of cotton, having his arms resplendently embroidered in a multitude of escutcheons. Upon his right was suspended his triumphal helmet; upon his left his shield of Arms of a correspondent magnitude; and he had his right hand upon the handle of his sword, which was girt about him. Upon the tower was raised an extended scroll, containing these words, '*To God only be honour and glory;*' and in front of the building, this congratulatory prophecy,—Psalm xlvi. 4.—'*The streams of the River make glad the City of God:*' and all the principal towers were gallantly adorned with the Royal Arms embossed upon them, or displayed in banners upon lances reared above them. In the house adjoining to the fortress behind, were innumerable children representing the English Priesthood, in radiant garments with shining countenances: others were like virgins, having their hair adorned with laurels interwoven with gold; and they continued singing from the coming in of the King, with modulation of voice and melody of organs, according to the words of this song in English.'—*Chronicles of London Bridge.*

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, (No. XI.)

### FESTIVAL OF THE CHURCH WAKE.

Nothing can exceed the jollity and gaiety of a church-wake in Austria Proper. They are kept every year, on two successive Sundays, in every village. The preparations for the fête are made the week preceding it, by the united efforts

of the young single men. The largest tree from the next forest is chosen, stripped of its bark, planed, and surmounted with the crown of a fir-tree, bearing the emblems of country life; apples, bottles filled with wine, ribbons, and garlands. This tree is raised in the centre of a pavilion, or rather a bower, covered with branches, and hung over with festoons of every colour. Each farmer invites his friends of the neighbouring villages. After grand mass is over, the dinner is served, consisting of at least twenty different dishes. At three o'clock, after the second divine service, the lads make their appearance, dressed very elegantly, and repair in a body to the different farm-houses where the maidens are. These are conducted in procession to the dancing-place, the before-mentioned bower. The orchestra consists of an exquisite band of from ten to fifteen musicians, who regularly attend these festivals. Among their instruments are two lyres, but no violin, which give to the music an exquisite air of country life. There is nothing which equals the waltzes of these people. The most prejudiced enemy to this dance cannot help being delighted with the simplicity and true charm which these dancers display in every turn, without having ever been under the modelling hand and snuffling command of a French dancing-master. One might look for hours with interest at the hearty delight with which they enjoy this ancient fête. If distinguished persons are present, they are requested to open the ball, a thing which is always complied with. At sunset lamps are lighted, and the dance continues until eleven o'clock. The maidens are again conducted home in the same manner, and each is delivered into the hands of her parents. It was at the castle and domain of G——k, the property of C—t F——s, where we witnessed one of these fêtes. The family of the Count had partaken for half an hour in the popular rejoicing. For this honour the young people brought them a serenade.—*Austria as it is.*

# Anecdotiana.

### REFRESHING A QUEEN'S MEMORY.

It is related of our Maiden Queen Elizabeth, that enjoying the air at one of her palace windows, she beheld a gentleman musing, to whom she had not realized her promises of favour, she sent for him, and said, "What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?" After a short pause, he answered, "He thinks, madam, of a woman's promise." The queen drew in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, I must not confute you; anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor."

### MOZART THE COMPOSER.

When Mozart had composed his *chef-d'œuvre*, Don Giovanni, he hastened to Prague to lay his work before a public, which, as he expressed himself, was alone capable of giving a correct opinion of the merits of his production. It was accordingly performed through three successive nights. The enthusiasm increased with every performance. When he returned to Vienna, this master-piece met there with a cold reception; the Emperor Joseph was present during the performance. Mozart was called before the monarch:—"Mozart," said the monarch, "your music would do very well, but there are too many notes in it!"—"Just as many," replied the offended artist, "as there ought to be!"

This kind-hearted soul received soon after an invitation from Frederick the Great, with an offer of 5000 florins salary; his own was but 800 florins, 80*l.* While hesitating, he was called before his Sovereign, Joseph II. who addressed him; "Mozart, you are going to leave me." Overpowered by the kind tone in which these words were pronounced, he, sobbing, and tears gushing from his eyes, could only reply, "No, never will I leave your Majesty!"

### THE PARSON'S TOAST.

Lord Clive, one day after dinner, asked a chaplain to one of the regiments in the East India Company's service, for a toast, who after considering some time, at length exclaimed with great simplicity, "Alas! and alack-a-day! what can I give?"—"Nothing better," replied his Lordship;—"Come, gentlemen, we'll give a bumper to the parson's toast.—A *lass*, and a *lac* a day."

## EPIGRAM

ON THE LATE JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

Some pious old ladies are said to grow wild,
When they hear so much talk of Joanna *with child*
And swear, as they lift up the whites of their eyes,
That it can only be by the *Father of lies.*

## EPITAPH

ON FRANK ROW, OF SELBY.

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish-clerk and grave-stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for other's used to do,
Is now for Frank done by another.

ON A MR. JOHN SULLEN.

Here lies John Sullen, and it is God's will,
He that was Sullen shall be Sullen still;
He still is Sullen:—if the truth ye seek,
Knock until Doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| March23 | | Mar. 23 | St. Edelwald was an English Benedictine monk of Rippon. He afterwards became a hermit, and was buried by St. Cuthbert, in St. Peter's Church, at Lindisfarne. He is said to have died A. D. 699.<br>1801. The emperor Paul, of Russia, supposed to have met his death by strangulation at St. Petersburgh, a death that tyrants have often met with. |
| | St. Edelwald. | | 1824. The beautiful collection of Paintings, the property of the late Mr. Angerstein, purchased by government, towards forming a National Gallery. |
| —24 | St. Irenæus. | — 24 | St. Irenæus, was bishop of Lyons, and a native of Greece. He was beheaded during the persecution of Severus in 202.<br>1602. Died at Richmond, in Surrey, Q. Elizabeth, ÆT. 70, in the 45 year of her reign. She was born at Greenwich, in Kent. It is said of Elizabeth, that she gloried in the title of a virgin Queen, and refused several matrimonial overtures; yet was supposed to be pleased with these applications.<br>1603. James I. crowned King of England. He was son of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, by her cousin, Lord Darnley. Buchan, the Scotch historian, was his tutor, and when accused of having made him a pedant, replied "That he could do nothing better with him." |
| — 25 | Lady Day; or the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary | — 25 | This day celebrates the angel's message to the Virgin Mary, respecting the Saviour of the World. The Roman Catholic Festival of the Annunciation is commonly called in England, *Lady Day*, which is one of the legal quarters.<br>The Roman Feast, Hilaria, observed in honour of the Mother of the Gods.<br>1815. The allied Sovereigns of Europe entered into a treaty to exterminate Napoleon Buonaparte.<br>1688. Parochial Charity Schools first instituted in London and its vicinity, for the education of the children of the poor. |
| — 26 | St. Ludger. | — 26 | St. Ludger was bishop of Munster, in Germany, and died A. D. 809.<br>1811. A lamentable fire took place at Rohenfield, in Hanover, which consumed above 150 houses. |
| — 27 | St. John of Egypt. | — 27 | St. John was a hermit, inured to obedience by an ancient holy anchoret. He is reported to have lived on the top of a high rock from the 42 year of his life, until the year of his death, A. D. 394.<br>1625. James I. expired at Theobald's, near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire. This Seat formerly belonged to Lord Burleigh, who often entertained his Royal mistress Q. Elizabeth at this residence.<br>1625. The unfortunate Charles I. succeeded to the crown on this day.<br>1802. The brief peace of Amiens concluded.<br>1812 The French Flotilla defeated before Dieppe, by Captains Harvey and Trollope, of the *Rosario* and *Griffin* sloops. |
| — 28 | St. Sixtus III. Pope. | — 28 | Sixtus III. was a priest of the Church of Rome, and succeeded Celestine in the Papacy. He was accused of debauchery by Anicius Bassus, who had been consul, and was cleared by a council of 56 Bishops. He died A. D. 440, after having governed the Church of Rome nearly eight years.<br>1483. Born at Urbino, Raffaelle, (Sanzio) the celebrated painter. The Cartoons at Hampton Court, by him, are existing memorials of his great fame; these paintings have been engraved in a stile equal to the masterly efforts of the painter, by the late Mr. Holloway, the historical engraver to the King, who laboured nearly thirty years on them.<br>1757. Robert Damiens, the regicide, was executed with horrible torture, for attempting to assassinate Louis XV. of France, at Versailles.<br>1801. Died, the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in Egypt, after defeating the French, at Aboukir, on board Lord Keith's ship.<br>1802. On this day the new primary planet, *Pallas*, was discovered. |

The Death of Clorinda.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE SUBJECT OF THE EMBELLISHMENT

Is the death of the valiant warrior maid Clorinda, she having been left behind by her party, the Pagans, whilst effecting a retreat from the Christians, who were fiercely pursuing them for firing one of their towers, is overtaken by Prince Tancred, a Christian leader, who she engages with, and by him is slain. He is supposed to be motionless with amazement on discovering that he has unknowingly mortally wounded Clorinda of whom he was enamoured.

But now behold the mournful hour at hand,
In which the fates Clorinda's life demand.
Full at her bosom Tancred aim'd the sword;
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gor'd:
The sanguine current stain'd with blushing red
Th' embroidered vest that o'er her arms was spread.
She feels approaching death in every vein;
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain:
But still the Christian knight pursues the blow,
And threats and presses close his vanquish'd foe.
She, as she fell, with moving voice address'd
The prince, and thus preferr'd her dear request;
Some pitying angel form'd her last desire,
Where faith and hope, and charity conspire!
On the fair rebel, Heav'n such grace bestow'd
And now in death requir'd the faith she ow'd.
'Tis thine, my friend!—I pardon thee the stroke—
O! let me pardon too from thee invoke!—
Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,
For this I know no fear, and ask no care:
No, for my soul alone I pity crave;
O! cleanse my follies in the sacred wave?
Feebly she spoke; th: mournful sounds impart
A tender feeling to the victor's heart;
His wrath subsides, when softer passions rise,
And call the tear of pity from his eyes.
Not distant far, adown the mossy hill
In gentle murmurs roll'd a crystal rill:
There in his casque the limpid stream he took;
Then sad and pensive hasten'd from the brook.
His hands now trembled, while her helm he rear'd,
Ere yet the features of his foe appear'd;—
He sees!—he knows?—and senseless stands the knight,
O fatal knowledge—O distracting sight!
Yet still he lives, and rous'd with holy zeal,
Prepares the last sad duty to fulfil.
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,
A smile of transport brighten'd in her face,
Rejoic'd in death, she seem'd her joy to tell,
And bade for Heaven the empty world farewell
A lovely paleness o'er her features flew;
As violets mix'd with lilies blend their hue.

Her eyes to Heaven the dying virgin rais'd;
The Heavens and sun with kindly pity gaz'd;
Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of lasting peace,
She gave the chief; her lips their music cease.
So life departing left her lovely breast;
So seem'd the virgin lull'd to silent rest.

*Book* XII.

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## Recollections of Books and their Authors.

### LA FONTAINE THE SIMPLE.

It is natural for those who read the works of men of genius, to think that writers of such excellence should be endowed with talents in every respect superior to the common run of mankind; nothing can be more delusive than such expectations. Man is an imperfect creature, and though heaven sometimes confers upon individuals, talents of a certain kind in a super-eminent degree, it is seldom that any one man possesses a great variety of talents in unusual perfection. It oftener happens that men who are endowed with the singular faculty of excelling in one kind of composition, are remarkably deficient in other respects. It would seem that when a man's mind is so totally engrossed with one object as to enable him to carry that particular object of pursuit to an extraordinary degree of perfection, it is necessarily abstracted from others; so that it often happens that the faculty called common sense, which is that of deliberately comparing with one another the objects that occur in common life, and drawing just inferences from them, for regulating the ordinary transactions of life, seems to be entirely obliterated in these men.

La Fontaine, the celebrated fabulist, affords a remarkable illustration of the truth of this remark. Every person, the least conversant in French literature, is acquainted with the writings of this author, which possess, in an unequalled degree, an ease, an elegance, a natural, unaffected simplicity, both in thought and expression, that other writers have in vain attempted to imitate. Yet this man, though endowed with the faculty of writing in a manner that no other person has yet been able to attain, was so deficient in the article of common-sense, that, in the ordinary transactions of life, he was scarcely to be distinguished from an idiot

The following anecdotes of this singular genius can scarcely prove uninteresting to any one who wishes to become acquainted with the human character.

Jean de la Fontaine, remarkable for carrying to its highest and most amusing pitch, the quality which the French happily call *naïveté*, or nativeness, that is to say, a certain fresh taste of the most natural and ingenuous feelings that are innate with us, was born at Chateau Thierry, July the 20th, (8th O. S.) 1621. He was of a gentle and easy disposition, without pride, incapable of hatred, and free from the passions which tyrannize over the souls of most men. Happy would it be for society, if it were composed only of men like him. It is true he did not add to the pleasures of society in his own person, however much his writings contributed to that end. Those who saw without knowing him, had no other idea of him, than that of a man who was both disagreeable and very tiresome. He spoke little, and unless the talk was of something to his liking, he remained in a stupid silence, which any one unacquainted with his genius would have taken for confirmed idiotism. If he told a tale, he related it lamely; and that author who had written stories so natural and so lively, interested nobody when he related one. There are other examples, which prove that with much wit, and a variety of talents, a man may not have the gift of conversation.

Fontaine was well-educated, and, at nineteen, went among the Fathers of the Oratory, but left them soon afterwards. His father, who was the forest-keeper of the district, put his son in his place, but he had less taste for business than for polemics, and quitted the forest-hedges to converse with the birds. His discovery of the poetic faculty, however, was of a piece with the rest of his simple and off-hand character: for he did not find it out till his twenty-second year, when upon accidentally hearing an ode of Malherbe's repeated, he was seized with a transport, which hurried him at once into the arms of the Muses. He chose the wildest and the giddiest, but by no means the least knowing of the family, retaining nevertheless his personal character for extreme stillness and simplicity. Of these apparent contradictions, the phenomenon called La Fontaine, was ever after composed. He was a good scholar, could be critical with Quintilian, and romantically moral with Plato; but his favourite authors were the romancers and novelists of Italy, and such of his own countrymen as had given way to their animal spirits before him, such as Rabelais and Marot.

One of his biographers has well said, that though averse to restraint of any kind, yet, to oblige his parents, he "*suffered himself* to be married;" and he was espoused to Mary Hericard, daughter of a lieutenant-general de la Ferte-Milon. An anecdote of this marriage will display his character in the truest and most amusing light. His wife, while he was present with her, sufficed him with her beauty and wit, and he used to consult her on what he wrote, but the Duchess de Bouillon, coming to Chateau Thierry, and Fontaine being introduced to her and pleasing her, he was tempted by her society, and by the hope of getting among the Parisian wits, to follow her to the metropolis, where he made no more ado, but took up his abode there like a bachelor. Soon after this step, a pension was procured for him; he was subsequently in the service of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans the sister of our Charles the IInd, and finally settled for twenty years in the house of the witty Madame de la Sabliere, who having one day discharged all her servants in a pet, said "she had retained but three animals of her former establishment——her cat, her dog, and La Fontaine." It was the same lady, who, in allusion to the apparent insensibility with which he put forth the finest productions, called him "the fable-bearing tree."

In the meanwhile, he had by no means quarrelled with his wife, but used to go down in the country to her every September, the lady perhaps being well contented to pass the rest of her time as she pleased. They were neither of them economical, and whenever he made a visit, he used to contrive to part with some piece of his family property in house or land, so that a handsome estate was well nigh consumed. Whether this, or any other of his habits, produced a rupture, we cannot say; but we read of his being advised to reconcile himself to Madame de la Fontaine and of his going down in the country for that purpose.

He set out, in consequence, from Paris, in the public stage, arrived at his house, and asked for his wife. The servants who did not know him, told him that his mistress was at evening prayers. Fontaine went directly to the house of a friend, who gave him supper and a bed, and kept him for two days; when the coach was ready to return to Paris, Fontaine got into it, and thought no more of his wife. His friends were surprised to meet him so speedily in town again, and upon asking him about his reconciliation, he replied, with his usual air of simplicity and sincerity, that "he had been down

to see his wife, but was told that she was at church."

He continued in the establishment of Mad. de la Sabliere nearly twenty years. A day or two after losing this generous patroness, he met his acquaintance, M. d'Hervart: "My dear Fontaine," said that worthy man to him, "I have heard of your misfortune, and was going to propose your coming to live with me." "I was going to you," answered Fontaine, with his usual *naiveté*.

There never was a man who believed what was told him so readily and implicitly, witness his adventure with a captain of dragoons named Poignan. This officer used to frequent the country house of Fontaine, and was particularly pleased with the conversation of his wife, whose society was very agreeable. Poignan was neither of an age, humour, nor figure to disturb the peace of a husband. However, some mischievous wits insinuated to Fontaine that all was not right at home, and that he was dishonoured, if he did not fight the captain. Struck with that idea, he gets up very early in the morning, goes to the house of his man, wakens him, and bids him dress and follow him. Poignan, who knew not what all this meant, goes out with him like an obedient gentleman as he was: they arrive at a remote corner of the city: "I wish to fight with you—I have been advised to it," said Fontaine: he explains his reason in very few words, draws his sword without waiting for Poignan's answer, and puts himself on the defensive. The combat is not long: the captain disarms him at the first pass: Fontaine is satisfied, and Poignan conducts him home, and they are reconciled at breakfast.

It was difficult to restrain him sometimes when on a particular subject. One day dining with Moliere and Despreaux, he inveighed against the absurdity of making performers speak *aside* what is heard by the stage and the whole house. Heated with this idea, he would listen to no argument. "It cannot be denied," exclaimed Despreaux, in a loud key, "it cannot be denied, that La Fontaine is a rogue, a great rogue, a villain, a rascal, &c." multiplying his terms of abuse, and increasing the loudness of his voice. Fontaine, without paying any regard to his abuse, went on declaiming. At last the company's roar of laughter recalled him to himself. "What is this roar of laughter about?" said he. "At what?" said Despreaux, "why at you to be sure: you have not heard a word of the abuse which I have been bawling at your ears, yet you are surprised at the folly of supposing a performer not to hear what another actor whispers at the opposite side of the stage."

Fontaine had a son whom he kept but a very short time under his own care. At fourteen years of age, he put him into the hands of M. de Harley, who was afterwards First President, and recommended to him his education and his fortune. He went one day to a house where his son was, but he did not know him: he told the company, however, that he thought the lad had wit and taste: he was then informed he was his son: "Indeed," said Fontaine, calmly: "I am very glad of it."

He was seen one morning by Madame de Bouillon, when on her way to Versailles, sitting under a tree by the roadside; on her return in the evening, there was La Fontaine in the same attitude, notwithstanding the day had been cold, and much rain had fallen!

Another trait may further serve to shew that a man who applies himself to abstruse studies, lives, as it were, out of the world that he moves in. Hence those natural and inattentive answers which so often furnish people of middling talents with occasions for ridiculing genius. Fontaine had received an invitation to attend the funeral of a person of his acquaintance. He went; the lapse of a few days had quite obliterated the recollection of his death, and he visited the same house, and informed the porter as he went in, that he had come to dine with his master: the porter, astonished, said that his master was dead and buried eight days ago: "God bless me," replied the poet, "so he was, but I did not think that it had been so long."

He was invited once to a dinner at a great house, in hopes of his contributing to the company's intellectual enjoyment. He took the invitation however at its word; and did so much justice to the dinner, that not a syllable could be got out of him. He even rose to go away, when he had done eating, and upon being asked why he did so, said he had to attend a sitting of the Academy. "But it is not time," said they. "Just so," said the poet, "but I always go soon." "But M. de la Fontaine," returned the guests, "the Academy is only over the way." "Ah, so it is," replied he; "true, I shall take the longest way then."

Rabelais, whom Despreaux used to call "Reason in a mask;" was always the idol of Fontaine. He was the only author whom he admired without reserve. He was one day at Despreaux's house with Racine, Boileau, and other persons of distinguished merit. There was a good deal of discussion about the merits of St. Augustine and his works. Fontaine did not join in the conversation, but kept

the most indifferent silence. At last he awakened as from a profound sleep, and asked of the Abbé Boileau, if he thought St. Augustine had as much wit as Rabelais? The Abbé, who seems to have had his brother's shrewdness, looking at him from head to foot, said, "M. de la Fontaine, one of your stockings is wrong side outwards," which was the case.

Racine took him in the Holy week to a *Tenebros*, and perceiving that the office seemed long to him, to amuse his mind, he gave him a volume of the Bible which contained the Prophets. He read the prayer of the Jews in Baruch, and not being satisfied with merely admiring, he said to Racine, "Baruch was a fine genius! who was he?" For several days afterwards, when he met an acquaintance in the streets, after the ordinary compliments, he raised his voice to say, "Have you read Baruch? He was a great genius!"

M. Racine, the son of the poet, who wrote the memoirs of his great father, says of Fontaine, that after having consumed his fortune, he still preserved his disinterestedness.

He preferred the fables of the ancients to his own, which made Fontenelle say, "Fontaine is foolish enough to think that the ancients had more wit than himself," a phrase, says La Motte, which expresses finely the character of a superior genius, who does not know himself, for want of examining himself with sufficient attention.

When the fables of La Motte appeared, it was fashionable in France to despise them. One evening, at an entertainment given by the Prince de Vendome, several of the first critics of the kingdom made themselves exceedingly merry at the expense of the author. Voltaire happened to be present: "Gentlemen, (said he,) I perfectly agree with you. What a difference there is between the style of La Motte, and the style of La Fontaine! Have you seen the new edition of the latter?" The company answered in the negative. "Then you have not read that beautiful Fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Duchess of Boulillon." He accordingly repeated it to them. Every one present was charmed—transported with it. "Here (said he,) is the spirit of La Fontaine;—here is nature in her simplicity. What *naïveté*—what grace!—Gentlemen, (resumed Voltaire,) you will find this Fable among those of La Motte." Confusion took possession of all but Voltaire, who was happy in exposing the folly of these pretended judges.

[*To be Continued.*]

## THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

'On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day break, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shoghing the dudeen," which may be translated, "smoking his pipe." The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys, went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one, nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo, I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said, with a melancholy smile "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no-ways complete. Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour, and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away in the water, so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her living little diving cap was gone, the salt tears, —doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant, Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much to see what luck would come out of it.

Yet he could not help pitying her, and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald, but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot, but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What is your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him, but he got no answer, and he was certain, sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him, he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whining all at once, —"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "Man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats, and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you my pet?—Now 'twas some ugly looking thief of a fish put that notion in your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife, he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion, "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she, "I am ready and willing to be yours Mister Fitzgerald, but stop if you please, till I twist up my hair."

It was sometime before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at, when that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close at the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind ripling along, and says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking, you are, my darling to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who is your father, my duck," says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he is the King of the waves to be sure!"

"And yourself then, is a real King's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be.

"Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a King your father; —to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick, "and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them."

"Oh yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that I'm thinking, is no-ways fitting for a king's daughter, so if 'twould not be displeasing to you just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets,—but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, your's is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed, and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one, need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the Strand, from Gollerus

to Ballinrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he——

"Please your Reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your Reverence," said Dick again, in an under tone, "she's as mild and beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the Priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her; and," said Dick looking up slily, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the Priest, "why there's some reason now in what you say, why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means, if she was ten times a fish, Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that may be would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple they returned to Gollerus, well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for, at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds——two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife minding the children at home, after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone, than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house and chancing to pull down a fishing net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her *cohuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he wont lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again; and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother, after being so long away from them."

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came floating over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learnt that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin in search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him, she was a

good wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country, as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS. —*Fairy Legends and Traditions.*

## TO MARY ON OUR BRIDAL MORNING.

Mary! yet the morn is young,
Her dew is on the flower,
And the early lark, as he sails along,
Hails the balmy hour.
Sweeter far her heraldry
Tells to thee and me, Mary!
Than the nearing banquets revelry,
Propitious, tho' it be, Mary!

Ere the sluggard, Luxury,
Recluse from morn's domain,
Of solitude the nursery,
Invokes us to her fane:
Arms entwined, a heart that glows
In unison with thine, Mary!
We'll rove where first thy cherished vows
Commingled sweet with mine, Mary!

Time, our tardy pilot, now
Descries the bourne of bliss,
The urchin god unbends his bow,
But dwells in Hymen's kiss.
Bright as yon orb in the cloudless sky,
Our loving course has run, Mary!
Bright as the light of thy lucid eye,
It shall end, when life is done, Mary!

Say why peeps in thine eye that tear,
Vieing with morning dew,
Flows it for those in thy hearts zest dear,
Than I, who are not more true?
Oh! let thy smiles exstatic mien,
Exile the blight away, Mary!
Nor let it more in those orbs be seen,
To mar their native ray, Mary!

Could guile its heartless tenure hold,
In seraph angels mind,
Could vows like thine to me be cold,
Ere I with thee combined.
Didst thou not look as now thou dost,
In silent truth arrayed, Mary!
I'd ask if I was loved the most,
Or, was thy love decayed, Mary?

I'd render up all earthly hope
Of happiness, and thee,
Ere I would see thee coldly droop,
In faded love, to me:
I'd charge thee banish memory,
I'd bid thee go thy way, Mary!
And love, where not th' ungenial sigh,
Could lover's hearts betray, Mary?

I fear it not, I know the tear
That glistens still resplendent,
Inhabited not the realms of care,
But of joy, as itself transcendent.
Wend thy way thou slothful sun,
The moon, the moon, for me, Mary!
She is the light, by Fairies spun,
For lovers like me and thee, Mary!

W. MORLEY.

## I'D BE A POETESS.

BY H. BRANDRETH, JUN.
*Author of Field Flowers, &c.*

I'd be a poetess gifted with song,
Ranging the valley, the hill, and the grove;
And as I wandered the woodlands among,
Waking the echoes to music and love.

Beauty and honours to some may belong,
Some the bright sunshine of glory may prove;
I'd be a poetess gifted with song,
Waking the echoes to music and love.

I'd have a dear little isle of my own,
Free from the blights and the tempests of life;
Love in the midst should establish his throne
Splendent with hope and with happiness rife.
I would leave beauty and honours alone,
Beauty and honours but lead us to strife:—
I'd be a poetess placed on a throne,
Splendent with hope and happiness rife.

Far from the world, from its joys and its fears,
Thus would I live in my own little isle;
And if the summer-rose woke amid tears,
Zephyr should kiss them sway with a smile.
Wealth her proud palaces vainly uprears,
Splendour and wealth seldom come without guile;—
I'd be a poetess, deeming such tears
Life's richest dowry, so love wept the while.

*La Belle Assemblee.*

## GIPSIES.

(A SYLVAN SKETCH.)

WHAT a singular and solitary life these Gipsies lead! How uncultivated and antisocial they are! And to what voluntary hardships they are exposed! Like bees, they have their monarchs, like bees they haunt the fields, but their princely usages are opposed to real good, and are oppositely different to the virtuous insects of honey and wing. It is a vulgar and mistaken notion that Gipsies live on animals which die naturally, and are supported by the means of begging; they are adepts in cunning which can penetrate more cultivated and susceptible minds. The manner by which they dress their food is peculiar; and it being covered with wood-smoke is unsavoury to delicate taste; yet, had a Gipsy's dish been taken to the dinner table of the translator of Homer, he, being fond of unseasonable ragouts, might have immortalized it in song. Neither Mrs. Glass, nor the hostess of the Cleikum, has disserted on the culinary process of the Gipsy tribes, and it would puzzle Ude himself to define the precise mode of dressing a snared hare, or pheasant, over hissing greenwood and white ashes. What an epicurean loss is this to the *apes* of fashion. To those who have no appetite for common food, and can eat nothing in season. But a higher treat than this remains for the Londoner,—to him, a peep into a Gipsy's Camp is prodigiously romantic!—A jaunt to Norwood or the Green Lanes, in a summer's day, is one of the most superlative luxuries, he and his weekly confined lady can enjoy;

and especially so, when drawn into the illusive circle of the Sybil's charm. To such a pair of enthusiasts, there is something relishable, moreover, in being driven under the green branches, when the blast rises suddenly, and a storm falls irresistably to the parched ground; and, if not too frightened for reflecting, they might compare the calm with pleasure, the storm with life's trials, and the changing atmosphere with the variable temperament of passion. But a country fair is the true element of a Gipsy. Not to mention its adjacency to farm-yards, hen-roosts, and credulity. Like the fruit-sellers in town, Gipsies take their appointed station accordingly as they are qualified. One of them exercises his skill in gymnastic sport, and profits by it. Another entertains ths dancing couples up and down the 'Rent Feast Room,' with the violin, at the village inn. A third solicits the credulous to dip in the lucky bag. A fourth sits under the eaves of a thatched shed, half concealed from public recognisance, and with her dark bright eyes draws the admiring youth: her tongue moves too with rapid charm, and her thousand wild black curls, increase her attractiveness, till she crosses his palm with silver, and tells him all his thoughts of love and beauty. Like many of their betters, Gipsies are pick-pockets. Like painters, they live by art; yet, not like painters, their art supports them. But of what use are Gipsies to society? This question might apply to three-fourths of mankind. If our actions tend not to increase the stock of human happiness, of whatever our tribe or kindred, we live in vain. P.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAR

"I can never forget the impression I received when I first visited Westminster-hall: the high antiquity of the building; the solemn purposes to which it was devoted; the imposing reality of all upon which a youthful imagination had long and fondly dwelt; the presence of men, whose names had gone forth to the uttermost parts of the earth, and with which I had been familiar in another hemisphere; even the antiquated but yet appropriate costume of the judges: and no whit less their strange and unmodernized appellations, (they would have fitly graced the Year-book,) created and sustained the delusion that, in despite of reason, carried me back to far distant times, and to things which I had deemed obliterated from the minds, and wholly withdrawn from the affections of living men. Those whom I beheld seemed separate and distinct from all I had witnessed but the moment before—as Irvine's fine and wilderness-adapted countenance and figure from the red-waistcoated and Manchester-clothed beings who sit beneath him. I looked with curiosity, first at them, then at the wooden prototypes above, to see which would first give signs of life: they were to me reverend creatures of another element; patriarchal images; beings who had survived long centuries, and, when one prepared to speak, verily I expected to have heard some version of good old Norman French flow from his tongue. Then their very names were (as I said, and as the Americans would say,) awful. There was Sir Nash Grose—how it grated on the ear! I remember shuddering simultaneously and sympathetically with himself as I heard that name, and listened to him, while, in tremulous and broken accents, he pronounced the doom of an offender of those days who stood there in his later generation before him; his pale and deeply furrowed countenance, and white overhanging eyebrows were themselves a study for the character of Lear. Sir Soulden Lawrence—he seemed of the times of Runnymede, at the least; bold, bluff, and spirited. Sir Giles Rooke;—old John Heath—his palsied head for ever shaking beneath the weight of years; decrepid to very childishness in appearance, but of sound and wholesome, and vigorous intellect. Sir Beaumont Hotham, and Sir James Mansfield:—and then there were Sir Simon Le Blanc and Sir Allan Chambre. The last two were Normandy against the world. I should have so liked, I thought, to talk something with them of William Rufus:—even to get hold of some reminiscences—some tale of scandal of the Virgin Queen, would have been a treat; and there were others whom I would fain recollect, but human memory must not be taxed above its strength. It seems as if it strove for existence beyond its birth, in calling to mind such images; and that one must go "beyond the memory of man," even to the reign of Richard (in legal phraseology) to supply the defect. All things about them, too, were then in keeping with the staid and sober dignity—the venerable bearing—the high and cold reserve of those, the judges of the land: there was all the submission, deference, and respect that ever Carthusian evinced to Dr. Raine, in the conduct of the members of the bar towards them; and it seemed hardly a legal fiction that they were "before the King himself at Westminster." Judges were not the shuttlecocks they have since been; they

were permanent, so far as mortality permitted, and had grown old in office; their wigs seemed rather to have been blanched by years than by Barker's art, and all they did corresponded with their age, their rank, and station. One of them would as soon have adverted to the comparative merits of pugilism, as he would have speculated upon the less offensive degrees of assassination, or thought of refusing the Lord Mayor's annual feast. (Then too, by the way, the civic chiefs were quite another thing. There was Sir Brooke Watson and his wooden leg, his large wealth originally derived from half a barrel of molasses given him in charity; his pompous invitation, "You will do me an honour, Sir, I trust at four;" and his high veneration for Royalty, for Royalty itself was particularly partial to him. Then there was Sir William Staines, who, as he handled the fish trowel in his mayoralty, would entertain the princely ear with the tale of his having carried a hod and held a trowel; and Sir Watkin Lewes, once the proud and wealthy, but then poverty-stricken and in need—he lived and died in a chancery suit! Ask Sir William of the rest, I have no time, and he can tell you all about them.) But to our history—Edward Lord Ellenborough, or old Thurlow, would have annihilated the utter barrister who might have dared to remark on an involuntary yawn, and hold long discourses to the public, of his feelings, and sensibility, and irritability, and all other *bility*, but his capability. A king's counsel would no more have ventured to have cast aside his wig in the presence of the Bench, than he would have chosen to have been sent to the Bench itself. I scarcely think the judges of those days would have survived that shock. Erskine certainly once dared to raise his voice against his ancient master Buller: but all well-thinking men deemed the act scarcely inferior to parricide itself; and then the mercurial barrister was duly qualified as mad. Even that denizen corporation of a court of justice, the jury, were then really "good men and true," such as England could furnish in her better days. They were men of substance and of gravity, without undue pretension; and they knew their place: there was then no smiling, and smirking and nodding between them and the coif.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE STRANGER.

Weep not for the flower, that shall droop in the vale,
Where its wild youth was nursed by the wandering gale;
Too soon shall the wind, kill the beauty it nursed,
Ere the young bud of life to maturity burst.

The world has cold winds that will canker the heart;
And wither the breast, e'er the light blush depart,
Though the sweetest gem dwells there:—the fountain of tears,
Which flows, when the grief of another appears!

Then wound not the heart, 'tis the flower of the wild,
Where the zephyrs have danced, and the sunbeams have smiled;
One word of unkindness, may seer the gay leaf:
And why should delight wear the black mask of grief.

And mock not the stranger in poverty's weeds,
For the heart once hath smiled, which in penury bleeds;
And the lip which now quivers, once woke the light sigh
From beauties fair breast; and the tear from her eye.

He hath wandered, and toil'd, to behold the dear strand;
He hath sought for the white shore of liberty's land,
Should the soil of his hope raise the finger of scorn;
He will sink to the grave, broken-hearted—forlorn!

There is a bright star that looks down from charity's home;
Shall smile o'er the turf of thy last chilly tomb,
Should you raise the fallen heart in its desert of grief:
Then the cold wind shall pass from the comforted leaf. W.

## THE TRYSTING PLACE.

We met not in the sylvan scene
Where lovers wish to meet,
Where skies are bright, and woods are green
And opening blossoms sweet;
But in the city's busy din,
Where Mammon holds his reign,
Sweet intercourse we sought to win
Mid traffic, toil, and gain;
Above us was a murky sky,
Around, a crowded space,
Yet dear, my love, to thee and me,
Was this—our Trysting place.

We dwelt not on the linnets note,
Or skylark's warbling lay;
We heard not murmuring zephyrs float
Upon the dewy spray;
But sounds of discord met our ear,
The taunt but ill represt,
The miser's cold and cautious sneer,
The spendthrift's reckless jest;
Yet while we heard each other's tone,
And view'd each other's face,
We seem'd sequester'd and alone
In this—our Trysting Place.

They err who say love only dwells
'Mid sunshine, light, and flowers;
Alike to him are gloomy cells,
Or gay and smiling bowers;

Love wastes not on incensate things
His sweet and magic art,
No outward shrine arrests his wings,
His home is in the heart;
And, dearest, hearts like thine and mine
With rapture must retrace,
How often Love has deign'd to shine
On this—our Trysting Place. *New Monthly.*

## Laconics;

OR,

*Pithy Remarks and Maxims, collected from various Sources.*

COURTIERS

Behave to kings with regard to their understandings, as Gypsies do to their children, which they cripple and disfigure, in order to render them fit objects of charity, and to promote their trade of begging.

DEFINITION.

Men in general fall into an error in reasoning, by mistaking a description of things for a definition of them. It is with great difficulty we attain to the faculty of defining; as we perceive in reading Aristotle's definition of man and the soul.

AVARICE.

Men are not determined among themselves on the definition of avarice. The prodigal sees it even in the generous man, and the avaricious one calls generosity extravagance.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

How much it would conduce to our happiness to be select in our books and in our friends, to choose each more for their good sense than their knowledge, more for their being Christians than Philosophers, to be contented with a small but certain income, to have no master, and few servants, to be without ambition, envy, avarice, or a law-suit; to preserve our health by exercise instead of medicines, to adhere to our religious opinions, to love and hate only on just grounds, to let the pleasures of life pass by us without a murmur, and to wait with confidence for an eternal home hereafter.

CONTENTMENT

Is the true philosophers stone. The poor are rich that have it, and the rich are poor without it.

REASON.

Reason requires culture to expand it. It resembles the fire concealed in the flint, which only shews itself when struck with the steel

GENIUS.

Capacity without any views, signifies nothing, great views without capacity signify but little, and keep men in a state of mediocrity.

### THE PANORAMA—A NEW SIGN.

A country bumpkin, once riding to town,
Heard one of the passengers say
To the *Jehu* who drove them, "you'll perhaps put me down
At *the Panorama*, 'tis all in your way."

Hodge thought 'twas the sign of some far noted inn,
And exclaimed with a wondrous clamour,
"I'se heard that in Lunnun they're famous for gin,
We'll have some at the *Pan or Hammer*."

R. JARMAN.

## A CHAPTER ON HAIR AND BEARDS.

'God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it on my *hair*.'
*Samson Agonistes.*

ABULFEDA, the Arabian Historian, relates, in his memoirs of Saladin, that, when the Franks were rapidly acquiring the upper hand in Egypt, the Caliph, in his terror, implored Sultan Muraddin's aid, and accompanied his earnest entreaty by the homage of his wives' *abscinded locks*. An inquiry into this passage, which has proved a Gordian knot to more than one learned cranium, will afford a more amusing occupation than would, at first sight, appear, 'to square with the occasion.'

From remotest antiquity, the hair of the head and chin has been cherished with a degree of respect, bordering, among Eastern nations, upon positive veneration; nor has even Jew, Turk, or Russian, in our own days, departed from the predilection of their forefathers for this once reverenced adornment of the 'human face divine.' We are informed by Pocock, that, when the Egyptians permitted their slaves to wear beards, the mere permission denoted that they were restored to freedom. A greater insult or disgrace could not be offered to a person, than to deprive him of his beard. The loss, indeed, of the hair, either of the head or chin, was of itself symbolical of vassalage; and we may judge of the excess of idolatry, to which this prejudice in favour of the lock and beard was carried in ancient times, by the

supernatural potency, which Samson ascribed to his hair.

The Greeks, it is true, were accustomed to clip their locks, and, in general, did not allow them to descend below the shoulder; yet, that it might not, on this account, be inferred, that they were bondmen, they scrupulously sacrificed the first rape of those locks to some favourite deity. The haughtier Greek, however, prided himself on suffering his hair to grow at full length and flow in copious tresses, down to his waist or elbows, and delighted in having it said of him, not that he was 'polished,' but that he 'wore long hair.' The reverse of this custom prevailed among the earlier Christians, who considered it a proof of humility to have their heads shaved, precisely after the fashion of the Thracian slaves, whose distinguishing mark was a bald pate, with a tuft of air on the crown of it. It is more than probable that the tonsure of monachism arose out of this practice.

The hair was equally a token of freedom among the Arabians. Combatants, releasing their prisoners without ransom, cut off a lock from their brows, and carefully preserved it in their drinking-cups, as a proof that it had stood in their power, either to slay their captives, or retain them as slaves. It was also customary, at the celebration of the baptismal ceremony, to present the sponsor with a locket of the infant Christian's hair, as a sign that he was consigned to the care and protection of the party responsible for his nurture in the true faith. From this custom sprung the ceremony of cutting off the hair, which the Greek Church ordains to be celebrated on the eighth day after baptism, and the Latin Church equally admitted among its rites in earlier times. Nor should it be forgotten, that among the various modes of adoption, formerly practised, one of them consisted in shaving a child's head; in proof of this, it is recorded, that when Charles Martel, the French major-domo, sent his son, Pepin, to Luitpraud, king of Lombardy, he entreated him to cut off his hair, or in other words, to adopt him as his child.

At a later period, we find Bormund, prince of Antioch, when taken prisoner by the infidels, sending a confidential message to Baldwin, subsequently king of Jerusalem, with a lock of his hair in token of his captivity; and, on another occasion,—that of the Saxon's breaking out into rebellion against Clothaire of France, and defeating Dagobert, his son, in Holland,—the latter despatched one of his suite, with a lock of his hair, requiring instant succour from his parent.

Surely, enough has now been adduced to show that, when Saladin, who deemed himself the mightiest of all earthly potentates, sent the locks of his wives to Muraddin, he meant to intimate that he was reduced to the last extremity, and apprehensive of seeing those, who constituted his dearest treasure upon earth, dragged into foreign slavery.

Before we take leave of the reader, we will glean for his amusement an interesting fact or two, not unconnected with these topics, from the annals of our Gallic neighbours, the lords of taste and fashion in a semi-refined age.

Of old, a lengthy beard not only distinguished a native of Gaul, from the inhabitants of the various countries his prowess had subdued; but was esteemed a badge of honour, every youngster, in consequence, felt himself bound to bestow a more than common care on the first shoots of his chin and lower lip. Towards the end of the eleventh century, however, William, Archbishop of Rouen, thought proper to declare war against long hair and beards, and carried his hostility to such a pitch, as to prevail upon a Council, held in 1096, to issue a decretal, that all such as irreligiously persevered in wearing their hair long, should for ever be excluded the pale of the Christian Church, as well as the benefit of being prayed out of purgatory after their decease. Custom, however, is second nature, and the laity refused to be shorn by the clergy. Zealous and gallant defenders arrayed themselves on the side of the 'bearded party,' and such was the fury with which the point was contested, that either side could boast a number of victims in its own good cause. But the most melancholy consequence arising out of this broil, was Lewis the Seventh's permitting his beard to be abscinded, and becoming thereby so despicable an object in the eyes of his consort, Eleanor of Aquitaine, that his days were not only bereaved of all domestic peace, but he was at last obliged to divorce himself from her. Within a period of six week's time, she became the wife of Henry, Duke of Normandy, and subsequently King of England, who received the provinces of Poitou and Guyenne, as her marriage portion. From so trivial a cause as this, may be said to have arisen that succession of wars, which desolated France for a space of three hundred years afterwards. Three millions of Frenchmen lost their lives, because an archbishop chose to denounce the use of beards, a king allowed himself to be shaved, and a queen consort considered him a contemptible puppy, from the moment he attempted to salute her cheek with a smooth chin.

In the course of time, beards went out

of fashion, and remained in banishment, until Francis the First restored them to their quondam dignity; their cousins german, the ringlets and long tresses, however, had continued to maintain their reputation, until that monarch, meeting accidentally with a blow upon his head, was compelled to undergo the operation of the tonsure, and, in order that he might divest himself of the appearance of a monk took immediate care to promote the growth of his hitherto beardless chin. From this moment, every dandy about the court decorated his phiz with a long beard, whilst the jurisconsult and ecclesiastic continued to strut in beardless gravity. Dating from the reign of Henry the Fourth, human ingenuity was actively engaged in devising perpetual variations in the form and cut of the beard. Some wore it round, others in the fashion of a fan, some in ringlets, and others of a long, narrow, pointed shape, like a cat's tail; it was tended day and night; perfumed, anointed, and deposited in a bag, when the owner sought his pillow. Its ultimate fate merged into the retention of a diminutive tuft below the under lip, and the creation of an upper beard—the renowned mustachio.—*The Athenæum.*

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, (No. XIV.)

### HOKE DAY OR TIDE FESTIVAL.

Among the ancient annual customs held in this country by our ancestors, that of Hoke-day, Hock-day, or Hock Tuesday, was conspicuous, it took place on the fifteenth day, or the second Tuesday after Easter, and was a solemn festival celebrated for many ages in England to commemorate according to tradition, the great slaughter of the Danes under Ethelred, in the year 1002, they having been during the time that monarch held sway, almost all destroyed in one day in different parts of the Kingdom, and that principally by women, but this traditional account cannot be relied on because that event took place on the feast of St. Brice, in the month of November. Another and more reasonable opinion is, that the institution celebrated the final extinction of the Danish power by the death of Hardicanute on the sixth day before the ides of June, 1042. Let the origin have arisen from what circumstance it may, the festival is still kept up in many counties, the women being the principal and busiest actors in the mirthful scene, they stopping all passengers with ropes and chains, and exacting some small matter from them to spend in conviality. This day was very remarkable in former times, insomuch as to be used on the same footing with Michaelmas, for a general term or time of account. We find leases without date reserving so much rent payable *ad duos anni terminos, scil ad le* hoke day, and *ad festum sancti Michaelis.* In the accounts of Magdalen College, Oxford, there is yearly an allowance *promulieribus Hockantibus,* of some manors of theirs in Hampshire, where the men hock the women on Mondays, and the women hock them on Tuesdays. The meaning of it is, that on that day the women in merriment intercept the way with ropes, and pulled passengers to them, desiring something to be laid out for pious uses.

### SINGULAR CUSTOM AT BEARN.

Formerly in Bearn, a province of France, a singular custom prevailed, when the wife was brought to bed, the woman when sufficiently recovered, arose, and the husband succeeded to her place, and to all the ceremonies attending that situation. It has been supposed that the people of Bearn received this custom from the Spaniards, of whom Strabo in his third book of Geography relates a similar usage. The same ridiculous farce was acted among the Tibareni, a people of Themiscyra, in Cappadocia, according to Nymphodorus, in his admirable Scholia on Appollonius Rhodius, book II, and among the Tartars, as is related by Marco Paolo, the Venetian in his voyages, book II, ch. 41.

## Science and Art.

### THE NEW NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

A number of workmen are busily employed in preparing the upper part of the King's Mews, at Charing Cross, which has been liberally assigned for the first exhibition, (which will be opened for public inspection in the ensuing May,) of our national productions in the various departments of the arts, mechanics, and manufactures, upon a plan similar to that of the Exhibition of National Industry, which takes place annually at Paris.—This country is greatly indebted to the Hon. Agar Ellis, for patronizing and carrying into effect so highly laudable a design. It is to be regretted that such an annual display as that which is about to be commenced in this kingdom, has never taken place before, as it is eminently calculated to be productive of the most beneficial results to the manufacturers of this great commercial nation.

MEDICINE.

"Professor Delpech, of Montpelier, asserts that six thousand soldiers, afflicted with the itch, were cured in a few days, "by washing their bodies twice a day, first with soap and water, and afterwards with a solution of the sulphuret of potass, (about four drachms of the sulphuret to a pint of distilled or fresh rose water)."—The Professor also states, that he has discovered by comparative trials, made in the hospital at Montpelier, that olive oil, rubbed over the skin, will as speedily cure those labouring under the disease, as the most sulphureous preparations in common use. He says that one hundred soldiers were entirely cured in an average period of seventeen days, by this treatment."—*New Monthly.*

MECHANICAL HAND.

An artificial hand has been made by Mr. John Veith, dentist of Edinburgh, which is constructed so as to effectually answer the most necessary purposes: the joints of the thumb and fingers are all complete; and besides being able to manage a knife and fork with ease, the person using it can, by the action of a spring, hold a book, make a pen, and do many other things with equal facility. When not in use, the artificial hand, covered with a glove, can be placed in any position the wearer chooses, and is then not distinguishable from the natural one.—*Ibid.*

CLEANSER FOR THE TEETH.

It is said that a mixture of honey with pure charcoal, will render the teeth white as snow. It should be remembered, however, that there is an acid in each of these substances.

WIRE-BRIDGE.

A suspension wire-bridge has been constructed over the Charente at Jarnac, in the west of France.

ULTRA-MARINE.

M. Tunel of France, has discovered the means of making an artificial ultra-marine, which is finer and more brilliant than the natural, and which he can afford to sell at less than half the price of the natural. The process at present remains a secret. We wish this discovery may prove successful, as it will be a great desideratum to artists, to possess such a beautiful blue at a rate more reasonable than that they have hitherto been obliged to pay, we believe about twelve shillings a small cake.

NEW INVENTED RIFLE.

A rifle-gun on the percussion principle, and a new construction, to fire by means of a spring instead of lock, has been lately invented by Col. Miller, of the Artillery. Instead of having the stock made of wood, the entire piece is formed of iron, the hinder part of the stock being perforated in order to render it lighter in the hand. On the right hand side of the stock, a strong spring is fixed by means of a screw; the head of the spring striking against the nipple or head of the touch-hole, on which the detonating cap is fixed preparatory to firing. The spring is provided with a strong pin or pivot which slides through the stock in a horizontal direction, when the piece is respectively cocked or discharged. This pivot contains a notch, which catches the trigger when the spring is set up for firing, and by pulling the trigger in the usual way, the spring strikes the cap, and the piece is instantly discharged. The principal merit of this invention is its simplicity and less liability to get out of order, its cost being not more than half the price of common firelocks.—*Weekly Review.*

## Anecdotiana.

JOACHIM BELLAY.

The following epigram was written by the above author, who is celebrated for his elegant Latin verses; it was addressed to a foolish author of a work entitled Nugæ, or Trifles:—

'Paul, I have read your book; and though you write ill,
I yet must praise your most judicious title.'

MALHERBE'S REASON FOR DUELLING.

Francis de Malherbe, who was considered the best poet and ablest critic of his time, at a very advanced age challenged a young man who had killed his son in a duel. His friends represented to him the rashness of his conduct, as he was then advanced in years. "For that very reason," says Malherbe," I will have my revenge, I hazard only a sous against a pistole."

THE LOST WIG.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in the Advocate's Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident befel him. It was at that time the custom for advocates to dress themselves in gowns and wigs at their own houses, and walk so habited, to the Parliament house. They usually breakfasted early, and when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles' Bell started the sounding peal of a quarter before nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air. It so happened that one morning

while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his morning treat, two girls who lived in the second floor above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which they had slung over the window by a cord tied round its middle, hoisting it up and down, until the creature became desperate by its exertions.

In this crisis, his lordship had just popped his head out of his window below, little suspecting what danger was over his head, hanging like the sword of Dionysius, when down came the exasperated animal, at full career, on his senatorial wig! No sooner did the Girls perceive what sort of a landing place their kitten had found, in their terror and surprize they began to to draw it up, but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprize on finding his wig lifted off his head was ten thousand times redoubled on beholding it dangling its way upward, without any means visible to him by which its motion was to be accounted for. The astonishment of the senator below—the half mirth and terror of the girls above—together with the fierce energy of Puss between, altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice. A subject from this scene might be embodied by George Cruikshank with considerable effect. G. B. C.

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### CHOICE ENTERTAINMENT FOR TRAVELLERS.

The following laughable anecdote is to form a part of Mr. Yates' forthcoming New Entertainment, which has been written for him by Hood, the prince of punsters. A traveller entered a hedge public-house, and desired to be served with dinner. Landlord: Got no dinner, sir.—Traveller: Well, then, let me have some tea and coffee.—Landlord: Got no tea and coffee.—Traveller: Some brandy and water, then, and a biscuit.—Landlord: Got no brandy and water, nor no biscuits.—Traveller: Give me some beer.—Landlord: Got no beer.—Traveller: No beer! why, you've got nothing in the house.—Landlord: Yes, we have, we've got an—*execution!*

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### UNION OF COURAGE AND COMPASSION.

When the Duke of Wellington advanced towards Paris in the July of 1815, "it was suggested that there was plunder enough to raise a magnificent monument to the victor." The conqueror replied, "a monument to *our* army must never be built with pillage." As he approached the city he was reminded that "when he entered the metropolis of France in 1814, the British troops had behaved to the French people with excessive delicacy;" "and I promise you," he answered, "that they shall behave with equal delicacy now."—*Pub. Char.*

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### TOKAY WINE.

Is, without doubt, the best wine in the world. With its taste, spirit, and fire, nothing can be compared: it is among the wines what the pine-apple is among the fruits. The reason why this wine is less properly valued in foreign countries, Russia and Poland excepted, is that there are four sorts of it. The first, called Essence, is even in Tokay, or Vienna sold at not less than 2*l.* sterling a bottle; so in proportion, the lesser sorts. What is drunk in London and Paris as Tokay, is genuine English or French produce.

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### EPIGRAM.

(*From Martial.*)

Lord William buys his clothes at dearest rate,
Yet buys them cheaply in right noble way;
"How can that be, and give a price so great!"
Why, fool, he buys on credit without pay!

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### INSCRIPTIONS ON CHURCH BELLS.

It is not unusual for parish bells to have inscriptions on them. The following is the inscription on the fifth bell in Bremhill:—

May the Church of England for ever flourish.

SIXTH BELL.

I to the church the living call.
And to the grave do summon all.—1736.

The following is the inscription on the eighth bell in the Tower of St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham.

I call to prayers, the living to combine,
The dead must hear a louder call than mine.

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### A PUNSTER.

"A Pun's more restive than a mule,"
Cried an arch wag of Munster:
"The animal may go by rule,—
"No rule will make a *pun-stir.*" P.

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### EPITAPH.

In the Temple Church, is the following lines to John White, who died 1664, the Son of Henry White, a member of the House of Commons, and a bencher of the Middle Temple.

Here lies a *John*, a burning shining light,
Whose *name, life, actions*, were alike
all *White*.

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### ON A WOMAN,
*Who had three Husbands.*

Here lies the body of Mary Sextone,
Who pleas'd three men, and never vex'd one;
This she can say beneath the next stone.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| April 19 | St. Leo. | April 19 | St. Leo was bishop of Toul, and in the year A. D. 1048, was chosen Pope. In 1053 he led a German army against the Normans, who had invaded Italy, but was defeated, and conducted back to Rome by the victors, where he died the year following. He was the first pope that kept an army. |
| | | | Died at Missolonghi, ÆT. 36, Lord Byron, one of the first poets of the age, after an illness of ten days. The Greeks in consequence ceased from celebrating their Easter festivities. |
| — 20 | | — 20 | 1641. Expired, Dr. John Davenant, bishop of Salisbury, ÆT. 71. He was elected previous to his being made a bishop, master of Queen's College, Cambridge, where he was educated. In 1621, he was made bishop of the above See. He was a man of great learning, and a strong Calvinist. |
| | St. Agnes died, A. D. 1317. | | 1657. This day is the anniversary of the destruction of the Spanish fleet, effected by the gallant admiral Blake, after being resisted four hours by the Spaniards. |
| | | | 1814. The late king of France, Louis XVIII. made his public entry into London from Hartwell on this day. |
| — 21 | St. Anastasius, the Sinaite. | — 21 | St. Anastasius was termed the Sinaite, from being a monk of mount Sinai. He died A. D. 678. Some of his writings on Practical Divinity were published at Ingoldstadt, in 1606. |
| | | | 1142. Died, Peter Abelard, ÆT. 63, a learned doctor of the church. He was the celebrated lover of the no less celebrated Heloise, the niece of a canon named Fulbert, who engaged him to teach her philosophy. Instead of teaching abstruse learning, he taught her love. Their passion for each other was fatal to the peace of both. Pope has immortalized these lovers by the epistles which were published by him. |
| — 22 | St Caius. | — 22 | St. Caius was a Sclavonian, and kinsman to the emperor Dioclesian. He succeeded Eutychian in the papacy, A. D. 283. He suffered martyrdom in 296. |
| | | | 1509. Died of a consumption, at Richmond, the avaricious monarch, Henry VIII. ÆT. 51. During his reign gunpowder and artillery were added to the art of war. |
| — 23 | St. George. | — 23 | St. George, the Greek martyr. This saint is the patron of England; and on this day takes place the annual celebration of the birth-day of his present Majesty (George IV.) |
| | | | 1616. Died on the anniversary of his birth day whereon he had completed his 52 year, the celebrated William Shakspeare, of immortal memory, the father of the English Drama. For an account of him see last number of the Olio. |
| | | | — On the same day with Shakspeare in England, died the eminent Spanish writer Cervantes, ÆT. 68; the author of the delightful and ever entertaining Don Quixote, which work was written by him whilst languishing in prison for debt. |
| — 24 | St. Mellitus, archbishop of Canterbury died, A. D. 624. | — 24 | 1599. Born on this day, the protector, Oliver Cromwell. The discontent that crept into his army at last, is said to have occasioned the illness which terminated in his death. He was a man of great courage and indefatigable industry, but a most intolerable bigot and hypocrite. |
| — 25 | St. Mark, the Evangelist. | — 25 | This Evangelist wrote his gospel about the year A. D. 43. He died in the eighth year of Nero, and was buried at Alexandria. |
| | | | 1776. The birth-day of her Royal Highness, Mary, Duchess of Gloucester. |
| | | | 1800. Expired, at East Dereham, in Norfolk, on this day, the amiable and excellent poet, William Cowper, ÆT. 69. The popularity of his poetry speaks volumes in its praise. |

*See Page* 244.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1571, there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness, she did not suffer greatly ; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome ; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after times, it wished to compensate by piety, the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks ; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shewn, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter ; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Baltesar—the third black, for Melchior. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination of the Catholics ; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness, to religious feelings—though a glance at history is sufficient to shew their spuriousness.

It was in this church that Adelaide was

buried with great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and, with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance given up; the place was full; and, when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a-year, and shews the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Petier Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork

has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favorable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed: the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, "that he could lend no monies on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hardheartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly, a thought struck him like lightning:—he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience, as well as he could, with this opiate, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but, by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress, wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him lest its being open should be seen by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion, and, as he did so, the story came across is mind of the man who had visited a church at midnight to shew his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and, as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work, A sickness seized him at the thought, and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eye fixed on the coffin; when—was it real, or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

"If I had only time," he said to himself—"if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resem-

blance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones It's all nonsense, though ; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it.

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labour. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him ; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him ; and so strong had been the illusion, that, when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, " Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh no ! —it is for my wife and children."

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spake thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its finger : but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp !*—his hand was clutched, aye, firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence ; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain,—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

* See Illustration, page 241.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a death-like swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place, to the Burgomaster's house where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not 'till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last, he opened the window, and enquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour ?—" It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.—" And who are you ?" again asked Adolph.—" Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster ; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."—Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

" What have you to say to me ?" he exclaimed.—" Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton ;—" not here ; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door ; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital ; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his future security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time, he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the

affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial.—"I would rather," he exclaimed,—"I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton who, it was evident, was labouring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secresy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?"—Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed!" said the Burgomaster. "Do you then think that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"—"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans; "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adoph.—"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them;"—"No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans. I have had a strange dream to-night; it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple-window."—"I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me." "If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to shew the way, delayed him with his reflections—so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopt, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is the custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men."

"Excellent," replied Adolph: "but go on."

Hans, however, had too long been indulged in his odd, wayward habits, to quicken his pace at this admonition. Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription. In short, he behaved like a traveller, who was taking the opportunity of seing the curiosities of the cathedral, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations, would avail him, submitted patiently to the humours of his old servant contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master:—"I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man: "there sits our deceased lady, on the altar, in a long white veil, and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand, he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.—"Adelaide," he cried, "I con-

jure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow—but I soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was, indeed, Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide!—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of——THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.—*Monthly Mag.*

## Recollections of Books and their Authors.—No. 2.

### LA FONTAINE THE SIMPLE.

*Concluded from Page 229.*

He lived in an extreme indifference to religion, as well as to other matters, but having fallen ill, he was recommended to read the New Testament, and he set about it. Charmed with the book, he said to Father Poujet of the Oratoire, who was his spiritual director, "I assure you the New Testament is a very good book; yes, in truth, it is a very good book; but there is one article to which I am not altogether reconciled; it is that of the eternity of punishment: I do not comprehend how this can be consistent with the goodness of God."

Some time before this one of his friends, who had his conversion at heart, had lent him St. Paul's epistles. He read them with avidity, but shocked at the apparent harshness of the writings of the resolute Apostle, he shut the book, and sent it back to his friend, with this message: "I send you back your book. This same St. Paul is not my man."

One of his confessors, seeing him taken dangerously ill, exhorted him very earnestly to think of religion and his soul with more attention than he had hitherto done. Fontaine said that he had never been either an infidel or a libertine. He then pressed him to make amends for the scandal of his writings, by giving alms. "I cannot," said the poet, "I have nothing; but they are making a new edition of my works, and the bookseller is to make me a present of a hundred copies—I give them to you—you will cause them to be sold for the good of the poor." Don Jerome, who told this story, declared, that the confessor, almost as simple as the penitent, came to ask if he could receive such an alms.

Being brought to a clearer knowledge of religious truths, by a third confessor, the priest represented to him, that he had received intelligence of a certain dramatic piece of his, which was soon to be acted; but that he could not be admitted to the sacraments of the church, unless he suppressed it. This appeared too rigid, and Fontaine appealed to the Sorbonne, who confirming what the priest had said, the sincere penitent threw the piece into the fire, without keeping even a copy. The priest then laid before him the evil tendency of his Tales, which are written in a very wanton manner; he told him that, while the French language subsisted, they would be a most dangerous inducement to vice; and that he could not justify administering the sacraments to him, unless he would promise to make a public acknowledgment of his crime at the time of receiving, and a public acknowledgment before the academy of which he was a member, in case he recovered; and to exert his utmost endeavours to suppress the book. La Fontaine thought these very severe terms, but at length yielded to them all.

Still one other trait which proves the simplicity of manners of this illustrious man, and the idea which those who served him had of him. The nurse, who was by his bed-side, seeing with what zeal the clergymen exhorted him to repentance, said to M. Poujet, "Don't torment him so much; he is more foolish than wicked. God will never have the heart to damn him!"

He died on the 25th of April, (13th, O. S.) 1695. Some stories are told of his having *consented* to repent of his writings, during a previous illness, though he thought it rather an odd and a hard proceeding. The accounts fall in well enough with his character; but if some orthodox French writers doubt them, they may be doubted by others. Among these is the story of his being found with a hair shirt on when he died. It is true, in one of his dedications, he seems to think that people expect some apology from him, and he makes it; but he soon sets off again in his old manner, and excuses it by calling himself the "Butterfly of Parnassus." The excuse has been thought a bad one; but considering his natural

goodness of heart, and the sort of irreprehensible ingeniousness and impulse with which he did every thing, it is perhaps deeper than it appears. There are bees about the sacred hill, and there are spiders also, who contrive to be tolerated. Why not give quarter to the butterfly? To quarrel with La Fontaine is to quarrel with the singing birds in the trees. We can easily conceive that his voluptuousness is of too animal a description. But such was the taste of his nation; and to judge by the rest of his writings, if there was any man who could tend to diminish guilt in pleasure, by the mere force of his good-nature, and by the absence of vicious intention, La Fontaine was the man. His fables contain such excellent morality, cheerful and generous, that the most objectionable productions of such a temper must be better than the morals of some men. His style is delicious. It is made up of the most extraordinary and relishing mixture in the world, of shrewdness and simplicity, ease and surprise, irony and good-humour, archness and unconsciousness. The English reader may have some idea of it, by fancying Peter Pindar turned graceful and good-natured, with none of his insincerity, and twenty times his knowledge and genius.

## DE FOE.

The first series of periodical essays published in England, was a work projected in the gloom of a prison. It is to Daniel De Foe, the ingenious author of the well known romance of Robinson Crusoe, that we are indebted for the invention of these elegant vehicles of instruction and amusement. The first number of what he called 'The Review,' was published in quarto, in the month of February, 1704. This work treated not only of politics, which seems always to have been a favourite subject of De Foe's, but also, under the head of what was entitled proceedings of a *Scandal Club*, he contrived to introduce strictures on points of theology, ethics, and poetry. But the reputation of this work was soon eclipsed by the superior spirit, wit, elegance, and learning displayed by Addison, Sir Richard Steele and others. Under circumstances highly favourable to the fostering of genius, and with the polish of classical attainments, these celebrated men easily out-rivalled a writer, who, with all his native stock of vigorous intellect, had but casually walked in the flowery paths of literature. The Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, are still read with delight in an age of what may be termed fastidious tastes: while, with the exception of his famous romance, the works of De Foe are forgotten. This may partly be accounted for by the temporary interest of the subjects. Yet, in Robinson Crusoe, though the scenes are related with great precision, and adherence to nature, there is frequently a meanness of expression, a vulgarity of phraseology, a needless colloquism, which would hardly be pardoned in any narrative of the present day. Perhaps it is owing to these imperfections that it has become such a favourite among the more homely class of readers. These inelegancies may, perhaps, give a more intense idea of reality to the scenes, as the language in which they are described is like that which we hear daily around us, and wears more the appearance of truth the less it seems artificial.

Robinson Crusoe, however, with all its faults of manner, is a highly interesting, moral, and useful narrative, and is apt to give rise to several important philosophical reflections. It exhibits the experiments of a human being thrown back as it were on the bosom of nature, forced to rely on the energies of his individual character, and receiving little other assistance from his fellow men than the impressions of that society from which fate seemed to have separated him for ever.

The source from which De Foe drew his materials for this romance is well known. It is supposed that his singular felicity in describing maritime adventures has operated much on the juvenile energies of his readers, and been one of the many causes which have given to our country her well earned naval superiority.

We have mentioned "The Review" of De Foe, we shall subjoin the following description of his person, copied from the Gazette, published January, 1703, offering a reward of £50 for his apprehension, as being the author of a seditious libel in that work.

"Daniel De Foe is a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown hair, though he wears a wig; having a hook nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth.—ILUSCENOR.

*(To be Continued.)*

## APRIL SHOWERS.

When Spring from torpid sleep awakes,
And smiles her joys so bright;—
When o'er the land her love glance break
In many a look of light;—
When, 'neath her magic steps, arise
The earliest sweetest flowers;—
In drops of verdure from the skies
Fall fickle April's showers.

But, while their cordial drops they give,
To cheer each op'ning bloom,
And bid each youthful bud to live,
They're clothed in frowns of gloom;

Tho' welcome to the earth as strength
To man's fast fainting powers,
The clouds that bring them last their length,
And circle April's showers.

And so with life!—the thoughts that bring
A tear-drop from the heart,
Are those to which we ought to cling
Without a wish to part;
For ne'er does virtue thrive so well,
As in those threat'ning hours,
When all her buds are made to swell
By Sorrow's April showers.

Tho' gloom round April weather flies,
Yet oft, each show'r between,
More lovely than from clearer skies,
A sparkling sun-ray 's seen;
And thus in life, we feel delight
When not a grief-cloud lours,
But there's a pleasure still more bright
Shines 'tween our April showers!

In infancy our thoughts are still,
As waiting for the Spring,
And ere it comes no wand'ring will
Is off on busy wing;
But soon young fancy wakes the mind,
And then all sameness sours;
No more in peace, we comfort find,
But long for April's showers.

Next love steals on and fills the breast,
And then, what hopes and fears!
Now disappointed—now right blest—
Now raptured—now in tears;
The storm and sunshine, mingled, wait
Around his happiest bowers;
And smile like bliss, or frown like fate;
Varied as April showers!

In ripen'd summer next we live,
More calm, more settled, feel;
Less hurt by aught misfortunes give,
Less joy'd by aught of weal:
But often, while we pensive range,
And think on by-gone hours;
We'd gladly see the clear sky change
To youth's loved April showers.

And, when our days are nearly spent,
And in our thoughts we view
The past, and find that each hope went
As each fresh prospect grew;
We mark the changes that we've known,
And with our latest powers
We sum them up, and then, we own
All life is—April showers!

R. JARMAN.

## THE PIRATES BELOVED.

*(For the Olio.)*

Frantic, she hears the fatal sound,
Her lovers dreadful doom;
Without a ray of hope around,
She seeks a liquid tomb.

She flies her nearest, dearest friends,
To rove the craigs among;
Were many an echoing cavern lends
Deep chorus to her song.

The darting swallows skim the deep,
And mournful santlines cry;
The lapwing's downy pinions sweep
Along the glowing sky.

The sinking sun's last golden rays
Gleam o'er the deep blue wave:—
O'erhanging clouds with crimson blaze,
To light her to her grave.

She sees the gray-rocks towering high,
In shattered masses driven;
The woodland's fading outlines fly
Before the dusk of even.

Adieu ye rocks! ye scenes adieu!
Here misery is mine;
Another day, bright sun, and you,
For me shall cease to shine.

A farewell glance around she flings,
And from the steep rock's side,
With desperate energy she springs
And plunges in the tide.

High on the rocks, the sparkling spray,
And briny waters bound;
She sinks—the dimpling ripples play,
In circling eddies round.

C. P. C.

## Origins.

### ORIGIN OF THE FASHION OF WEARING TURN UP POINTED SHOES.

Geoffrey Plantagenet Count of Anjou, one of the most accomplished and handsome men of his time, had the misfortune to have a large excrescence on the tip of his great toe; in order to conceal this imperfection, and walk easy, he had some shoes made with points turned up, of a sufficient length not to pinch him. No sooner had he these shoes, than every one was anxious to be like the count. This fashion was so much followed, and had such a run, that the different degrees of rank were known by the length of the points of the shoes. Those of the common people were six inches long, those of citizens, a foot; but those of gentlemen, lords, and princes, were never less than two feet; from whence came the French proverb *Etre sur un grand pied*, (to be in easy circumstances.) These points to the shoes increased so in length, that it was feared lest they should affect public order and the established religion: sermons were preached and ordinances issued against them, and Charles V. expressly forbade their being worn.

In England several centuries ago, it was the mode to wear shoes with large points curling up, which were attached by chains to the girdle.

### ORIGIN OF PATER-NOSTER ROW.

It is pretty generally supposed that Paternoster Row derived its name from the *Pater-nosters*,* usually sold there in

* "Chaplets of beads, of amber, or coral, or glass, or crystal, or gold, or silver. The nuns sometimes hung them from their necks."—Fosbroke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities.

days of yore: and that might reasonably be admitted as a very probable etymology, if no other could be adduced, with stronger marks of verisimilitude.—But, without the aid of the Paternosters, we find the origin of the name in the Romish processions on *Corpus Christi* day, or *Holy Thursday*, which may be thus traced.

Let us suppose the processioners mustered and marshaled in processional array, at the upper end of *Paternoster Row*, next to Cheapside. Thence they commence their march Westward, and begin to chant the "*Pater noster;*" which chanting is continued through the whole length of the street, thence called *Paternoster Row*. On their arrival at the bottom of that street, they enter what is now called *Ave-Maria Lane*, at the same time beginning to chant the Salutation of the virgin, "*Ave, Maria!*" which continues, until, reaching Ludgate-Hill, and crossing over to *Creed-Lane*, they there commence the chant of the "*Credo,*" which continues until they reach the spot now called *Amen Corner*, where they sing the concluding "*Amen.*"—*Gent's Mag.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAR.

*(Continued from page 234.)*

"Gentlemen," as the judge addressed them, was an epithet of honour—a title of distinction, and it was bestowed with condescension only proportionate to the obsequiousness with which it was accepted;—but they are gone too; now, forsooth, it is Esquire. "Butcher, and baker, and candlestick maker,"—solicitors — bankrupts—scavengers—*et hoc genus omne*, are all—all Esquires. "Gentlemen! marry come up!" Why the King, Brummell, and myself are the only three in or out of the empire that now care one pin about the title, (and one of us is getting old, God save the mark! and another has not a mark to save him; has abandoned his country, in very scorn of unprincipled innovation; and having played long a conspicuous part on life's large stage, has taken the "Siege de Calais" for his last benefit.) Then would the Lord Chancellor, in all decorum, proceed to Westminster on the first day of term, or to dine with the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, in his coach of estate. Lord Eldon was the first to resign it, the only thing, haply, he ever readily resigned. It is a pity it was, in fact, so expensive, for it certainly required six horses and footmen, and heaven knows what of paraphernalia —its progress was particularly suitable, being scarcely more active than that of his lordship elsewhere! It was a perfect Chancery machine. Erskine certainly revived the affair, for a moment, but it would not do for him—he was ever for posting it, and the trainbearer was o liged to hold him fast, in fear of his making a bolt by the window in a paroxysm of vivacity—so common prudence induced them to withhold it from him. Old Thurlow used to growl and swear the whole way from his house to Westminster, as it groaned onward; but Lord Loughborough was glad enough to put up with it, for it was, I believe, state property, and might not be touched; and, when he had it not, was even content to ride home with some generous barrister. I hope it still exists, and that Lord Lyndhurst has deigned to visit it in its hour of age and decay; for might its "velvet cushion" speak, of what strange things might it not tell, from the time of poor Charles Yorke, who received the seals, at his sovereign's command, but who wept with him who gave them, as he protested his duty towards his King was hostile to his promise to his party! He reconciled himself to either principle by returning to his house Lord Chancellor, and giving up his life. There was one other object, and that not the least, which might have been worthy of consideration, that was unhappily forgotten. Some say, in excuse of the last pretender to its honours, the vehicle broke down beneath the weight of papers, (affidavits and other things,) which were carrying home for reading; others that, in 1806, when the whigs came in, and it was destined to carry the seals to St. James's, it could not be got to move. This might have been so, but, for Heaven's sake, "let us get back to the King's Bench," as Lord Coleraine used to say, when he found himself at a dead halt as to his ways and means. It was then far more customay than it has been of late, for the justices of our lord the King to evince occasionally a sense of their proper dignity, and display the extent of their magisterial power, without any of the refinements of excuse, palliation, or explanation, that now accompany the rare occurrence of its exercise. I remember, one day, that a storm of wind and rain had driven an entire regiment of Westminster volunteers, although under arms, to seek for shelter within the Hall, (it was well that the French should visit us, as it must have been presumed, in fine weather,)—when Lord Ellenborough's attention was attracted by the clatter of the musquetry. "What is the cause of that interruption, usher?" vehemently demanded the judge. "My lud it is a volun-

teer regiment exorcising, your ludship." —" Exorcising! we will see who is the best at that—go, Sir, and inform the regiment that, if it depart not instantly, I shall commit it to the custody of the tipstaff." It was really fine to see the legal but unmilitary speed with which the battalion filed off at the first report. It was a word of command they had no inclination to disobey, and readily did they dare the fury of the elements rather than that of his lordship; they knew him well, and would almost as soon have encountered Bonaparte himself.

" There was a horse cause, I recollect, to which a certain privy counsellor was a party, and who, as of right, took his seat upon the bench at the hearing, and there, (while his adversary's counsel told his tale) ventured a whisper of remark to the Chief-Justice. "If you again address me, Sir W——, I shall give you in custody of the marshal." It was a settler for him, and, as it turned out, of his cause; for he lost it, and most justly too." —*New Monthly Magazine.*

## THE POWERS OF MUSIC
*(For the Olio.)*

'Tend to that sound of harmony
  Plaintive, wild, and melancholy,
Gently waft it, zephyrs sigh,
  Soft it tells, and holy.
Aptest hour, cherub's breath,
Calm, and still, and sweet as death,
  Soothing down the immadden'd brain.
Fainter now, to silence sighing,
Fitful, in the distance dying,
  Silence rules again.

Yet there's music in that pause;
  Gathering breezes, congregating,
List extatic to the clause,
  Sweeter melody awaiting.
Hark! it rises, 'tis the lay,
By virgin sang at close of day,
  To greet th' almighty ear.
Oh! when the gleby grave is near me,
With that strain to heaven bear me;
  'Twill banish grim Despair.

Power of music, magic might,
  Surely thou'rt from heaven sprung,
Who shall well thy praise indite,
  Unless by angel sung.
It is the voice that they do speak,
Wanting thy aid is warrior weak,
  Imparting hope to hopeless love,
The wicked man in penitence,
A thriftless life will recompense,
  And go with hope above.

Retreating hell sinks from his gaze,
  As heaven at last shines o'er him,
He weeps a prayer in death's dark haze
  And angels sing before him.
And even those we leave behind,
In thee a healing balm will find,
  Till the last soul shall go,
Where all at requiem speak thy tongue,
In heaven versed, the grateful song,
  Will sweeter numbers know. W. MORLEY.

## MEMORY'S GRAVES.
*(Memento mori.)*

The seas a burial place,
  In which no tomb is found;
Here hath true-love no casket-case,
  And hiding ground.

Here footsteps cannot tread,
  To keep their treasured clay;
Under the waves friends sink the dead,
  And sail away.

The storm exalts the waves,
  The ship is far and toss'd;
No finger can describe the graves
  Of messmates lost.

The ship herself is wreck'd;
  Her shrieking crew expire:
Their epitaphs on skies reflect
  In lightning's fire.

Thunder the requiem rolls,
  Grand, solemn, and serene;
Till silence all the scene controls,
  As nought had been.

Thus is the hungry sea,
  Like burial spots on earth,
Craving for immortality,
  And ending mirth.

But 'Memory's Graves,' contain,
  Corruptless forms—and keep
Their all of Life, excepting PAIN,
  And all of Death, but SLEEP. P.

## AMUSEMENTS ON SHIP-BOARD.

In some of his Majesty's ships, a kind of weekly newspaper is written for and by the Cockpitonians, and generally read aloud by one of them after supper on Saturday nights. Unlike the public journalists, who take a decided political part, displaying so much brilliant genius and varied talents, as always to make any side on which they write appear the best, these sportive marine compositions insert all kinds of opinions and articles, though usually containing remarks on passing occurrences, &c. squibs on the different characters on board; and, as some persons may be curious to know what sailors can find to say or write about in the middle of the ocean, the following extracts from the Cockpit Chronicle may serve, though very imperfectly, to explain, as well as to note, some of the events of the first week of their passage to England.

THE COCK-PIT CHRONICLE.

*Twenty Guineas Reward.*—Whereas, Patrick Donnavan, Esq. of the Marines was, on the night of the 23rd day of the *New* Moon, most inhumanly beset in the dark, by sundry ruffians in ruffles, while in bed. And whereas his person and bed-clothes were defiled by tar and other

liquid abominations, savouring strongly of the patent lather, used by the triturated villain known by the name of "Neptune's deputy barbarous barber:" and whereas, his person was also assailed by potatoes and other *metallic* substances, which he has sworn to before a justice of the peace, "whose knowledge is power." Twenty guineas reward is offered to any person who shall discover the perpetrator or perpetrators of this dark deed.

*To be Sold by Auction, by Mr. Smudge.*—On the 30th Inst. all the valuable Marine Stores of Saunders, Crookshanks, and Co. consisting of a variegated assortment of Mariner's Articles, independently of two Bibles and a Horn Spoon.

For Particulars and Bills of Sale, apply on the Premises, No. 1, Wing Street, Orlop Place, where the Sale will commence precisely at 1 o'clock.

*To Let.*—A Chest of convenient dimensions and admirable arrangements, suitable to the most elegant economy of human life. It was formerly the property of Mr. Paddy, but is now in the possession of the advertiser, Mr. Fire Eater, who regrets that he cannot refer to his present tenants, Messrs. Moth and Cockroach, for its merits, as they have already done *holy* damage to his property.

It may be seen every Saturday, by applying to Mr. Peter, at his Wine Vaults.

*A Card.*

All you who wish your hair in trim,
Your beards and whiskers quick to grow,
Apply for Bear's Grease to Old Tim,
Or for Macassar to Boco.

At No. 6, Best Bower Row, Tier Street, where they sell every kind of perfume that is grateful to the olfactories, and all articles necessary to complete a genteel toilette. They beg leave particularly to recommend their *Hair-brushes*, which, being made of split porcupine quills, are not only grateful to the touch, but, in the end, exceedingly economical, from their capability of serving the dentistical purpose of tooth-picks.

*To Unmarried Ladies.*

Give me the *Seldoms* before Sir John.—Mr. Gruff is desirous of entering the matrimonial estate with any lady who has *Seldoms* sufficient to keep house. His desires are moderate—roast beef, plum-pudding, and a pint of port daily, is all that he requires.

He wishes for something between old and young, and only objects to birds of fine plumage and sorrowful song.

*A Card.*——Mr. Longshanks, Stay Maker to the House of Lords, begs leave to inform the Nobility and Gentry, and the rest of his particular friends, that, in addition to his extensive stock in trade, he has lately received an exquisite collection of the newest fashioned corsets and best cut "Dickeys," together with an invaluable packet of Petersham's, paddings, and puffs.

He particularly begs leave to call the attention of Mr. Boco, and the rest of the leaders of the Orlopean fashions thereto.

Tom Pipes hereby gives notice, that he will pay no more debts of his wife Chloe, as witness his mark ⋈.

Dr. Diachylon may be consulted with the greatest secresy, at his house in Bay Street, Galley Square, from 10 to 11 in the morning, where and when he gives advice to the poor gratis. The doctor is desirous of obtaining a genteel, well-mannered youth as an apprentice, for, in the course of his operations, he is in the habit of cutting his finger, which is highly detrimental to the neatness of his practice.

N. B. "Perfumed pills for old ladies and lap-dogs, are made up without cost."

"A quantity of soap to be disposed of, on pleasing terms."—*Baltimore Gazette.*

*Run away.*—A native of the Emerald Isle, whose ancestors played "Hurley" on the Lakes of Killarney. His name was Tim when he escaped from the goodly bogs, or as it was then written Timothy in the books of his creditors. His present crime however, and that for which it is supposed he absconded, is not that of fraud, but merely for mistaking the meaning of an Act called Habeas Corpus; and also for having very freely indulged in a kind of national "jerking spasm" in his right arm, said to be very prevalent with his ancestor Jerry, of heroic memory, and which on this occasion, proved to be a sort of levelling system, injurious alike to the interests and high standing character of his master, who takes this opportunity of informing the public, that when he left the said Green Island he had little in him or on him, but, nevertheless, Tim's master will handsomely reward any person who shall apprehend the aforesaid vagrant personage.

*A great inducement for industrious investigation.*—Lost, stolen, or strayed—a cocked-hat, of elegant appearance, and long known in the Orlopean regions, ornamented with one dilapidated rosette

and sundry "*cable tier hinks.*" Any person who will give information of the same, before next Sunday's muster, to Mr. Tague, shall be handsomely rewarded. And, as a further inducement, it is highly probable, that the said Hibernian gentleman, being desirous of maintaining his characteristic generosity, will give a bill of exchange on his domain, to the finder, *i. e.* if his factor or middleman has not disposed of it previous to any person's having the honour to gain the aforesaid title of finder.

*Multum in Parvo.*

It is strongly reported that the king has, by accident, become acquainted with the blind-hookey system carried on in the upper house, and that the antique red-coated personage who is said to have lost in one night all the prize-money he gained during the war, is in deep disgrace at Court.

It is rumoured that a matrimonial affair is on the tapis, between the Honourable ap Shinkin, ap Shone, ap Morgan, ap Owen, Taffy, a descendant of Owen Glendower, and a Cambrian damsel, a relative of Caractacus.

This circumstance may account for the result of Mr. Taffy's lunar observations being out four degrees in longitude, as it was the distance between Luna and the Virgin Spike which he ought to have observed; but it is conjectured he mistook Venus for the latter star.

It is now firmly believed, that our Lad of the Fancy, Gliff, is a relation of Cribb from numerous gladiatorial emblems having been found in his possession.

The political intrigues of Smudge and the wary Scott, aided by the hot-headed Fire Eater and the mellifluous Paddy, ever seeking happiness in a row, together with the growling Gruff, anxious to be miserable, and supported by a powerful faction, have succeeded in deposing our amiable little Caterer, Peter the Great, who is observed to be pining from the effects of his late aërial elevation, and subsequent fall from authority in those submarine dominions, where he had so long and honourably presided.

Tim is in mourning for the loss of the grog bottle, the heart of which was broken during the rebellion, and that inoffensive weed, that nettle of the Cock-pit, Muzzy, being either mad, miserable, or in love, now makes verses, and has sent a consolatory epistle to him, of which the following is a part:—

"Oh, weep not, weep not! o'er thy darling's doom;
Black Jack shall all his mellow influence shed,
And give thy wanting cheek its wonted bloom;
Thy nose its old concomitant sweet red."

A young Boatswain's store-room was discovered, on Saturday last, in the starboard pocket of Thomas Pipes, containing marline, ratline stuff, points, sennit, twine, two foxes, a server, and a marlin spike; and regulations have been adopted to prevent any future embezzlement of His Majesty's stores.

A cartridge-paper hat was, on the same day, discovered under the dark envelope of an old black handkerchief on the pericranium of Mr. Wad, who, on being questioned on the subject, said, "he always wished to be light-headed in hot climates."

Mr. Chips has fallen under the suspicion of Government, his servant having been seen with canvass slippers soled with scupper leather.

The three worthies before mentioned, are respectfully warned against assembling together in the neighbourhood of the Magazine, as from the phosphoric influence of their prominent features, the safety of the community might be endangered.

*Copy of an original letter written by a seaman, who was under sentence of death, for having in a fit of drunkenness, struck an officer.*

DEAR JACK.—Drunkenness is the *forerunner of mankind.* I was in regard to that ere thing called *licker* when I struck the officer of the watch. I have been tried, and am to be hanged. So no more at present from your old shipmate,

JERRY ——.

We stated in our last number, that Mr. Gleaner, alias Mr. Nipcheese, was, in one instance, accused of mistaking his pocket for his mouth. We have the authority of the accuser to apologize to that gentleman, as his intention was merely to remark that there were many unsentimental *Gleaners* in his (Mr. Nipcheese's) profession.

*We calculate*, that the "*ginwine*" intelligence, which, upon "*inquerry*," we received from the American ship, last Tuesday, viz:—"That the Flushing Fleet had surrendered, and that they *guessed* many of them were already in the Downs," should be *reckoned* among the rest of the "*pretty particular, considerable*" bucket-fuls of Yankee phenomena caught during the cruize.

*Strange Significations of Letters Words, and Sentences.*

Modesty—A backwardness in coming forward.

"Nervous—A cloak under which physicians hide their ignorance."

Breaking your Mind—Speaking it.

Gentleman—A stiff-necked personage well versed in monosyllables and the three cuts, "celestial," "terrestrial," and "direct;" together with the inimitable lisp, and irresistable "How doo! Damn me! 'Pon honour!" and the rest of the Corinthian ejaculations.

D.D.—Dismal Dunce; one knowing how to put the Pope in purgatory.

M.D.—Male Demon; a person enveloped in a nervous cloak spangled with blue pills.

L.L.D.—Legal Legerdemain Delayer; also, Lurking Litigious Delinquent.

M.P.—Mere Post.

Soldier—A satanic servant, a mindless beau, one clad in red and lace, alias a fop

Sailor—A silly soul, one who wears blue raiment, alias a fool.

Speaking through the Nose—viz. when it is stopped.—*The Night Watch.*

## Illustrations of History.

### ST. GEORGE'S DAY IN THE TIME OF EDWARD III.

The learned Joshua Barnes in his history of Edward III, gives the following account of the celebrating of St. George's Day at Windsor. "In the beginning of this year (1358) King Edward issued forth his royal proclamation throughout all England, that all Knights, Strangers, from any part of the world, who had a mind to come to the feast of *St. George*, to be solemnly held by him on the 23rd of April at Windsor, should have his letters of safe conduct to pass and repass the realm at their pleasure, for the space of three weeks without the least impediment or danger, there to partake every one according to his degree and merit of those honours and prizes which attended the princely exercise of Jousts and Tournaments. And this high feast the King held in the greatest splendour imaginable, beyond all that he had ever done before; for the honour chiefly of the French King, and others of the nobility of France. To these solemn jousts came the Duke of Brabant, Sir Frank Van Hall, Sir Henry Eam of Flanders, and many great Lords and Knights of Almain, Gascoigne, Scotland, and other countries. The Queen of Scotland also, and many other great ladies, as well of England as of other nations came to Windsor, to this feast in their gayest and richest apparel. The pomp and magnificence of this famous entertainment, set forth as well as King Edward's greatness, as any other grandeur of state whatsoever, but King John, (then prisoner in England to Edward) who expected by an high ransom to pay something toward these vast profusions, said merrily, *that he never saw nor knew such royal shews and feastings, without some after reckoning for gold and silver.*

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, (No. XVI.)

### MAY FESTIVITIES.

#### SPANISH CUSTOM OF ELECTING A MAY QUEEN.

In Times Telescope for 1824, is given the following pleasing account of the Spanish custom of electing a May Queen, from among the country belles, which is still practised in some parts of Spain. The name of *Maia*, is given to the handsomest lass of the village, who, decorated with garlands of flowers, leads the dances in which the young people spend the day, shows how little that ceremony has varied since the time of the Romans. The villagers in other provinces, declare their love by planting during the preceeding night, a large bough or a sapling, decked with flowers, before the doors of their sweet-hearts. As most of the ancient church festivals were contrived as substitutes for the pagan rites, which the christian priesthood could not otherwise eradicate, there are still some remnants of the sanctified *May-pole* in the little crosses, which the children ornament with flowers, and place upon tables, holding as many lighted tapers as from the contributions of their friends, they can afford to buy.

#### MAY DAY IN FRANCE.

On the night preceding the 1st of May. it is the custom to place branches of green boughs at the doors or windows of females or persons of distinction; lovers, above all, seize this opportunity of decorating the windows of their mistresses, and sometimes take up a young tree, ornament it with ribands, and re-plant it by the side of the door, a species of gallantry as agreeable to the planter, as it is to her for whom the tree is planted. Henry II. wishing to recompense the clerks of the Bazoche for their good services, in quelling an insurrection in Guienne, offered them money, but they would accept only the permission granted them by the King, of cutting in the royal woods such trees as they might choose for the planting of May, a privilege which existed at the commencement of the French Revolution.—*Ibid*

MAY CUSTOM AT BONNEVAL.

On the first day of May, long before sun-rise, the young men in every village are accustomed to go into the neighbouring woods to cut the branches of such trees as are covered with foliage;—On their return to the town, they place before every house, in a conspicuous situation, as many branches as there are daughters living there. When there are only young children, the boughs are but small, and when the girls are marriageable they are commonly larger and finer than in other places. If this village fête takes place on a working day, the young people meet together on the following Sunday, to dance the May, which is done in the following manner: one of the company carries a large May or bough, consisting of several branches, which are covered with ribands, the others follow with violins, drums, and such other musical instruments, as they can procure, they then walk through the streets, stopping at the door of every house over which any May has been placed, and commence a serenade, and a dance, usually receiving some money, which serves to defray their expenses.—*Ibid.*

CORNISH MAY CUSTOM.

In Hitchin's history of Cornwall, an account is given of a singular species of festivity, observed at Padstow in Cornwall, it is called the *Hobby-horse*, from canvas being extended over hoops, and painted to resemble a horse. Being carried through the streets, men, women, and children, flock round it, when they proceed to a place about a quarter of a mile distant called *Traitor's pool*, here the hobby horse is always supposed to drink, after the head has been dipped into the water, it is instantly taken up, and the mud and the water are sprinkled on the spectators, affording great diversion to all present. The actors in this scene on returning home sing a particular song, which is supposed to commemorate the event that gave rise to the hobby-horse festivity.

## Anecdotiana.

SPANISH GRANDEUR.

A certain knight of Spain, as high in birth as a king, as catholic as the pope, and equal to Job in poverty, arriving one night at an inn in France knocked a long time at the gate, till he had alarmed the landlord. "Who is there?" said the host, looking out of the window. "Don Juan Pedro," replied the Spaniard, "Hernandez, Rodriguez de Villanova, Count of Malafra, Knight Santiago, and Alcantara.—"I am very sorry," replied the landlord, shutting the window: "but I have not room enough in my house for all those gentlemen you have mentioned."

DIDEROT AND SHAKSPEARE.

Diderot speaking one day to Shakspeare with great emphasis and praise before Voltaire, the latter said, "And can you indeed prefer a Virgil to Racine, a monster utterly destitute of taste? I should as soon think of abandoniug the Apollo Belvidere for the St. Christopher of Notre Dame!" Diderot paused a moment, and replied: "But what would you say, if you saw the huge figure of St. Christopher on his legs, moving towards you in the street with that colossal statue?" Voltaire could make no reply.—*London Weekly Review.*

LOVE OF DUTY.

An anecdote is related of a soldier during the inundation of St. Petersburgh, of 1796, illustrative of a strong sense of duty. He was on sentry at the palace, and the water had reached to his knees, when the Empress, who saw him from a window, commanded him to retire. This however, he refused to do, although he was aware that it was the Empress who spoke to him; observing to her that he could not quit his post unless the sergeant sent another to relieve him. W

PUNS.

The *last bad puns* in circulation are as follows:—When is small beer not small beer?—D'ye give it up? Response:—When it is *a little tart!* Which is the cheapest way to procure a musical instrument? Buy six pen'orth of tincture of rhubarb at the apothecary's, and he will give you a *phial in.* What insect would his Majesty mention, if he were knighting his coachman? he would say *Cochineal* (coachy-kneel.)—*Lit. Gazette.*

REMINISCENCE.

I am reminded as the sun descends,
The parting 'Good Night!' of my dearest friends;
Taught, as he rises, friendship's sweet return,
Whose breasts with grateful recollectionsburn.
P.

DREAD OF POVERTY.

Apicius, the epicure, with two hundred and fifty thousand crowns in his coffers, took poison to avoid that condition which others pray for, he dreaded poverty. If sensuality be happiness, beasts are happier than men, for they gratify their appetites without dread of censure, or what may be the consequence.

# MAY.

The fifth month of the year, was under the protection of Apollo. The month of May was called Maius by Romulus, in honour of the Senators and Nobles of the city of Rome, who were named Majores; as the following month was named Junius, June, in honour of the youth of Rome, in *Honoreur Juniorem*. Some, however, derive the name of May from Maia, the brightest of the Pleiades, fabled to have been the daughter of Atlas, the supporter of the world and Pleione, a sea-nymph. Others ascribe its name to Maia, the mother of Mercury, to whom they offered sacrifice. The Romans did not marry this month, because of their making several expiations, with which marriage did not agree, or because the month of May took its name from aged persons, Majores, for whom marriage was not suitable.

Verstegan, says the Saxons called the pleasant month of May, *Tri-milki*, because they milked their cattle three times a day in that month.

During this month the Romans kept the festival of *Bona Dea*, that of *Goblins* called *Lemuria*, and the ceremony of Regifugium, or the Expulsion of Kings. On the first of the month was celebrated the anniversary of the dedication of an Altar erected by the Sabines to the Lares, or Household gods, *præstibus laribus*. The Roman ladies also on this day performed the sacred rites of the mysterious goddess, the Bona Dea, with great splendour and solemnity. During the performance of these rites none but women were allowed to be present, and so rigid was the exclusion of every thing masculine, that even statues and pictures of the male kind were covered with the utmost care. On the ninth was celebrated the *Lemuria*, or feast of Apparitions or Goblins. It was instituted by Romulus, to free himself from the phantom of his brother Remus, by which he was haunted. On the twelfth was the festival of Mars, surnamed *Ultor*, or the Avenger, to whom Augustus consecrated a Temple on that day. On the fifteenth, or Ides of the month, was performed the ceremony of the Argians, whereon the vestal virgins threw thirty figures made of rushes into the *Tiber* above the wooden bridge. On the same day was held the festival of Traders of Rome, in honour of Mercury. They sacrificed to him a whole sow, and sprinkled themselves with the water of a fountain called Aqua Mercurii, at the gate named Capena, praying that god to favor their trade, and to pardon the little frauds which they committed in dealing. On the twenty-first came on the Feast named Secunda Agonia, or Agonalia, a Festival in honour of Janus, whom they invoked before undertaking any affair of importance. Sacrifices were offered the next day to Ve-Jupiter, a hurtful deity, that he might do them no injury. And on the twenty-sixth was the second ceremony of the Regifugium, held in memory of the expulsion of their Kings, particularly in commemoration of the flying of Tarquinus Superbus from Rome, and the overthrow of the monarchy.

This month the sun enters the sign Gemini, on the twenty-first.—The month of May is always hailed with pleasure, but since we have reckoned by the new style, its beginning is often too chilly to enjoy the charms of nature; the various flowers and young fruit trees which blossom during its course, are not unfrequently blighted by the nipping remains of wintry winds. Parnell, in one of his poems, has the following line, which forcibly describes the appearance of this month, when vegetation has assumed her gayest livery:

"Life itself is in the month of May."

In climates more southern than our own, May unites all the mild beauties of Spring with the radiance of Summer, possessing warmth sufficient to cheer and animate without overpowering.

Our pastoral poet, Cunningham, in allusion to the playful butterflies revelling in the brilliant suns-beams at this season of the year, says

"May tings the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
And if the wing'd foresters sing,
The music is taught them by May."

On the balmy evenings of this month, when a thousand odours perfume the air, and every grove is rendered vocal by its feathery tenants, scarcely any scene is more sublime than the moon's rising,—for then

"How beautiful is nature's face!
How full of harmony and grace;
What countless joys doth she bequeath,
To all that live, and move, and breathe."

The husbandman this month looks forward with anxious hope to the reward of his industry.

'Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes blow;
Ye softening dews, ye lending showers, descend:
And temper all, thou world reviving sun,
Into the perfect year." THOMSON

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DAYS. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| April 26 | Satur. | St. Cletus.<br>Sun ris 46m af. 4<br>—sets 14m af. 7 | April 26 | St. Cletus was born in Rome, and took upon him the pontificate, by the persuasion of Clemens. He sat in the papal chair upwards of 12 years; was esteemed for his holiness and learning, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Domitian, A. D. 91.<br>1716. Died the great lord Somers, ÆT. 68. In 1697 he was made chancellor, with the title of lord Somers, which office he ennobled by the performance of many distinguished acts of virtue and patriotism. Lord Somers projected the union between England and Scotland, and was appointed one of the commissioners to carry that measure into effect.<br>1711. Born at Edinburgh, the celebrated historian and metaphysician, David Hume. Some of his biographers have summed up abilities as follows: "Mr. Hume was master of a good style of composition, and had the art of stating common objections in a new manner. As a metaphysician, he is sophistical and obscure; as a moralist, lax and deceitful; and as an historian specious and partial." |
| — 27 | SUN. | 3d Sunday after Easter.<br>Les. for the Day.<br>3 c. Deut. morn.<br>5 c. Deut. even.<br>High Water,<br>0h. 0m. morn.<br>0h. 18m. aftern | — 27 | St. Anastasius was by birth a Roman. He was made bishop of Rome in the time of Gratian, and afterwards succeeded Siricius in the papacy. He died A. D. 401.<br>1794. Expired, Sir William Jones, ÆT. 48, eminent as a poet, and for his extensive learning. Among the many languages he was master of, may be enumerated those of the Greek, Hebrew, Persian, Arabic, Spanish, Italian, & Portuguese. |
| — 28 | Mond. | St. Anastasius.<br>St. Vitalis.<br>Sun ris 42m af. 4<br>—sets 18m af. 7 | — 28 | St. Vitalis was martyred about the year A. D. 62.<br>1814. On this day Buonaparte embarked at Fregus on board the Undaunted, and sailed for Elba.<br>1825. Died, the illustrious patron of the fine arts, Dominique Vivant Denon, ÆT. 84. He was author of the celebrated Travels of Upper and Lower Egypt, which obtained the highest approbation, and has been translated into almost all languages. Napoleon had a considerable regard for him, and said one day when looking over his valuable work, 'If I lost Egypt, Denon has conquered it.' |
| — 29 | Tues. | St. Robert.<br>Full Moon,<br>44m af. 10 night.<br>High Water,<br>36m af. 1 morn<br>2m af. 2 even | — 29 | St. Robert was abbot of Molesme, and founder of the Cistercians. He died A. D. 1110.<br>1821. Expired, the Rev. Thos. Scott, rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks; well known to the religious world for his able Commentary on the Bible.<br>1822. Died, the venerable Sir Isaac Heard, garter principal king at arms, ÆT. 91. The general urbanity of his manners, and the cheerful turn of mind which he possessed, commanded the esteem of an extensive circle of acquaintance. |
| — 30 | Wed. | St. Erkenwald.<br>Sun sets 38m af. 4<br>—ris. 22m af. 7 | — 30 | St. Erkenwald, the third Bishop of London, was the son of Offa, king of the East Saxons. He was consecrated bishop of London, A. D. 642, and died 685. He was a person of very holy and exemplary life. He enlarged the cathedral of St. Paul's, in which he was interred.<br>1802. On this day, Lotea, a city of Murcia, in Spain, was destroyed by the bursting of a reservoir, which inundated the country round for the distance of 20 leagues, and killed about 1000 persons, besides cattle. |
| May 1 | Thurs | St. Philip and St. James.<br>High Water,<br>9m af. 3 morn.<br>28m af. 3 even. | May 1 | The first of these martyrs was stoned to death, and the second, having been thrown from a high place, was killed by a fuller's staff.<br>1672. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Joseph Addison, one of our best writers. His essays in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, and his Evidences of the Christian Religion, remain lasting memorials of his fame. |

Salathiel, the Wandering Jew.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### SALATHIEL, THE WANDERING JEW.

Considerable time has elapsed since a work made its appearance equal in talent and interest to that which has just been given to the admirers of powerful writing and glowing description, bearing the title of "Salathiel, or a story of the Past, Present, and Future," from the pages of which we have selected a portion by way of extract, which we hope with its striking illustration will be favourably received by our readers. The passage chosen from the work is the interview which took place between Salathiel, the hero of the tale, and Gessius Florus, the Procurator of Cæsarea, for the Emperor Nero Claudius Cæsar, into whose power he had been entrapped. It is, perhaps, necessary that we should make our readers acquainted with the general nature of the story. Briefly, then, it is as follows: "Salathiel, the hero, is a Jewish Priest, and a man of considerable eminence among his countrymen. At the condemnation of our Saviour, he was among the foremost who hastened the Judgment, and who demanded his Crucifixion. Standing before Pilate, he threatened, with his associates in the priesthood to denounce him as the enemy of Cæsar, if he refused to pass the sentence; the demand was granted; but as the victim was led away to sacrifice, Salathiel heard a voice indescribably awful exclaim, 'Tarry thou, till I come.' From that moment, his spirit became bowed under a load of withering fearful misery,—the anticipated woe of an almost interminable futurity—the dead weight of an existence, from which hope and love would be departed long before its termination. He fled Jerusalem in horror, his wife and daughters accompanied him in his flight; and, through many subsequent years, his mysterious sufferings were only relieved by the active part he took in the fearful contests that ensued between the Romans and his degraded countrymen. During these he became one of the most celebrated Jewish leaders, obtained successes over the enemy that promised the most glorious results, and underwent sufferings in which he seemed supported only that the doom of perpetual existence might be fu-

filled." One of the adventures that befel Salathiel is the following:—

"At length the feast was at an end. I was summoned, and for the first time saw Gessius Florus, a little bloated figure, with a countenance that to the casual observer was the model of gross good-nature, a twinkling eye, and a lip on the perpetual laugh. His bald forehead wore a wreath of flowers, and his tunic and the couch on which he lay breathed perfume. The table before him was a long vista of sculptured cups, and the golden vases and candelabra. 'I am sorry to have detained you so long,' said he, 'but this was the emperor's birth-day, and as good subjects, we have kept it accordingly.'

"During this speech, he was engaged in contemplating the wine-bubbles as they sparkled above the brim of a large amethystine goblet. A pale and delicate Italian boy, sumptuously dressed, the only one of the guests who remained, perceiving that I was fatigued, filled a cup, and presented it. 'Right, Septimius,' said the debauchee, 'make the Jew drink the Emperor's health.' The youth bowed gracefully before me, and again offered the cup, but the time was not for indulgence, and I laid it on the table. 'Here's long life and glory to Nero Claudius Cæsar, our pious, merciful, and invincible emperor,' cried Florus; and only when he had drunk to the bottom of the goblet, found leisure to look upon his prisoner. He either felt or affected surprise, and turning to his young companion, said, 'by Hercules, boy, what grand fellows those Jews make! The helmet is nothing to the turban, after all. What magnificence of beard! no Italian chin has the vigour to grow any thing so superb; then, the neck, like the bull of Milo; and those blazing eyes! If I had but a legion of such spearsmen'——

"I grew impatient, and said, 'I stand here, procurator, in your bonds—I demand why?—I have business that requires my instant attention; and I desire to be gone.'

"'Now, have I treated you so inhospitably,' said he, laughing, 'that you expect I shall finish by shutting my doors upon you at this time of night?' He glanced upon his tablets, and read my name. 'Aye,' said he, 'and after I have

been so long wishing for the honour of your company. Jew, take your wine, and sit down upon that couch, and tell me what brought you to Cæsarea.'

"I told him briefly the circumstances. He roared with laughter, desired me to repeat them, and swore that 'by all the gods it was the very best piece of pleasantry he had heard since he set foot in Judea.' I stood up in irrepressible indignation. 'What!' said he, 'will you go without hearing my story in return?' He filled his goblet again to the brim, buried his purple visage in a vase of roses, and having inhaled the fragrance, and chosen an easy posture, said, coldly, 'Jew, you have told me a most excellent story; and it is only fair that I should tell you one in return; not half so amusing, I admit, but to the full as true. Jew, you are a traitor!'

"I started back.—'Jew,' said he, 'you must in common civility hear me out. The truth is, that your visit has been so often anticipated and so long delayed, that I cannot bear to part with you yet;—you are an apostate; you encourage those Christian dogs. Why does the man stare? you are in communication with rebels; and I might have had the honour of meeting you in the field, if you had not been in my hands in Cæsarea.'

"He pronounced those words of death in the most tranquil tone; not a muscle moved: the cup which he held brimful in his hand never overflowed.

"'Jew,' said he, 'now be honest, and so far set an example to your nation. Where is the money that has been gathered for this rebellion? You are too sagacious a soldier to think of going to war without the main spring of the machine.'

"I scorned to deny the intended insurrection; but 'money I had collected none.'

"'Then' said he, 'you are now compelling me to do what I do not like. Ho! guard!' A soldier presented himself. 'Desire that the rack shall be got ready.' The man retired. "You see, Jew, this is all your own doing. Give up the money, and I give up the rack. And the surrender of the coin is asked, merely in compassion to yourselves, for without it you cannot rebel, and the more you rebel, the more you will be beaten."

"'Beware, Gessius Florus,' I exclaimed, 'beware, I am your prisoner, entrapped, as I now see, by a villain, or by the greater villain who corrupted him. You may rack me if you will; you may insult my feelings; tear my flesh; take my life: but for this there will be retribution. Through Upper Galilee, from Tiberias to the top of Libanus, this act of blood will ring, and be answered by blood. I have kinsmen, many; countrymen, myriads. A single wrench of my sinews may lift a hundred thousand arms against your city, and leave of yourself nothing but the remembrance of your crimes.'

"He bounded from his couch: the native fiend flashed out in his counte nance: I waited his attack, with my hand on the poniard within my sash. My look probably deterred him; for he flung himself back again, and bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed; 'bravely spoken. Septimius, we must send the Jew to Rome to teach our orators. Aye, I know Upper Galilee too well, not to know that rebellion is more easily raised there than the taxes. And it was for that reason, that I invited you to come to Cæsarea. In the midst of your tribe capture would have cost half a legion; here a single jailor will do the business. Ho! guard!' he called aloud. I heard the screwing of the rack in the next room, and unsheathed the poniard. The blade glittered in his eyes. Septimius came between us, and tried to turn the procurator's purpose.

"'Let your guard come,' cried I, 'and, by the sacredness of the Temple, one of us dies. I will not live to be tortured, or you shall not live to see it.'

"If the door had opened, I was prepared to dart upon him.

"'Well,' said he, after a whispered expostulation from Septimius, 'you must go and settle the matter with the Emperor. The fact is, that I am too tender-hearted to govern such a nation of dagger-bearers. So, to Nero! If we cannot send the Emperor money, we will at least send him men.' He laughed vehemently at the conception; ordered the singing and dancing slaves to return; called for wine, and plunged again into his favourite cup. Septimius rose, and led me into another chamber. I remonstrated against the injustice of my seizure. He lamented it, but said that the orders from Rome were strict, and that I was denounced by some of the chiefs in Jerusalem as the head of the late insurrection, and the projector of a new one. The procurator, he added, had been for some time anxious to get me into his power without raising a disturbance among my tribe; the treachery of my domestic had been employed to effect this; and 'now,' concluded he, 'my best wish for you—a wish prompted by motives of which you can form no conjecture, is, that you may be sent to Rome. Every day that sees you in Cæsarea sees you in the utmost peril. At the first rumour of insurrection your life will be the sacrifice.'

"'But my family! What will be their feelings! Can I not at least acquaint them with my destination?'

"'It is impossible. And now, to let

you into a state secret, the Emperor had ordered that you should be sent to Rome. Florus menaced, only to extort money. He now knows you better, and would gladly enlist you in the Roman cause. This I know to be hopeless. But I dread his caprice, and shall rejoice to see the sails hoisted that are to carry you to Rome. Farewell: your family shall have due intelligence.' He was at the door of the chamber, but suddenly returned, and pressing my hand, said again, 'Farewell, and remember that neither all Romans, nor even all Greeks, may be alike!' He then with a graceful obeisance left the room.

"Fatigue hung with a leaden weight upon my eyelids. I tried vain expedients to keep myself from slumber in this perilous vicinage. The huge silver chandelier, that threw a blaze over the fretted roof, began to twinkle before me; the busts and statues gradually mingled, and I was once more in the land of visions. Home was before my eyes. I was suddenly tossed upon the ocean. I stood before Nero, and was addressing him with a formal harangue, when the whole tissue was broken up, by a sullen voice commanding me to rise. A soldier, sword in hand, was by the couch; he pointed to the door, where an armed party were in attendance, and informed me that I was ordered for immediate embarkation.

"It was scarcely past midnight; the stars were still in their glory; the pharos threw a long line of flame on the waters; the city sounds were hushed; and silent as a procession to the grave, we moved down to where the tall vessel lay rocking with the breeze. At her side a Nubian slave put a note into my hand; it was from the young Roman, requesting my acceptance of wine and fruits from the palace, and wishing me a prosperous result to my voyage. The sails were hoisted; the stately mole, that even in the night looked a mount of marble, was cleared; the libation was poured to the Tritons for our speedy passage, and the blazing pharos was rapidly seen but as a twinkling star."

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## CUPID'S NOSEGAY.

Will you come and walk, love,
In Cupid's garden gay:
And of its beauties talk, love,
While through the paths we stray?
His smiles they are the sun, love,
That ever tints the scene!
The day is never done, love,
That lights the bowers of green!
Oh! come, my love, we'll happy stray,
Where Cupid grows his sweet nosegay!

We'll choose among the blooms, love,
The fairest, brightest flow'rs;
Of all the rich perfumes, love,
The sweetest take for ours;
The woodbine's amorous flush, love,
The violet's wanton smile,
The rose's virgin blush, love,
The pink's alluring wile;
Oh! these we'll blend, nor speed away
Till blest with Cupid's full nosegay.

Oh! look on yonder bed, love;
What lovely flowers grow!
No earthly flowers, shed, love,
So beauteous a glow;
But fairer than the rest, love,
Two peerless blossoms see;
This one is called "Content," love!
The other "Constancy!"
These must be ours, nor need we stay,
We've taken Cupid's best nosegay!

These flowers are not like those, love,
Which wither in the hand:
Their beauty ever blows, love!
Their colours ever stand!
They'll sweeter grow through life, love,
Nor wither when we die;
But live through Death's cold strife, love,
And scent eternity!
Oh! heavenly gift! oh! happy day,
That gave us Cupid's sweet nosegay!

R. JARMAN.

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## THE FISHERMAN'S DEPARTURE.

*(For the Olio.)*

Beneath the dark headland of hilly St. Paul,
Rose the cabin of youthful Peniaze;
A fisherman nurtured, unfriendly the squall,
But the moonbeam, the joy of his gaze

He loved, and was dearly beloved, when he took
Fairest Anna, and made her his bride;
There was lightness and health, there was love in her look,
And a sweet infant boy was their pride.

The sunset has gilt the bold hills of the west,
The breeze lightly curls round the steep;
The sea-bird in cavern and cairn seeks her nest,
And fishing-boats glide o'er the deep.

His boat from her moorings he draws to the land;
Now Allan the tackle prepare;
Fix the mast, loose the mainsail, quick lad, bear a hand!
The pennant soon streams in the air.

To the beach, smiling Anna trips on with her boy;
In her tresses the light zephyrs play;
"Adieu," he cries, "Anna, my life and my joy,"
And kisses a tear-drop away.

Then springs in his boat, quits the shore, trims the sail;
On his sight fades the cot and the tree,
As wafted along by the fresh springing gale,
He skims o'er the silvery sea.. C. P. C.

# Recollections of Books and their Authors.—No. 3.

## BEN JONSON

Was born in Hartshorn Lane, Charing Cross, June 23rd, (11th O. S.) 1574. He was the son of a clergyman, and was sent to Westminster School, from which his mother removed him on her second marriage with a bricklayer, whose business it was intended he should follow. He threw aside the trowel, however; went to Cambridge; was obliged to return and take it up again; again left it to enlist as a common soldier, and had the honour, in that capacity, of performing an achievement, which must have been much to his taste. He killed an enemy in single combat, in sight of the English and Spanish armies in the Low Countries; and thus obtained the old *spolia opima*.—On his return, he resumed his studies in St. John's College, Cambridge; after which he joined a company of players, who exhibited at Shoreditch; and finally settled for life as an actor and dramatist, under the auspices of Shakpeare; who, with the generosity natural to great talents, discerned, and recommended his future rival.

He was, at one time, instructor to the son of Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been packed up in a basket, when drunk, and sent, like some fish or game, to Sir Walter, as "the tutor he had provided." He certainly lived in the alternate jollity and ill-humour of a boon companion, heaping up to himself dropsy and dissatisfaction, and being obliged to renew his powers with the excitements that weakened them. But his natural temper seems to have been excellent, and he had the wisdom to get above the jealousies that probably beset his diseased and critical temperament.

It is remarkable, that the man who was unquestionably proclaimed by his contemporaries as the vainest and most envious of writers, and who indeed, in his epistle to Drayton, confesses his ill reputation in those points, was more lavish of praise to his contemporaries, than any genius of the age. His moral theory, whatever his practice might be, seems to have been rather religious than otherwise. There is a very curious set of lines written by him in sickness, which serves to show this, and at the same time to corroborate the strong suspicions entertained of the scepticism of that age. It begins

**Good and great God! can I not think of thee,**
**But strait it must my melancholy be!**

Ben Jonson was undoubtedly a man of genius, perhaps a greater than appears on the face of his works. But whether despair of being as great as some others, or impatience of his fortunes, or coarse habits of living, to which he never became superior, tended to diminish his readiness of invention and delicacy of tact, it is equally certain, that art in him overloaded nature; and that he entrenched himself in learning and criticism, and a certain royalty of low humour, as he did in his great straw-chair. He dogmatizes in his very familiarity; and seems to think that he has only to repeat the merest babbling of fairs and ale-houses, to make it be swallowed as wit. Some of his plays, for this reason, will never be read with any zest, unless it is out of the extremest sympathy with humanity in its commonplaces, or out of the dotage of half-witted commentators, who secretly fancy that he was as disagreeable as themselves, and take the worst steps to prove him otherwise. But his most popular comedies are worthy of their reputation, especially where he seems to have been warmed into a character by his own dominant humour. His classical dramas are high imitations of history and ancient manners; and among the grotesque work of his masques are fancies and graces which forerun the "fair loves" of Fletcher and Milton "strewing the way with flowers." His Leges Convivales, and his lines inviting a friend to supper, afford pleasant specimens of his poetical and personal character.

During his early engagements on the stage, he had the misfortune to kill one of his brother players in a duel, for which he was thrown into prison, and "brought near the gallows," but was afterwards pardoned. On his release, he married, to use his own expression, "a wife who was a shrew, yet honest to him," and endeavoured to provide for his family by his pen. It was about this period, that Jonson, who, says Rowe, was then altogether unknown to the world, offered one of his plays to the comedians, to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were about to return it with an ill-natured answer, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eyes upon it, and found something so good in it, as to induce him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend him and his productions to the public.

From this time, his talents as a writer were acknowledged, and although he had offended king James, and had been thrown a second time into prison for a satire on the Scotch, which much offended

royal Jamie, yet he was appointed poet-laureate by that humorous monarch, with an annuity of one hundred marks during his life. Charles the First afterwards continued the same office to him, "in consideration of the good and acceptable service done unto us and our father, (so says the patent,) by the said Ben Jonson, and especially to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen which we have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him," and was graciously pleased to increase his salary to £100, during his life, with the pleasant addition to the grant, to so jolly and wine-loving a poet, of a tierce of that choice canary which he so much loved, from the royal cellar at Whitehall. In super-addition to these rare gifts, he had a pension from the city, which he somehow afterwards lost. Charles too, in one of his pecuniary emergencies, made him a present of a hundred pounds; yet with all, the was poor and embarrassed. He wanted one thing still—economy, that light feather in the scale of wit, which yet too often turns the balance the wrong way. Ancient Aubrey, describing his habits, says, "he would many times exceed in drinke; canarie was his beloved liquor; he then would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to study."

Ben was, it must be told, a little too fond of the *Mermaid*, and no wonder!—for under the auspices of that fish- and flesh landlady, met a greater combination of men of talent and genius than ever mingled together before or since. The celebrated club held at that equally celebrated tavern, originated with Sir Walter Raleigh; and there, for many a year, Ben Jonson repaired with Shakspeare, the inseparable pair Beaumont and Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Martin, Donne, Robert Herrick, Alleyne the player, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and regret. Here the "wit-combats," which Fuller speaks of in his book of "Worthies," took place. Describing these, he says, "Many were the wit-combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning—solid, but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Who that now sips his Noyau at White's, but would prefer to have dropt in at the Mermaid in Cornhill, where these brave battles of the brain were fought, and where the quaint and humourous old Ben, forgetting all rivalry with the simple-hearted and unambitious Shakspeare, kept his table-roarers about him, as long as canary-butts would flow, and life would suffer him, trolling his fine old rough-flavoured songs, with a tongue sweet and smooth with sherrie?

Herrick, who was of a kindred spirit, and loved sack as affectionately as "Saint Ben," as he, in the devotion of good-fellowship, canonizes Jonson, makes us acquaintad with some other tavern-haunts of canary-bibbing Ben. Here is an Ode to him, which is at once lyrickal and Herrickal:—

Ah! Ben,
Say how, or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyrick feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun†;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine,
Out-did the meat—out-did the frolick wine!

My Ben!
O come agen,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus:
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it
Lest we that talent spend,
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more!

No wonder that with these taverning habits, he lived poor and died no richer. He ceased to swallow sherrie and chirp over canary, on the 16th August, (28th N. S.) 1637. Herrick's epitaph upon him would not be unworthy of his monument:

"Here lies Jonson, with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.
Reader, wouldst thou more have known,
Ask his story, not the stone;
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory.——So farewell.

Many facetious things are recorded of "rare Ben;" among others these. A vintner to whom he was in debt for many a beozing bout, invited him to dinner, and told him afterwards, that if he would give him an immediate answer to the following questions, he would forgive him his debt. What could be more agreeable to a penniless poet than to make his wit pay for his wine! The vintner, (who must have been a generous hearted fellow; then asked him "What God is

† Famous taverns of that time.

best pleased with; what the Devil is best pleased with; what the world is best pleased with; and what he (the vintner —honest soul!) was best pleased with?" Ben, without hesitation, gave this poetical reply;

"God is best pleased when men forsake their sin;
The Devil's best pleased when they persist therein;
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine;
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine."

Mine Host was, moreover, well pleased with Ben's impromptu, and Ben was exceedingly well pleased to see a reckoning, like that large one which struck several gentlemen dead in a little room, flung in forgiveness behind the vintner's fire.

Lord Craven was very desirous to see Ben Jonson, which being told to Ben, he went to my Lord's house, but being in a very tattered and poet-like condition, the porter refused him admission, with some very saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it. Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, "He understood his lordship desired to see him." "You, friend!" said my Lord, "who are you?" "Ben Jonson," replied the poet. "No, no," quoth the peer, "you cannot be *the* Ben Jonson who wrote the *Silent Woman;* you look as if you could not say *bo* to a goose." "*Bo*," cried Ben, on the instant. His lordship was better pleased at the joke, than offended at the affront, and said, "I am now convinced you are Ben Jonson."

Jonson seems to have reigned, like his learned namesake after him, first professor of dogmatism in the literary circle of his day. He was, however, looked up to with more of good-humoured reverence than his successor in the critical chair; indeed his contemporaries appear to have tendered a sort of filial and affectionate obedience to him, which the latter never won from any of his scared and timid worshippers: the one ruled over his literary subjects like a beneficent Bacchus; whilst the other rode over his slaves like a Vishnu, crushing and grinding them to dust with the ponderous wheels of the car wherein he sat enshrined.

From the following quaint letter by Howel, the celebrated epistolary writer, we learn, first, that Ben was considered as a sort of literary father among the wits who looked up to him; secondly, that Ben was a great collector of *grammars*, which throws a confirming light on his reputed love of the erudite and the verbal; and, thirdly, which illustrates an unnoticed chapter in his domestic history, that either his chimney or his house had once or twice nearly served him up as a burnt-offering to the domestic lares. But to the letter: here it is:—

"*To my Father, Mr. Ben Jonson.*

"Father Ben.

"'Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ,' there's no great wit without some mixture of madness, so saith the philosopher, nor was he a fool who answered, 'Nec parvum, sine mixtura stultitiæ,' nor small wit without some alloy of foolishness. Touching the first, it is verified in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad; you were mad when you writ your *Fox;* and madder when you writ your *Alchymist;* you were mad when you first writ *Cataline*, and stark mad when you writ *Sejanus;* but when you writ your *Epigrams*, and the *Magnetic Lady*, you were not so mad: insomuch that I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean, is that divine fury, that heating and heightening spirit which Ovid speaks of: 'Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:' that true enthusiasm which transports and elevates the souls of poets above the middle region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to heaven, to touch the stars with their laurelled heads, to walk in the zodiac with Apollo himself, and command Mercury upon their errands.

"I cannot yet light upon Dr. Davies his Welsh Grammar: before Christmas I am promised one: so desiring you to look better hereafter to your charcoal fire and chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserved from burning, this being the second time that Vulcan hath threatened you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his wife, and been too busy with his horns; I rest

Your, Son, and contiguous neighbour,

"James Howel."

"*Westminster*,
27*th June*, 1629."

In a second letter to father Ben, Howel informs him that he has at last procured him "Dr. Davies his Welsh Grammar," and accompanies the present to his poetical parent with some splay-footed verses, which in thought, and sometimes in the turn of the verse, shew Howel to have been not unworthy such a "right merrie and conceitede" old father. In a third letter to Ben, which contains a French version

of the old story, of a lady eating her lover's heart, served up to her by a jealous husband, and which he recommends to Jonson "as choice and rich stuff" to put upon his "loom, and make a web of;" he tells him "that he had been much censured at court" for falling foul upon Sir Inigo Jones, and that he had written against the great architect "with a porcupine's quill, dipped in gall." What an age must that have been, in which such men as Bacon, Lopez de Vega, Calderon, Drayton, Shakspeare, Galileo, Quevedo, Jonson, Inigo Jones, John Fletcher, Rubens, &c. &c. were contemporaries!

To conclude: it is worthy of remark, that Howel, who names in the long series of his letters almost all the men of celebrity in that period, never once alludes to Shakspeare, or quotes a line of his immortal productions! Was this intended as homage to his father Ben, or was it ignorance? One can hardly think it was the latter: it is, however, curious.

ILUSCENOR.

## The Cockpit Chronicle.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Mutiny *v.* Law; or, Rebellion in the Mess. The caterer accused, tried, and deposed.——Revolution and Republican Government established.

The Members of the Orlopean Imperial Parliament had scarcely taken their seats, when Muzzy opened the proceedings with a violent attack upon Peter, whom he denominated "the poor, miserable, little, impotent Caterer."

So far as we can remember, we understood him to say:

"We have long suffered under the domineering spirit of the person placed in authority to regulate our financial department; but his pecuniary arrangement; and his peculiar economy have disgusted us all. The abandoned spendthrift and the sneaking miser view him with the same disgust, and I propose that he be now deposed, as a person altogether unfit for office. He has, I am grieved to say, no resources in his head, none in his heart; and, what is worse, none in his pocket, (*a laugh*). He has expended his last talent along with his *dernier sou (hear!)*; he has nothing left but diminutive corpulency (*order! order!*) his spirit, like his little body, is small, impotent, and—and—and—(*order!*) and I *move* that the said crabbed, little personage be *removed* from the office of Caterer, being utterly unfit to hold the keys, for never Peter was like unto him."

Muzzy sat down amidst loud cheers.

The Caterer, who had been looking defiance at Muzzy, now attempted to speak, and swore at considerable length; but he was not listened to, and Gliff rose on his behalf.

"There never was a speech," said Gliff, "more replete with tergiversation, vituperation, and discrepances ('Bravo!' shouted Gruff, "how many more five-deckers have you to launch?') than that of the violent mountebank member who has just sat down. He has described Peter as unfit for office, because he has no beauty in his body, poetry in his head, or pathos in his heart. (*No! no!*) Well, then, what resources are to be expected from him? When gentlemen are taxed, in order to supply the public exigencies, they cry, 'Peter is robbing us.' When taxation is diminished, they whoop 'Our equipments are incomplete, and Peter is a fool! Instead of calling fairly for the public accounts, and patiently examining them, they rake up all the opprobious epithets of the language, of which it must be allowed they are perfect masters, (*order, order, order!*) and lavish them out of their purse of sedition with a liberality altogether inconsistent with the narrow and beggarly disbursement of their own property (*much confusion.*)

"While they are patriots abroad, they are tyrants at home. (*Order!*) While they preach liberty, they practice depotism, (*Order!*) While their mouths are filled with liberality, their hearts are eaten up with selfishness. (*Chair! Chair!*).—A Member. 'We have none in the Mess.' (*A laugh!*)—While they cry down distinctions in public, they require to be worshipped in private. They aim not at public good, but at personal slander. (*Order, order!*) Their mint is full of spurious coin. Peter's will be found to be real. Let his accounts be fairly examined, and they will speak in numbers more harmonious and convincing than any verse yet known—of his purity, integrity, and justice, and will put his angry columniators to shame." (*Hear hear, hear!*) Peter smiled, and Gliff sat down.

Smudge, whom we have before noticed as a keen reckoner, now stepped forward. "It is with astonishment," said he, "that I have heard of the *convincing* and *harmonious numbers* which the last speaker would palm upon us as the new English kind of nasty *subject matter* of fact. To my mind these numbers have no harmony, except in convincing me of the caterer's delinquency. I have, gentlemen, (for I speak to you all) taken the

trouble to examine into the accounts of a Mess, for a period which ought to harmonize with our own; but, to my sorrow, that examination proves the ruinous, extravagant, ill-managed system now pursued so clearly, that I will read the brief extracts which I have made:

"The accounts for the same month in the year 1793 *(loud and continued laughter)* show the sum total expended to be 12*l.* 14*s.* 6¾*d.* and now to my utter dismay, I observe our expenditure to be the enormous sum of 16*l.* 2*s.* 3¼*d.* which makes a surplus deficit *(laughter and cheers)* I would say a wasteful surplus unnecessary expenditure of 3*l.* 7*s.* 8½*d.*

"Our mouths are pretty near the same size as in the year 1793. *(Bravo!)* Our bodies have the same work to perform; butter, salt fish, and pickled tripe, Harvey's sauce, Durham mustard, and red cabbage, have the same effects, and are nearly the same price; coffee is as good as Boco can vouch; Potatoes are not less nutritive or prolific, for which I appeal to Paddy, and the monopoly on souchong being likely to expire, we shall have it better and cheaper. Why then, I would ask, ought our expenditure to be greater than in the year 1793? *(Hear, hear! and a laugh.)* I for one, will not consent to continue Peter in his office until he shall have shown us clearly, why such additional expenditure has taken place, *(Hear, hear!)* and until I perceive a disposition for economical reform. As we had no dinners to day, we may have still less to morrow. *(Cheers!)* Goths, what do you laugh at? did you never hear of Sir Isaac Newton's numbers less than nothing? *(Cheers)* If we go on increasing our expenditure when we have nothing to expend, *(loud cheers!)* we shall be obliged to draw on the empty substantiality of Peter's purse. (*Hear, hear!*) to avoid which dreadful alternative, I give my firm support to Muzzy's proposition.'

Gruff begged to observe, that gentlemen on both sides seemed to indulge in their own peculiar music, which to him was entirely out of time and tune, as they had not said one word about roast beef and plum puddings—things essential to their very existence—things to which he had long been accustomed, and would continue to have in despite of all new-fangled notions, and as there had been no such good stuff to day, he would support Muzzy's motion.

Boco rose, hem'd, haw'd, but brought forth nothing.

Several other abortive members were coughed down to rise no more, and then Fire Eater, who had eaten nothing since breakfast, struck his fist upon the table for attention.

"By the reckonings, guessings, and calculations which have been entered into by the different speakers, we might suppose ourselves on the other side of the Atlantic: but here (*Dieu Merci!*) we wish for no discrepant reckoners, no vituperant guessers, no tergiversating calculators.

"I would as soon trust a Panang† as a Philadelphia lawyer; the latter confounds the head, and the former breaks it at once, and there's an end on't. Let Peter stand forth and answer, why there is no dinner to day?"

Here the reluctant Peter said, to day's allowance was drawn yesterday, and no advance would be made, although he had used his best entreaties with the person at the head of the victualling department.

"If the fellow," continued Fire Eater, "can give no reasonable answer, let him not only be brought to book but to the stake. Strip him, I say, of the emblems of his office; which, if we trust to Mr. Smudge's reasoning, may still jingle in his empty pocket. (*Cheers?*) I repeat, if Peter be found deficient, seize him, depose him, punish him."

Here Peter made his escape, and the laws, which were suspended over his chair, were torn down and burnt in the snuffer-stand, amidst the triumphant shouts of the revolutionists, and a well-regulated mess became a scene of confusion.

The following day six members were chosen to conduct the affairs, in which republican state, we are sorry to say, it still remains.

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HOME NEWS.

*Atrocious Outrage.*—It is with the deepest feelings of sympathy, that we communicate the particulars of the atrocious outrage committed on the person and property of Patrick Donnavan, Esq. of the Marines, at the dead hour of midnight, on Monday last.

Patrick on this direful night, had retired to bed, and lay, as he was wont to do, like a good harmless dormant lump of clay fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. His cot was under the shade of the sentinel's lamp: but the hardened villains cozened the soldier from his post, and perpetrated the blackest deed that ever soiled our pages.

A large bucketful of black varnish and tar was poured in upon the inoffensive

† A bamboo cane is jocularly called a Panang lawyer.

carcase of the unhappy man, but we shall conclude the horrid description in his own words, uttered this morning before the chief-magistrate.

"I was asleep, fast asleep, in bed in my cabin, when all on a sudden I felt, I don't know how, half choked, half-suffocated, and deprived of all my senses but smelling, and that source of sensibility seemed only stuffed with poison. I tried to move, and when I succeeded, I found my pillow glued, as it were to the back of my head. I stretched out my hands to clear my mouth, eyes, nose, and ears, when I heard a kind of rustling, like elephants among the reeds of a jungle, succeeded by smothered bursts of fiendlike laughter, and a hissing voice then said, "Oh the Galoot! now's the time, his eyes are full, finish the work!" at which there was a general splash that converged about my head, and I was actually afloat. Was this a deadly dream, or real death? —The voice, the rustling, the fall, and the inauspicious vessel that was left in my bed, proclaimed the rest, and Sir, as this is a most unheard of outrage to be committed on one holding a commission, I hope that endeavours will be used to discover and punish the perpetrators."

We are sorry to add, that no clue was left by which to trace the ruffians, and we have little hopes of any of them turning king's evidence. All that could be discovered were foot-marks on the cockpit-ladder outlined by tar and varnish. No property was stolen, nor can we assign any reason for the act: it has however been suggested to us, by a correspondent, that Patrick had retired to bed unshaven, and that Neptune's officer deputy may be fairly suspected.—*Night Watch.*

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### A LAMENT.

*(For the Olio.)*

ON THE DISSOLUTION OF MY UMBRELLA.

And from the many I've been severed from
In life's short diuturnity, could none—
Not even thee, thou friendship's emblem—thou—
Who in life's sunshine held my careless brow
At distance, still content, and rather did'st in need
Extend thy sheltering wing, like fiend indeed,
Whene'er the pelting storm its hoarse voice reared,
And deluged forth its drenching spite,—be spared.
Lov'd relic of what was! in time to come,
When damping fears shall greet the cloudy gloom,
I'll think on thee, thou last that I shall mourn!
For now from me all hope, all friends are gone
With thee—and conscience, in the course of things,
Now memory culls life's scattered nettles, brings
To mind, each ill that I alas! have done thee,
The ungrateful curses I have showered on thee,
When thou intrusive on the sunny mall
Didst lazy hang on arm, an useless pall;
Or eke when winds thy welcome aid did flout,
And thou wast in thine agony turned inside out,
Convex, transversed,—no matter—'twas my cause
Thou fought'st in—while from vulgar jaws
The loud ha! ha! resounded, 'twas my gall
That gave those curses vent on thee, on all.
Oh, thou that in withstanding life's dread storm,
I that beneath thee was—one drop shall warm
One showering drop once more, and then farewell!
Shall on the fall, where erst a host has fell.
Rest thy old bones in peace; and would that I
Like thee were dead, or one like what thou wast could—buy. W. MORLEY.

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### EVENING.

*(For the Olio.)*

This is the hour when memory wakes,
Sweet dreams that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy takes,
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind,
Dear thoughts of earlier years;
And friends that have been long consigned
To silence and to tears.

The few we liked, the one we loved,
Come slowly stealing on;
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone.

Friendship's that now in death are hushed,
Affection's broken chain
And hopes, that fate too quickly crushed,
In memory lives again.

I watch the fading gleams of day,
I muse on bright science flown;
Tint after tint, they fade away,
Night comes and all are gone. G. B. C.

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## MAY DAY VOTARIES AND CHIMNEY SWEEPERS' SPORTS,

"Poor fellows! this is their great festival."

If the creative fecundity of earth, air, and sky, animates the philosopher, the poet, the peasant, and tourist,—if the concentrated body of dissenters are drawn into their pleasures in the metropolis,—if the moralist, differing with the relaxed opinions of his anti-associates, becomes more rigid the more powerfully the spring develops the passions of general natures, —a liberal spirit dictates to each and all, simply and collectively, to fill the chalice of opportunity with joy.

The papist might be abstemious, and fast; the Israelite might clothe himself in "sackcloth and ashes;"—the lover of

external nature might encourage sceneries, visions, and rhapsodies. The citizen might rusticate out of the smoke-dried houses in narrow lanes and pent-up alleys, and take his collations in snug security :—the sea-voyager might trip to Land's End by steam ;—the traveller might trust his views to the outside conveyance of a patent coach ;—the tippler might moralize with his breathing pipe, so that he does not drown the moral in his cup ;—the family-man might fill the chaise with children, victuals, and riding comforts :—the good and trusty housewife might, like a hen, cluck with her chickens round her, and venture into the fields ;—boys might advance their kites and balls in the air ;—athletic artizans might fling the coit, strike the trap, lift the bell, throw the javelin, hit the target, and guard the wicket ;—the aeronaut might sail in floods of wind, and disappear in seas of æther. If such, then, be the occupations, such the tendencies of society in England, the first of May—the ever memorable and hilarious May-day, is redolent with a thousand springs of active benevolence and sport, working in the breasts, and shining in the eyes, of sooty chimney sweepers.

Hither, come hither, all ye young feet, light hearts, and flexible faces. Hear ye not the rumbling sound of the drum, and clatter of the shovel and brush ? See ye not the bustle of people as the procession comes nearer and nearer, and is angling the corners of the square ? The chimney sweepers are here. Think ye not of the Montagues? Make way ! " I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses, these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption." Jack-in-the-Green is dancing to the chimney music, as he carries and trundles the leafy house about his ears, in a circle of brazen frontispieces. The lass chosen for the revelry, is of the fairest *boys* in the train, with a bold face smart leg, and winsome : *she* makes jokes at the kind-hearted gentlemen and scruples not to crack a sauce-box with the shining brass ladle. Her personification of the hoyden is perfect. She exchanges the prevailing stay fashion of fifty years since for a *bustle*. Her dance savours of the *morris*. Her romping curtsey in the finale is a grimace in the motion of elegance. The toss of her head, like that of a half-penny, to which she is accustomed, is lofty,—either Head or Woman ! She tips the wink with her eye, as easily as with a glass. Her stare at the caps and curls hung out of the upper rooms, for a remembrance of the " poor sweeps !" is felicitous and true to nature. To those who retire, or walk on, after seeing the anniversary, without alms-giving, her epithets are, like Juvenal's, caustic. Then the jerk of her partner's feet, the quirk of his elbow and face, meantime, beating right and left with weapons which are brick-scrapers and hallooers in chimney-pots, and performing duties with a brush by ascension. These are followed by the little gingerbread, sore-eyed, and blain-heeled boys, with pipe-tones and half-mourning limbs, like joy and grief blended.

However refreshing the virgin showers of a May noon rainbow, and however beautifully the flowers open in the haunts of the cuckoo and blossom-hid blackbird, down whose glossy plumage dew-drops run like quicksilver ; yet, the hope-gathering chimney sweepers, who are not used to the washing sweetness of may-liquid, nor appreciate the sensation of drops moistening dry ground, like draughts to feverish throats, are pitiable objects besmeared in garlands, as amateurs in corn fields exhibit the misfortunes attendant on merry efforts.

It is asserted, whether truly or not, masters and mistresses are the getters-up of this commemoration ; that the poor creatures who try their histrionic talent on the stage of May day, and the two succeeding days, to a street audience, like the Athenians of old, and disastrous players in provincial towns, labour " worthy of their hire," but do not participate in proportionate benefit.

The miseries of climbing boys are many : their mercies ought to be so. " Mercy was never so wounded before," the art of chimney tracing by boys, when it is known they are society only with those whom they carry on the sooty trade, it should be understood these orphans, blackened into growth as they are, ought to climb into colliquative feelings with as much affection as their more fastidious brotherhood in callings of fairer proportion.*

To say they are painted and bedecked as they dance,

**' Hey trim, hey, go trix,'**

would not libel higher classes, but moralise Hamlet's sentiment of Yorick's skull. Whether pride is vulgar or refined, human frailty will appear " in the wind and the rain."

Chimney sweepers are born for sights. Where a lamp-post stands, (these tyburn-

* Dr. Birkbeck has proposed in one of his lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, the construction of chimneys so as to supersede the necessity of climbing boys. And a Mr. Hiort has obtained letters patent for an improved construction of chimney, which is calculated to do away with the employing of Climbing Boys.

tree lamp posts are going out to make way for the stately gas-iron lamps) or a wall is left, they are sure to scale it and take a first place, and over-top the power-getting advantages of the wealthy; here, too, they sit in security, as their clamours, like rooks in elm trees, declare.

At the theatre, when a new pantomime is in vogue, they keep the front seats: their vantage ground is visible by their holding it *con amore* in Olympic authority. Like cuirassiers, their dress secures them. At the river they fish in "untroubled waters," cleaner boys being "out of their line," stand from them at respectful distance. They are not afraid of the mud bath, but glory in wading propensities.

Find me an erudite reflector, who can select so cheap a luxury as this, of managing the tribes of the pond with a stick, crooked pin, thread, broken pitcher, and blood-worms. It is the *sweep* at one end and a *prickleback* at the other.

Ask the gaunt charity-boy, whose clothes creep up his arms and legs, and whose head grows too large for his cap, if any sport (excepting frog-catching) surpasseth the rural occupation of the modern Walton's?

Ask the truant who steals time out of school books, and like a member of parliament, vacates his seat for the Chiltern hundreds, if aught is so exquisite, as a stroll in gear, though alone, (an angler is never alone, because patience attends him as a shadowed virtue) to brook margins, canals, and ditches. To notice the anxieties of hustlecap, chouse, and hop-scotch; to delineate the sausage-eating feats at Bartlemy, and enter fully into the habits of chimney sweepers during their course of education, is beyond these limits prescribed. Let, then, the ascetic, the usurer, the stone-hearted misanthropist, live in concealed vanity, abhorrent to the better portion of mankind; but, so long as chimneys require sweeping, and sweepers require recreation, may the honours of May-day be celebrated in the anticipated exertions of their prologue, and the great drama of society be more humanely represented each returning year, to their edification and well being, since

"Golden lads and lasses must,
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

P.

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### THE VANITY OF LOVE.

When white hairs streak, and wrinkles make
Impressions on the brow,
The heart might ache, the tongue might break
Love's trusty vow:
Yet, though he languish, pine, and die,
Man, cannot make a 'lassie' sigh.

In hall, or dance, where bright eyes glance
To young lads light and trim,
His years advance, deny the chance
Desired by him:
With art and nature, though he try,
He cannot catch the 'lassie's eye.'

She will not see, how ardent he
Pursues her love in vain:
No tear will she, in grief or glee,
Shed for his pain:—
Alas! if *youth* is not the part,
Man can not win a 'lassie's' heart.

P.

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### SONNET TO SCOTLAND.

My country, when I think of all I've lost,
In leaving thee to seek a foreign home,
I find more cause the farther still I roam,
To mourn the hour I left thy favoured coast;
For each high privilege, which is the boast
And birthright of thy sons, by patriots gained,
Dishonoured dies when right and truth are chained,
And caitiff's rule—by sordid lusts engrossed.
I may, perhaps, (each generous purpose crossed,)
Forget the higher aims for which I've strained;
Calmly resign the hopes I've priz'd the most,
And learn cold cautions I have long disdained,
But my heart must be calmer, colder yet,
Ere Scotland and fair freedom I forget.

*The Ephemerides.*

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## ORIGINAL LETTER OF AMY ROBSERT, THE WIFE OF ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER.

The following letter cannot fail of being read with unusual interest, since it is, we believe, the only memorial of the kind which is extant of the well known Amye Robsert, the unfortunate wife of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester. The date of the year is not mentioned; the contents of the letter describe the sorrow of the fair writer for the departure of her lord, and exhibit both of them in an amiable light; he, as being extremely solicitous that some poor men should be paid that which was due to them; and she, as willing to make a pecuniary sacrifice, in order that his wishes might be immediately fulfilled. It is not a little singular, that it was necessary to sell some wool for the purpose of raising the money required, and which tends to fix the time in which the letter was written to an early period of Dudleys fortune. This letter is preceded in the M. S. where it is preserved by one signed "R. Duddeley," dated "from Hays, this Friday morning, Sent Magdylin's daye," and directed to his "vearrie frinde John Flowerdew, esquier, wt. speed," thanking him for the trouble he had taken in his affairs respecting Flicham and Sydisterne.

As in the 6th of Elizabeth, 1563, Dudley was created Baron Denbigh and Earl of Leicester, his letter must have been written before that year; and it is most probable that Lady Dudley's was written about that time. A remarkable letter, relative to the suspicious manner in which she died, will be found in Hayne's Burghley Papers. Mr. Flowerdew, to whom both the letters in question are addressed, was of Hethersett, in Norfolk; by Katherine, daughter of William Sheres, of Ashwelthorpe, in that county, he had issue seven sons, of whom Edward, the fourth son, was made a serjeant-at-law, in September, 1580, and appointed a Baron of the Exchequer, 23rd October, 1584.

"To My vary Frynd, Mr. Flowerdwe, the elder, gewe this."

"Mr. Flowardue.—I undarstand by Gruse yt you sent him in remembreance of yt you spake to me of consarnying ye goyng of sertayne shepe at Systerne, and althow I forget to mowe my lorde therof before his departyng, he beyng sore trubeled wt wayty affares, ane I not being altogether in guyit for his soden departyng, yet not wt. standyng, knowing your acostomid fryndshype towardes my Lordchip and me, I nether may nor can deney you yt requeste, in my lordes absence, of myn owne awtoryte, ye and yt war a gretar matter, as if any good occasyon may serve you, so trye me descyring you furdar yt you wyll mak salle of ye wolle, so sone as ys possible, althowe you sell yt for vjs. the stone, or as you wolde sell for your sealf, for my lorde so ernystly requered me at his departyng to se thosse pore men satysfyed as thowe yt had bene a matter depening uppon lyff, wherfore I force not to sustayne a lyttell losse therby to satisfy my lordes desyr, and so to send yt mony to Grysses house to London, by Brydwell, to whom my lorde hath gewen order for ye pamente therof, and thus I ende alwayes trobelyng you, wyssyng yt occasion may serve me to reqiyte you; untyll yt tyme I most pay you wt thankes and so to God I leve you. Frome Mr. Heydes, this vij of Auguste.

"Your assured duryng lyffe,
Amy Duddley."

*Retros. Rev*

## Laconics;

OR,

*Pithy Remarks and Maxims collected from various Sources.*

WIT.

True Wit consists in its incapacity of being defined; the truest wit also excites the least laughter.

VIRTUE.

A Lady's dress and reputation are equally sacred; the person who meddles with either, may tremble for the vengeance of the offended fair.

CONSCIENCE

Will make us betray and fight against ourselves, and for want of other witnesses, give evidence against its owner.

COUNSEL.

Some men would be wise, if they did not think themselves so: for such a fond opinion of one's self hinders us from taking counsel of such as are qualified to give it.

CRUELTY

Is the extreme of all vices, an offence to God, and an abhorrence to nature, the grief of good men, and a pleasure only to devils and monsters divested of humanity.

FOLLY.

To see some persons set up for wits, is enough to move a wise man's compassion; because they take pains to make themselves ridiculous, and lay out their sense, to appear a master-piece in buffoonery.

## BOCCACIO'S TOMB.

The reproach cast by Lord Byron, in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," of the people of Certaldo, the native place on Boccacio, that the author's tomb had been "uptorn" by bigots, was refuted by the Canon Cateni, who asserted that Boccacio's cenotaph had remained uninjured in the Church of Certaldo. In a late publication by the Abbé Poveda, we have a full examination of this contested point It appears that there were two monuments, one consisting of a marble slab on the pavement over Boccacio's grave, and another more sumptuous, raised against the latent wall of the church, by the Podesta of Certaldo, 128 years after the author's death. By a false interpretation of a law of Leopold in the last century, which prohibited having sepulchres in the churches, the first was removed, together with the remains of Boccacio, consisting of the skull and bones, and a *leaden tube, containing parchments,* which last remained in the rector's possession. The slab having broke in the removal, was thrown down in the adjoining cloisters. Lately, a lady of the name of Lenzoni, has collected these memo-

rials of the illustrious dead, and placed them in the old house of Boccacio, which she had cleared and adorned.—*Mon. Rev.*

## Science and Art.

ENGRAVING IN MEZZOTINTO.

As mezzotinto engravings has been revived in this country with so much success by many artists of first rate talent during the last four or five years, after having been neglected and looked on with a coldness almost bordering on contempt for a number of years, it may not be out of place to insert here the following extract from the life of Sir Christopher Wren, published within the last ten days by the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge, which in some degree seems calculated to shake the received opinion of Prince Rupert having been the inventor of the art.

"Among (Sir C. Wren's) discoveries in this art, there appears great ground to suppose that it was he and not Prince Rupert, who first invented the art of engraving in Mezzotinto, though it was subsequently much advanced by the Prince; who did not, however, bear any ill-will towards his rival; for it appears from the *Parentalia*, that Wren was enrolled in the list of his especial friends, to whom that distinguished personage sent a yearly present of his choicest wine, from his vineyard on the Rhine."

NOVEL APPARATUS FOR HEATING FLUIDS.

Mr. Jones of the Strand, whose devices for useful domestic purposes have been so well appreciated by the public: has recently invented another very neat and complete apparatus for boiling a small quantity of water, and consequently for preparing any slight matters which may be required for the chambers of nurses of invalids. In a small tin tray are placed two vessels of about the capacity of a pint each; in one is a cylinder over a lamp—the other is simply a pan, into the lower part of which runs a close funnel, like the extinguisher of a candle. Into the cylinder is put a small quantity of spirits of wine; the lamp below is trimmed with the same; and from the upper vessel a curbed tube is brought to point horizontally upon the flame. As the alcohol is heated, the gas issues from this tube as if it were a blow-pipe, and a jet of flame is propelled with the force of a furnace into the funnel of the opposite vessel. By this ready and easy process, water-gruel, or any other liquid, is warmed in two or three minutes, and eggs boiled in less than five. This ingenious contrivance is well calculated for general utility in the summer time, when fires are little lighted; and for the chamber of sick and ailing persons at all seasons. *Lit. Gaz.*

## Anecdotiana.

REWARD OF BRAVERY.

When Solyman, Emperor of the Turks, took the Castle of Buda, in 1529, he found, in one of the dungeons of the castle, Nedasti, the Governor of the place. He was curious to know the cause of so extraordinary a circumstance, when the German's confessed to him, that Nedasti having reproached them as cowards and traitors, because they pressed him to come to a capitulation, they had thrown him into a dungeon in order to free themselves from his controul. The Sultan, filled with admiration at the fidelity and bravery of the noble-minded governor, loaded him with presents and commendations of his conduct—granted him his liberty, and condemned to death all those who had violated, in so shameful a manner, the laws of military subordination.

INIGO JONES AND COVENT GARDEN CHURCH.

When the Earl of Bedford sent for Inigo Jones, he told him he wanted a chapel for the parishioners of Covent Garden; but, added, he would not go to any considerable expence. "In short," said he, "I would not have it much better than a barn." "Well then," replied Jones, "you shall have the handsomest barn in England."

ROYAL AMUSEMENTS.

Louis, the XVI., was an excellent locksmith. Ferdinand, the *Beloved*, is famous for his embroidery of petticoats. The present Emperor of Austria is said to make the best sealing wax in Europe. He examines, with care, the seal of every letter brought him, and is delighted when he can say, as he generally does. "My own wax is better than that!" It is a pity the employments of Kings are not always as innocent,—Ferdinand would have no doubt made an excellent linen-draper's shopman, had he been placed where nature designed him to be fixed; and the representatives of the Cæsars would have made an excellent managing clerk in the house of certain wholesale stationers.—*Weekly Rev.*

### THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, AND SEYMOUR THE HORSE-PAINTER.

There is an excellent anecdote extant of Seymour, the horse-painter, who having been affronted by Charles, the old *haughty* Duke of Somerset, in consequence of having asserted that he believed he had the honour to belong to his grace's family. Sometime after this rupture had taken place, he was requested by his grace to return to his seat at Petworth, and finish a picture which no other painter of the day was able to complete—when he, nobly answered, "My Lord, I will now prove that I *am* of your grace's family,—for I won't come!" Mr. Dallaway, in his augmented edition of Walpole's anecdotes of Painting in England, gives the following continuation of this anecdote: "Upon receiving this laconic reply, the duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of £100. Seymour, briefly replied, that he would write to his grace. He did so; and directed his letter 'Northumberland House, opposite the Trunk-maker's, Charing Cross.' Enraged at this additional insult, the duke threw the letter into the fire without having opened it, ordering his steward at the same time to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion carelessly observed, that, 'it was hasty in his grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note for £100—and, that, *therefore*, they were now quits."

### MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The following notice is written beneath the letter box of the New National Repository—Letters, *addressed* by post *to the National Repository* will *not* be *received* if the postage is *not* paid.

### REPLY OF FRANCESCI FOSCARI TO THE AUSTRIAN MINISTER.

The winged lion of St. Mark, the patron Saint of Venice, has been the ancient arms of the Republic ever since his remains were brought to the city from the Levant. In the arms, the animal is represented holding between his claws the book of the laws of that evangelical saint, and is distinguished from his brother lions by having a crown on his head, with wings rising out of his shoulders, which insignia were at the head of all the decrees and acts of the Republic. This circumstance gave rise to the witty reply of Foscari to Prince Kaunitz, the Austrian Minister, on his asking one day, in the presence of the Empress Maria Theresa, at whose court resided the great pater-patriæ, Francesco Foscari, as Venetian Ambassador, "where the Republic had found it's *winged* lion?" "In the same forest," replied Foscari, "in which Austria discovered her *two-headed eagle*."

### CHARLEMAGNE.

It was the custom of Charlemagne to affix to the treaties which he consented to, a waxen seal, impressed by the pommel of his sword. "And with the point," added the Emperor, "I will support it."

### EPIGRAM.

It is folly with trifles to linger behind;
Or to hurry before; or to stumble betwixt;
For our breath is derived, like the echo, from wind,
And we die every day, as we live to the next.

### FONTENELLE.

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

### KIPPER TIME

Is the time between the 3rd and 12th of May, during which, Salmon Fishing is forbidden in the river Thames. P.

### EPIGRAM.

Of all the arts in which should man excel,
The highest art is that of 'living well:'
Two-fold the meaning, chuse the right, 'tis plain;
Lest thou, the art of 'living ill,' attain. P.

### EPIGRAM.

*(From Martial.)*

The following epigram we think is calculated to inform our readers, that the ancients were in the habit of adopting the 'call again to-morrow,' and not at home system, as well as the moderns.

So may I thrive, my Decius, as 'tis true,
Whole days and nights I'd gladly pass with you,
But two long miles divide, which told again,
Amount to four, when I return in vain.
Oft you are out, *or if not out*, denied,
By causes or by studies occupied;
*Two* miles to see you willingly I trudge,
But *four* to miss you, I confess I grudge.—
*Gents. Mag.*

### SIR THOMAS LETHBRIDGE AND MR. GYE.

"Why you have never opened your mouth this Session," said Sir Thomas Lethbridge to Mr. Gye. "I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," replied Mr. Gye; "your speeches have made me open it very frequently. My jaws have ached *with yawning*.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 2 | St. Athanasius. | April 2 | St. Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria, is celebrated for his opposition to the Arians, and from his name having been affixed to the creed which contains his doctrines.<br>1813. The memorable battle of Lutzen, in Saxony, was fought on this day, when the army of Buonaparte defeated the allied forces of Russia, Prussia, and Brandenburgh, with great loss, taking several thousand prisoners. |
| — 3 | St. Alexander. | — 3 | St. Alexander, a native of Rome, was pope, and held the pontificate in the time of Ælius Adrianus. After having sat ten years and seven months, he suffered martyrdom, A. D. 119.<br>The Festival of the *Invention of the Cross*, is celebrated on this day in the Romish church, to commemorate the *invention* or finding of a wooden *cross*, supposed to be the *true one*, by Helena, the *mother of Constantine the Great*.<br>1469. Born at Florence, Nicholas Machiavel, celebrated as a politician, dramatist, and historian. A treatise written by him, entitled the Prince contains the most pernicious maxims of government, founded on the worst principles. His death was occasioned by taking medicine unadvisedly, A. D. 1529. |
| — 4 | St. Monica. | — 4 | St. Monica was mother of St. Augustine, and a woman of great piety.<br>1471. The battle of Tewkesbury was fought on this day, which was the last that took place between the adherents of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. The issue of this conflict was fatal to the Lancastrians. The field in which the battle was fought retains the name of the Bloody Field, and is distant from the town half a mile. In the civil war in Charles's reign, Tewkesbury was the scene of many severe contests between the contending forces. |
| — 5 | St. Pius. | — 5 | St. Pius V. was born at Bosco, in the diocese of Tortona, A. D. 1504. He was a Dominican, and made bishop of Sutri by Paul IV. After the death of his predecessor in the papacy, Pius IV. he was elected pope in 1566. He excommunicated Q. Elizabeth, and by his bull deposed her from royal dignities, conferring her crown upon Mary, Q. of Scots. He died in 1572.<br>1821. Died, in exile, at St. Helena, Napoleon Buonaparte, ÆT. 51, the inveterate enemy of England, of a lingering illness, which had confined him to his bed for upwards of forty days. His remains were interred in the above solitary island, at the head of Rupert's Valley, mid-way between James Town and Longwood. |
| — 6 | St. John. | — 6 | St. John the evangelist was banished to the isle of Patmos, and remained there till the death of Domitian, when he returned to Asia and died in the reign of Trajan.<br>1811 Died, on this day, Richard Cumberland, Esq. one of the best dramatists of modern times. His poem, entitled Calvary and the Observer, a work in the manner of the Spectator, evince powers of the highest order. |
| — 7 | St. Benedict II. | — 7 | St. Benedict II. succeeded Leo II. in the pontificate, and died A. D. 685. The emperor Constantine for his great sanctity, issued a decree, in which it was established that he should be acknowledged as Christ's true Vicar on Earth.<br>21. Born, on this day, the emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, surnamed the Philosopher. His many acts of justice and benificence have marked him out as one of the greatest monarchs the world ever saw. His meditations have been translated into English. |
| — 8 | St. Victor. | — 8 | St. Victor was martyred during the persecutions of Dioclesian, A. D. 302. |

The Wooing at Grafton.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### THE WOOING AT GRAFTON.

It was one of those fresh and balmy summer evenings which sometimes succeed a day of scarcely endurable sultriness. The breathless stillness and heat of noon had given place to a refreshing breeze which rippled the waves of the Ouse, and stirred the countless leaves of the forest, through which the river meandered. The sun was setting in unclouded magnificence; and although his rays had greatly declined in intensity and strength, they had lost nothing of their splendour and their brightness. The birds, whose floods of melody appeared to have been dried up during the day, now poured forth a tide of song so full and resistless, that it seemed as if they intended during the short interval previous to the hour of roosting, to make amends for the silence of so many hours.

A lady of a stately figure and features, of exquisite beauty, was walking on the banks of the river. She was followed by a female attendant, and led by the hand a youth who seemed to be about nine or ten years of age. She was tall and finely formed; her eyes were large, black, and bright; her ringlets, which were as black and almost as bright, fell down to her shoulders; her complexion was exquisitely fair, approaching even to paleness. She seemed to have scarcely attained twenty years of age, but the tears which streamed down her cheeks, the melancholy expression of her eye, especially when it glanced on the stripling by her side, and the widow's weeds in which she was apparelled, too plainly told that, young as she was, sorrow had outstripped time, and premature clouds had darkened the morning of her days.

"Adelaide," she said, addressing her attendant, "see'st thou yonder alder-tree, how it gleams and brightens in the rays of the sun; but that sun is setting; into those crimson clouds beneath him that like a sanguinary sea he will shortly sink, and then the tree which now gleams and brightens will be surrounded with desolation and darkness."

"But to-morrow, madam—" said the attendant.

"Talk not of the morrow to me," in-

terrupted the lady—" to me, on whose darkened fortunes no morrow shall ever dawn. Alas! like yonder tree I flourished; brightness was on my head and around my path; but the sun that shone upon me has set, has set in a sea of blood."

" Sweet lady!" said Adelaide, " but I will talk to thee of the morrow, for a morrow of joy and gladness shall dawn upon thee yet: King Edward is gallant and generous: and although Sir John Grey fell fighting the battles of the Red Rose, he will not visit on his widow and orphans the transgressions of the husband and the father."

" Alas! Adelaide, only this day have I received a letter from my noble mother, who informs me that all her importunities have been in vain. The King has been besieged by her in his palace at Westminster more unremittingly than ever he was by Clifford or Northumberland, or the most zealous Lancastrian, when shut up in some iron fortress which constituted his only territory. The ruthless Richard Plantagenet, he whom they now call the Duke of Gloucester, stands between him and every generous disposition of his heart. The Lancastrians are devoted to the slaughter, and the crime of my dead lord, in gallantly supporting to his latest gasp the cause of his lawful sovereign, can only be expiated by the beggary of his widow and his orphans."

" Would that the gallant King," said Adelaide, " could but once behold that fair face wet with tears, and know that a single word from his lips would suffice to dry them, methinks that the forfeited estates of your husband would then be soon restored to you."

" And in truth, gentle Adelaide," said the Lady Gray, " a wild hope that perchance in the course of the chase, which he is to-day following in this neighbourhood, I might come in contact with him, and have an opportunity of falling at his feet and pleading my cause in person, has lured me from Grafton Manor, and kept me wandering by the river-side till the hour of sunset."

" The dews of evening are descending, Madam, and the chase is over. Let us return, lest we be intruded upon by some of the wild gallants in King Edward's train, who are not very scrupulous in their mode of courtship when they encou-

ter a fair lady alone and unprotected. Trust rather to the continued importunity of your noble mother. The Duchess has a persuasive speech, and the King a susceptible heart. Let us return to the Manor and hope that all will yet be well."

The lady turned round to retrace her steps in compliance with the advice of her attendant, when she found herself suddenly seized in the grasp of a man who had followed her unperceived, and who now, with very little ceremony, proceeded to overwhelm her with his embraces.

The author of this outrage was by no means one whose personal attractions could render the violence which he committed less unpalatable. He was a short and meagre figure, hump-backed, with legs of an unequal size, and teeth, or rather fangs, which protruded from his mouth, and gave an hideous expression to his face, which otherwise might have possibly been called handsome. His forehead was high and fair, his eyes black and sparkling, and his broad arched brows gave an expression of intelligence and dignity to the upper part of his countenance, which strangely contrasted with the grotesqueness and deformity of his figure. He was very richly habited in a robe of blue velvet, lined with silk, and glittering with gold—a sword hung by his side, and a cap, adorned with a plume of feathers, and a sparkling diamond in the front, was placed in rather a fantastic and foppish manner upon his head.

The lady shrieked fearfully when she found herself in the arms of this hideous being. "Silence, madam, silence," he said, "or," and he touched his dagger, while a cloud as black as midnight gathered on his brow, which, however, instantly gave place to a smile of even bewitching sweetness. "Pardon, pardon," he added; "that one used to war and strife should begin with menaces, even when addressing so fair a creature as thou art."

"Unhand me, monster!" said the Lady Gray.

"Sweet lady," he said, "you must unheart me first."

"Desist," said a voice behind them, "or, by Heaven! your heart shall rue the boldness of your hand."

With these words a young man habited in Lincoln green, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, and bearing a drawn sword in his hand, rushed upon the lady's assailant. He paused, however, as his eye encountered that of this mis-shapen being—whether it was that he recognized a face familiar to him, or that he felt an emotion of surprise at the hideousness of the creature which he beheld was not apparent The latter eyed him with a sullen and malignant smile, and then uttering a loud and discordant laugh, disappeared amidst the recesses of the forest.

The Lady had sunk on the ground, exhausted and stupified with terror. Her deliverer hastened to raise her up, while the boy, whose bosom heaved with sobs, caught her hand and covered it with his kisses, and Adelaide sprinkled her pallid and death-like features with water from the river. When she once more opened her eyes, they rested upon a being very dissimilar from him in whose arms she had last found herself. The perfect grace and symmetry of his form was only equalled by the sweetness and noble expression of his features, which, save that the curl of his lip and the proud glance of his eye indicated something of a haughty and imperious temperament, approached as nearly as possible to the *beau ideal* of manly beauty. The simplicity and modesty of his dress were as strikingly opposed to the gorgeous apparel, as were his graces of form and feature to the ghastliness and deformity of his late opponent.

"Thanks, gentle Sir," said the Lady Gray, "thanks for thy timely aid."

"No thanks are due to me, sweet lady, but to thy fair self I owe unbounded thanks for an opportunity of gazing on so much loveliness. Yet must I be a petitioner for a further favour—permission to escort you home."

The lady accepted with gratitude the service which was proffered as a boon: and giving her hand to the graceful cavalier, she proceeded under his escort homewards, attended by the stripling and Adelaide. During this short journey, she had an opportunity of discovering that the elegant and accomplished form of her deliverer was but the mirror of his refined and cultivated mind. The wit, vivacity, knowledge of men and manners, originality of thought, and courteous and chivalrous demeanour which he evinced, were such, that, if they did not positively win the heart of the Lady Gray before this their first interview terminated, certainly laid the foundation of a passion, which, as the reader will subsequently learn, exercised a powerful influence over the destinies of both.

"And now, gentle Sir," said the lady, as they arrived at her residence, "welcome to Grafton Manor. Will you please to enter?"

"Not now, sweet Madam!" answered the cavalier; "I am in the King's train, and my services will be missed. Yet may I crave leave to call to-morrow, and inquire after the health of——?" He paused, but the lady soon concluded his sentence

"Of the Lady Gray of Groby," she said, extending her hand to him.

"Ha!" he said, and started, while a dark frown lowered for a moment over his fine features, "the widow of the Lancastrian knight who fell at St. Albans."

"Even that ill-starred woman," said the Lady Gray, while the tears streamed down her features. "Farewell! farewell! I see that it is a name which is unpleasing to all ears."

"Nay, nay, sweet Madam," said the youth, gently detaining her; "it is a name which friends and foes ought alike to honour as identified with manly and heroic devotion to a falling cause, and ——" his voice faltered as he added, in a softer tone, "with the perfection of female grace and loveliness, You have been a suppliant to the King, Madam, for the restoration of your dead Lord's forfeited estates."

"I have been," she replied, "and a most unhappy and unsuccessful one."

"The King, Madam, is surrounded by men who entertain small love for the unhappy adherents of the House of Lancaster. I have the honour to serve his Highness If Edward March, his poor Esquire, can advance the cause of the Lady Gray, small as may be his abilities to do her good, they shall be all devoted to her service."

"Thanks, once more a thousand thanks, generous Sir," said the Lady. "The cause of Elizabeth Gray indeed needs all the efforts of her friends to insure for it a prosperous issue. If Master Edward March can do aught to serve it, the blessing of the widow and the fatherless will rest upon his head."

"And the blessing of the widow," thought Master Edward March, after he had taken leave of the lady, and was retracing his steps to the river side, "will be the blessing of the prettiest woman in England. That of the fatherless I could e'en dispense with; yet, methinks, it is well that they are fatherless, Heaven rest their father's soul!"

This short interview caused a strange disturbance in the heart of Elizabeth Gray. The interests of her orphan children, and anxiety to obtain for them the restitution of their father's forfeited property, had for a long time occupied her mind exclusively. Now a new feeling, she would not venture to call it a passion, seemed at least to mingle with it so as to absorb all other considerations. Yet even this came disguised in the garb of her children's interests, who, she now felt more than ever stood much in need of a protector to supply the place of their deceased parent. The mother of the Lady Gray was Jaqueline of Luxembourg, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, who had, after the death of her husband, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she espoused in second marriage Sir Edward Woodville, a private gentleman, to whom she bore several children; and among the rest Elizabeth, who was remarkable for the grace and beauty of her person, as well as for other amiable accomplishments. This young lady had married Sir John Gray, of Groby, by whom she had two sons; and her husband being slain in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of Lancaster, and his estate being for that reason confiscated, his widow had retired to live with her mother at her seat of Grafton, in Northamptonshire. The Duchess herself resided principally in London, as well for the purpose of leaving her daughter as much as possible in complete possession of Grafton Court, as to afford the Duchess, by her vicinity to the palace, opportunities for pressing upon the King the propriety of restoring to the widow of Sir John Gray the forfeited estates of her husband. These solicitations, however, had as yet been unavailing, and she was in daily expectation of hearing that the estates, which formed the subject of them, had been bestowed upon some adherent of the House of York.

Such was the posture of her affairs when the Lady Gray became acquainted with Edward March, in the manner which we have narrated. The young esquire called on her the next day, and their second interview confirmed in the bosoms of both the passion which had been excited by the first. March, in addition to his personal attractions, expressed so much anxiety for the interests of the lady and her children, and such a determination, as soon as the King returned to London, and was at leisure to attend to business, to press the fair widow's suit upon his attention, that the surrender which the lady made of her heart, seemed to her to be no less a matter of policy than affection. The youth was not slow in perceiving the impression which he had made on the susceptible bosom of Elizabeth; and one day, when the parties had scarcely been acquainted a month, he took like Othello "a pliant hour," poured into the lady's listening and not offended ear a confession of his passion, and made an offer of his hand and heart.

"Alas! good Master March," said she, "thou talkest idly. What hopes can a poor Esquire and the portionless widow of Sir John Gray have of future happiness, by uniting their forlorn fortunes together."

"I have a sword, Madam, which has

a.ready done good service, and which, I doubt not, will, on the next field on which it is brandished, win for me the badge of knighthood."

"Or the grave of an esquire!" said the lady, mournfully.

"But, Madam, trust to my persuasions and the King's goodness of heart for the restoration of your children's inheritance. Will you make your promise of sealing my happiness conditional upon that restoration?"

The youth's eye flashed fire as he put this question to the lady. Her colour came and went—her bosom rose and fell quickly; her heart beat within it tumultuously, and her whole frame trembled like an aspen tree as she paused a few moments before she answered this question, and then, sinking into his arms, exclaimed, "I will, I will! dearest Edward I am wholly thine."

"Now Heaven's richest blessings fall upon that fair head!" he said, imprinting a fervent kiss on her forehead. "The King departs for London on the morrow, and I must follow in his train. Trust me sweet Elizabeth, that thy suit shall not want the advocacy of any eloquence which I may possess, and I hope that when I next meet thee, it will be to clasp thee to my bosom as my bride."

The Lady Gray felt more desolate than ever at Grafton Manor after the departure of Edward March from its neighbourhood. She had intrusted him with a letter to the Duchess of Bedford, in which she had simply informed her that the bearer was a gentleman who hoped, from his situation near the person of the King, to be able to advance the successful progress of their suit to his Highness. To this letter she had received an answer, saying that it had been forwarded to her mother by Mr. March, but that he had not himself called upon the Duchess, nor had she received from him any intelligence as to the success of his efforts on the Lady Gray's behalf. Days and weeks rolled on, and the fair widow still remained in total uncertainty as to the state of her affairs, except that each letter which she received from her mother informed her that she found increasing difficulty in procuring interviews with the King, and that the monarch, at such interviews, appeared colder and more adverse than ever to the object for which they were sought.

"Alas! alas!" said the Lady Gray; "will Fate never cease to persecute me? Even this last fond hope—reliance on the affection and on the efforts in my behalf, of this young man, has failed me. But it was a wild and an idle hope, and Elizabeth Gray, who has seen so much of the world, ought to have known how delusive are its brightest prospects, and how false its most solemn promises. Edward March has proved inconstant and untrue, and Elizabeth Gray must remain desolate and oppressed."

*(To be continued.)*

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## FALSEHOOD.

'Tis sad to weep beside the bier,
Where lies the lov'd one dead!
The pang is short that dries the tear
Which Nature kindly sped!
But oh! there is a wound we feel,
More painfully severe,
'Tis venom'd, past the pow'r to heal,
By Falsehood's deadly spear!

To give confiding up the heart
To one, who seemed to give
Another for it, was to part
With honey for the hive!
But oh! to find it emptied, and
Its sweets all stole away,
Is all at once to feel a pang,
Unknown before that day!

To fondly smile, and meet a frown;—
To speak, and find the ear
Once bent in love, now careless thrown
Some other voice to hear;—
To look upon the once kind eye,
And find it coldly rove;—
To feel the hope, once cherished, die;—
Are sorrows—speech above!

Oh! surely 'twas not woman's soul,
That dared so cruel be;
Oh! Pity should have more controul
There, than such guile to see:—
Alas! alas! *'twas* woman's deed,
And she the loveliest too!—
The Muses from the dark thought speed;
And bid the theme adieu!

R. JARMAN.

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## MORETTI, THE TOE ARTIST,

*(A Street Circular.)*

His frame supported by his knees,
He's sitting on a stool,
He casts his features to the ground,
And earns his bread by rule:
Of all the circulars in town,
Moretti's not of least renown.

A sheet of paper and a brush,
Two colours, red and green,
Are on his palette for his board
To keep his *morceau* clean,
And by the workings of his toes,
He paints till he has made a Rose.

'Who'll buy the rose? a penny each!
He holds it up and cries:
Strange that a foot of five nails length,
His loss of arms supplies:
But Nature for the artist feels,
And makes him handy with his heels.

Round him the gaping people stand,
And wonder that his toes
Should be so flexible to make
So fanciful a Rose!
Created in a London street,
By other name 'twould smell as sweet.

His face is sun-burnt, and its form
Of pure Italian *caste*;
Thin, middle-aged and pensive, he
Combats misfortune's blast:
In an old braided jacket, green,
Antonio, when 'tis fine, is seen,

Hast thou spare pence when passing him?
His stumps though hand-led not,
To shake in friendship's joyous press,
Relieve him on the spot:
'Coppers,' as Franklin says,—'in lumps,
'Will fructify' his h-arm-less stumps.

Were Raphael and Vandyke alive,
His effigy they'd take,
And hang him in a canvas line,
For des-cent lineal sake:
Like 'Shakspeare,' on the 'Bellows' side,
He'd down to future artists ride. P.

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## Recollections of Books and their Authors.—No. 4.

### THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN BUNCLE."

Among the most acute of the many thorns which gall the feet of him who plods along the bye-paths, and even of him who boldly travels the broad roads to fame, and which make the literary adventurer half repent that he ever set out on so perilous a pilgrimage, must be the recollection, that, of many of the greatest and some of the most erratic of men who are included in the long line of English geniuses, scarcely more is known than serves to give an edge to the appetite of the curious, but denies them the banquet they desire.

Much learned ink has been dribbled away in authenticating the rank and condition of Chaucer, him who held the key of "the well of pure English undefiled," and what has been proved after all?—that he was a 'franklin,'—a rank equivalent to that of 'gentleman' in these days! And who that has read his Romaunts, made beautiful with delineations of manners which were not those of his period, rude as they may now be considered, but rather those of centuries unborn,—who that has discerned and admired his almost prophetic perception of the coming millenium of more gentle manners,—who that has listened to his yearnings after the reigns of reason and right, goodness and gentleness, could believe him to be less than a gentleman? He is said to have well cudgelled a friar in Fleet Street; and he certainly belaboured his brethren somewhat roughly with his poetic quarter-staff in his works; all else that is surmised of his personal history is "hemmed in with saucy doubts, and fears."

The next greatest name in the list of the illustrious who followed him is Kit Marlowe, the precursor-star of a greater genius. Some who believe in his existence as Marlow, have assassinated him in a drunken brawl with a bully, as to the right of proprietorship in a punk; whilst others have merged him into that sea of immensity Shakspeare, (who has certainly, like the Leviathan of another water, swallowed up whole shoals of Marlows, as if they had been minnows,) roundly asserting, and believing too, that Kit was no other than Will. Shakspeare in a domino. It is true, that the one star had just set in the west as the other rose in the east, but whether the first star was identical with the last, even the Newtons, who have interpreted the intellectual firmament, and measured the distances between one literary orb and another have left us in the dark. Of Shakspeare, too, how little more than nothing is ascertained. We know that he lived, and that he died, and that his "works," which were not intended to "follow him," still live, and will, perhaps, never die; the bark that bears this vast venture of our knowledge of him is then bound in "shoals and shallows," which it shall as soon pass over as time get the start of eternity. Dr. Drake, who had gathered together all the few doubtful facts which are known of him, was forced, from the paucity of his materials, to illustrate rather the day in which he lived than the poet himself, which is about as germane to the matter, as if, in illustrating the solar system, we gave the life and times of twelve o'clock in the day.

Of Spenser, who came between these two kindred stars, Marlow and Shakspeare, we learn from his own pen only, that, after flattering and gilding the great ones of his day with praises which must have dyed his cheek with blushes for their fulsomeness, he was, notwithstanding, poor and neglected, and, it is supposed, died as much darkened by the clouds of misfortune as he had lived: and this, which is all that is known of him, is by no means well authenticated, and is rather inferred from that eloquent stanza, in which he has so pathetically painted the miseries of dependency, than from any facts which are to be gathered of his personal history. Indeed, his successes and his disappointments are equally doubtful, the only instance related of any

thing like a liberal reward having been rendered to his merit, (that of the patronage of Sir Philip Sidney, who as he read verse after verse of his "Faërie Queene," sent hundreds after hundreds of pounds to reward his "high emprise") even this poor compliment is considered by his latest biographer* to be a very apocryphal sort of story.

We might stretch out this long line of the neglected and the little known of great names "to the crack of doom;" but we forbear, and descend abruptly to the author of "John Buncle," a writer who deserves to rank next to John Bunyan for spiritual romanticism.

"The Life of John Buncle" is perhaps the most singular romance that this or any country has produced. It is a work full of the most strange contradictions and impossibilities; it abounds with portraits of mental beings, such as no one ever met with, and, what is more, would scarcely wish to meet with. Each of his heroes and heroines is the very perfection of individuality. The gentlemen are old, interesting, and without *heirs male*, and (as elderly gentlemen should do) die like good Christians in the very nick of time at which they are required to die,—for the interests of the hero and his tale. The ladies expire in child-bed of young Buncles, before their doting husband, our hero, has ceased to dote; he bewails their loss with a becoming quantity of tears and a due proportion of pocket handkerchiefs; in two or three days dries his eyes, orders his horse, leaps into his stirrups, and after travelling a few miles, is attracted by some beautiful mansion in some more beautiful situation; rides up to it, hangs his horse on any indifferent hook which happens to be at hand—introduces himself to mine host, who is hospitable enough to entertain both man and horse—finds him to be old and a widower, with a lovely daughter; the father is all perfection, the lady rather more; John then measures the old gentleman's foot—fits him to a hair;—next he takes measure of the lady's—fits her also to a nicety; the old gentleman then dies, but, before he departs this world, begs him, as a dear, considerate friend, to take his daughter; John then falls into a critical comparison of the intended Mrs. Buncle the third, with the deceased Mesdames Buncle the first and second, and discovers that she is still a nearer approach to perfectibility than the previous most perfect ladies of their kind, marries her off-hand, in nine months another young Buncle becomes payable, when she, too, dies, and after the usual lachrymatory eye-offerings, he remounts his horse, with many philosophical reflections upon those two important things in life *this* and *that*, comes to another pleasant haunt, where some new Cynthia lives in a forlorn state of single-blessedness, he soon discovers that she has no extreme objection to herself and chosen friend living together as one,—he marries her, and all that; *she* dies in proper time—is still more perfect than her *most* perfect predecessors—but still he does not despair; on the contrary, he looks out for Mrs. Buncle the fifth, and so he goes on to the end of his adventures, which are impossible to be laid down when you have once entered into them, and equally impossible to be read without wondering at the heterogeneous mixture of passion with philosophy, of common place incidents mingled with the marvellous,—of the knowledge and no-knowledge it exhibits of mankind, and the medley of rational piety and religious puppyism. One might almost imagine that it had been meant as a travestie of Rousseau's fantastic philosophy and superfine amorous fooleries, but that it is throughout made the vehicle of serious discussions of points of faith, in which John engages tooth and nail with the various Mrs. Buncles of his adventures, who are all and severally equally well-grounded in theological matters, and able to cope with metaphysical John himself, and break his head with his own weapons; John, however, is never without resources; if he fails in conquering their heads he is sure to vanquish their hearts, so that he is always triumphant, one way or the other.

We have rhodomontaded thus far on the work—now to speak of its *author*, Miss Hawkins lets us a little into his character, and shews him to have been indeed a very sensible one—a genius more partial to the pudding than to the praise of his profession.

"A winter-evening visitor to my father, (Sir John Hawkins,) when in London," says that pleasant, gossiping old lady, "was a little, scarlet-faced Anabaptist divine, of the name of Bulkley;" for whom, on account of some great conscientious sacrifice, which I cannot recal to my memory, he had a kind respect. He had written '*The Life of John Buncle*,' a work of fiction, intended to give basis to discussions of points of faith and moral philosophy: as far as I could then judge, he appeared to be a warm disputant, without the smallest acrimony. My father would shake his head with a smile when Bulkley maintained what he could not admit; and Bulkley would laugh

† Dr. Aikin.

most good-humouredly when my father was stiffly unconvinced.

Beside the work above mentioned, Mr. Bulkley had written many things, and was a zealous defender of Lord Shaftesbury from the charge of Deism. These productions he had an art of introducing to notice, which, perhaps, was to be excused. My father could generally guess that a visit from Mr. Bulkley was to produce a claim on his purse—which was urged in the terms of 'Since I saw you I have written such a thing.' My father of course must desire to have a copy. 'And such a pamphlet.' 'Well, pray send it me.' 'And such another,' and so on.

It was very lucky for the Historian of Music, that Bulkley was not as book-prolific as the Scotts and Southeys of our day, or such an insinuating Anabaptist might have deducted a cool hundred or so annually out of his pocket.

There is one thing still wanting in this re printing age—a cheap and careful edition of "John Buncle," with a selection of its author's best miscellaneous writings, which, no doubt, are sprinkled, more or less, with the quaintness and singularity of that most quaint and singular of romances. "Cœlebs in search of a Wife" might then walk off to the trunk-liners, if he is not there already; for adventurous John would certainly beat him off "the Row."—Illuscenor.

## THE CHARACTER OF THE VENETIANS.

Generally speaking, the Venetians are gentle, affable, polite, courteous, hospitable, and more civilized and better informed than the inhabitants of any other part of Italy. Their conversation is at once entertaining and instructive. The vast number of men of talent, in every art and science, to which the Republic has given birth, is a proof that its lakes are as abundant in genius as they are fertile in the productions of their native element. To mention only a few of the illustrious names who have rendered the Venetian nation immortal—Titus Livius, Petrarco, Trissino, Algarotti, Goldoni, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Palladio, Sansovino, Scarlati, Buranello, Bertoni, Tartini, Canova, &c. are names which, in their respective departments, remain unrivalled, and will be the admiration of the world as long as mankind shall continue to entertain a taste for science and the fine arts. As navigators, the Venetians claim the foremost rank; as warriors, they stand on an equality with the bravest; and as politicians, they are superior to every other civilized nation in Europe.

The men are above the middle stature, rather inclined to be tall, and remarkably well made. They have good clear complexions, fine expressive countenances, with an elegant and easy deportment. So remarkably constant are they in their attachments, that it is no uncommon thing to hear of friendships, between the sexes, of fifty and sixty years' standing. A Venetian rarely abandons the object of his primitive affection, except for ill-treatment or infidelity; and, even in those instances, he never fails to render her his assistance, should she happen to stand in need of it.

The females, who, generally speaking, are handsome, have very fine figures, with beautifully clear skins, expressive features, and eyes that penetrate the inmost recesses of the soul. They are interestingly delicate in their external manners and in their language, the Venetian being, of all the dialects in Italy, the most agreeable. In the mouth of a genteel *Donna Veneziana*, it adds to the native grace of her carriage, and never fails to charm and delight the ear of a stranger; especially when it happens to be placed in contrast with the vulgar Lombardian jargon. They are remarkably attentive to foreigners; though they rarely form a tender attachment for them. When, however, such an attachment does take place, it is usually most passionate and sincere.

The societies at Venice, whether at private houses or at the public casinos, are generally enlivened with the smiling eyes and gentle and fascinating looks of the fair sex, and are conducted with an ele gance and ease superior to most other female societies; and without any of that discordant rivalship of prerogatives too often to be met with elsewhere. The casinos are conducted much in the same manner as the subscription-houses in London; where the members are at liberty to do as they please, with this especial difference, that the ladies only are subscribers, the gentlemen being honorary members. Strangers of respectability, of both sexes, are readily admitted, and meet with a polite and affable reception. The company are entertained with a concert, and treated with refreshments. Cards are introduced at the wish of any of the party; and other amusements, except those of hazard. These casinos are furnished in the most costly and elegant style, and are brilliantly lighted up with the beautiful wax candles for which Venice is so justly celebrated.

The regularity, the order, and the mag-

nificence which prevail at these princely casinos, at once discover the ladies of Venice to be a superior race of beings to their neighbours of Terra Firma. In their conversation they are lively and unaffected, without levity, and communicative and affable without coquetry.

The uncommon share of Freedom which these ladies enjoy, induces foreigners, who have but a superficial knowledge of them, to form an opinion of them very different from that which they really deserve. The mixed classes of every country have their *chiaro scuro*. The Venetian ladies are extremely engaging in their manners; and as to their dress, it may be called becoming rather than fashionable, and sets off their fine figures to the greatest advantage. It is not unusual for them to be married to men whom they have never before seen, except through the grate of the convent in which they have been educated, and which they only quit to enter into the gay world, through the temple of Hymen—where Cupid rarely presides beyond the honey-moon! And, to this very liberty, which they enjoy the moment they are married, is to be ascribed, that they are usually not so capricious as the Italians of the south, who are more rigorously subjected to antiquated external formalities.

At one period, the Venetians were so suspicious of their wives and daughters, that they never allowed them to walk out; and, to prevent their doing so, they even obliged them to wear exceedingly high-heeled shoes, which, as it were, suspended the foot from the toe upwards, raising the other extremity nearly ten inches, and making it almost parallel with the leg; in consequence of which, their feet became cramped, like those of the Chinese.

The usual dresses of the noble Venetians, in the time of the Republic, somewhat resembled the black gowns worn by our judges, having ermine on one side. The robes of ceremony were of crimson damask, very long; and they were habited in full powdered wigs, like those worn by the gentlemen of the bar. This was the usual dress of the Doge; except on special occasions, when he wore one made of gold brocade, with a massy gold chain round his neck, and a coronet on his head of the same materials, over a wig and velvet cap.

The dress of the noble ladies was a rich black velvet, according to the season, a skirt with a long train, a coloured body and sleeves, and a black silk veil that covered the head and shoulders, was crossed on the neck and round the waist, and fell tastefully behind on the black skirt. It was generally trimmed with black lace, and was very becoming when properly put on. Under the veil they wore a skeleton wire shape, to keep it from falling on the face, which was called *vesta e sendal*. Foreigners generally adopted this dress on their arrival at Venice: but few could put them on so tastily as the natives. Madame Mara, when singing at Venice, always wore this dress during the morning; and she was accustomed to say, that she never pleased her auditors more than when she was thus attired.

In the church, at mass, and at all public places, the ladies wore this dress. During the time of the Carnival they could never go to the theatre or opera without the *tabbara e bauta:* which was a long cloak of black or coloured silk, with a black silk cap, and a lace trimming placed round, nearly a yard in length, which fell over the shoulders half way down their figures. Over their faces they wore a mask, and on their heads a man's three-cornered hat, ornamented with feathers and a cockade. But, the moment they reached their boxes, the cap and mask were taken off, until they left the opera; when they were immediately replaced, until they had passed to their gondolas.

This dress, together with the mask, were worn during Carnival time, the feast of the Ascension, and at some other public festivals; which, altogether, occupied nearly six months out of the twelve; and only at these seasons, and in this dress, were they permitted to hold converse with the *corps diplomatique* resident at Venice.

The gondolas were all painted black, and highly varnished In the middle of this elegant little vessel is a cushioned bench, for two persons; and on each side there is another, sufficient to hold one person. The tilt, or awning, resembles a hearse, with windows and Venetian blinds. The outer part is covered with black cloth, trimmed with tassels; the inner with silk; and a curtain, of the same materials as the outside, serves as a door of entrance. The gondolas of the foreign ministers, and of other distinguished personages, had generally coloured silk curtains, by which they could always be distinguished from those of the Venetians.

After the conquest of the Greek Islands, Constantinople, Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, by the Republic, from the vast influx of wealth and luxury, and the great increase of population from the Terra Firma, it became necessary, in order to preserve virtuous females from violence, to allot—in imitation of the ancient Romans—a certain retired part of the city, for the habitations of the improperly called

*Meretrices;* and, to prevent those dreadful evils, for which two great cities were once destroyed by fire, the Senators would walk in the public square of St. Mark, by the side of these necessary evils; who, at the approach of evening, were required to exhibit themselves between two lighted candles, at the windows of their apartments. Under the present government, the frail sisterhood are licensed, and pay a regular tax; and are permitted to follow their profession—*pro bono publico*—wherever they think fit.——*Italy in the 19th Century.*

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### THE LAST TEAR.

*(For the Olio.)*

I saw the mother calmly weep,
O'er her cradled infant dying,
I marked the tearful anguish peep,
Wan melancholy's smile belying.

And then I mused on parting breath,
Of innocence, and kindred feeling,
And then I prayed of envious death,
That he would gently work his dealing.

I spoke in comfort to the heart,
That well I knew was silent breaking,
I sought to play the soother's part,
But mine alas! was sorely aching.

I tried to hide th' expiring sigh,
And sombre tint of torture's seeming,
I told in place of realms on high,
Where blissful peace was ever teeming.

But when the death-smile sweetly shone,
I told her then her babe was dying,
One sob escaped, and only one,
To heaven's light innoxious hieing.

And she that died, I've heard her say,
Was like to him I ne'er had known,
But he had gone like her, away,
And knelt at Heaven's Throne.

The story of her life has drawn,
From tearful founts the drop of sorrow,
She deems that every friend has gone,
To greet on high, life's morrow.

But there is one whom she has slighted,
By-gone days of love will tell,
But tho' by her that love was blighted,
It round her still shall dwell.

He murmurs not unwelcome love,
He speaks not of the poisoned shaft,
Nathless it might him now behove,
The goaded sigh to waft.

But let it rest where long it has,
Ungnaw'd by time, where still it rages,
The shadow now of what it was,
In her remembrance only wages.

And still she seems to mourn in peace,
Nor courts the grave where she is going,
For death hath traced in that sweet face,
The dam that stops the tear from flowing.

And when shut out from this world's grief,
The quiet sleep of death comes o'er her,
I close the eye in fond belief,
That strife of heart has gone before her.

Then when I've raised the storied urn,
That tells the wandering passer by,
To love as I have loved, and learn,
Like her to live, like me to die.

Near the murmuring brooks meander,
O'er the sod where she doth sleep,
Where nor grave nor gay shall wander,
There I'll go and silent weep.

Unnoted there I'll live, I'll die,
There I'll seek the long sought bower,
And wing my way where one on high,
Shall recompense life's bitter hour.

W. MORLEY.

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### THE GRAVE OF CRIME.

He sleeps, but ah! how troubled is his rest,
No breeze that keeps the vigils of the blest,
Sighs the sad requiem, o'er his stony bed,
But loose, rough winds have threatened, and they fled.
So should a wicked, life's last couch, be laid
Without the solace of a cooling shade,
To spread its lonely balm at evening-tide,
Upon the waving grass; which parched, and dried,
Would wave no more, nor shade the tomb of peace,
Bidding the grief, of fond relation's cease
And dry their tears, when they beheld the spot
Where noise ne'er strays, where passion wanders not,—
But O! for him no pleasant spot like this,
The bones of crimes, must never sleep in bliss
He sported with the world, and with its joy,
Ere sorrow came, to furrow; and destroy
The healthful blush youth's gaiety had spared
Through all the dangers restless manhood dar'd;
But sorrow came, not singly, in his age,
His hair grew silvery; and the open page,
Where lie enclosed, the jewels of the mind,
Where genius, splendid image, is enshrined,
Was furrowed, by the world's unfeeling scorn,
Which since hath felt his tomb, unshaded and forlorn!

W.

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### THE LEADING PROFESSION.

The choice of a profession was in all times an affair of difficulty, and it has become peculiarly so at a period when the avenues to success, whether in the walks of theology, of law, or of medicine, are blocked up by a crowd of eager competitors. Nor is the path to wealth, by the more beaten track of commercial pursuits, less impeded by the struggles of rivalry, the intrigues of connexion, or the overwhelming preponderance of enormous capital. For adventurous young men, not cursed by nature with a modest or studious turn, and who are impatient to take the post of honour by a *coup-de-*

*main*, a state of war offers the ample field of the profession of arms; but in a time of peace that field is narrowed to a very aristocratic circle, and the plebeian spirit learns to be tamed in the never ending rebuffs of the Horse Guards and of the Admiralty. All things considered, and with a due regard to the necessary education, the certain rewards, and the few chances of failure, it appears to us that the profession which involves the least individual expence in its necessary studies, the aspirants being constantly trained at the public cost—which is supported by the greatest excitement of popular observation, so as to satisfy the most insatiate appetite for fame—which presents the most open field for exertion, so as to leave the adventurer the largest choice of opportunities—and which is fenced round from the attacks of private envy or revenge, by the most powerful support of innumerable functionaries—that most cherished and honoured profession is that of a THIEF.

And first, of the education for this profession.

We will imagine a youth to whom the honours of his calling are not hereditary. He has been brought up as other youths are, either in absolute ignorance of the world which has preceded him, and the world which is before him; or with such an acquaintance with the tendencies of mankind as they are learned in the book of history, or the safer volume of experience, as will satisfy him that the least successful of the sons of men are the most conscientious. If he be utterly uninstructed in book-learning, and yet have a tolerable acquaintance with the things around him, he will see (if he open his eyes) that the one thing needful is money, —that cunning has a much surer grasp of that *summum bonum* than wisdom; —and that the contempt of society is only reserved for the poor. Hence poverty, as Talleyrand said of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, is worse than a crime—it is a blunder. If he derive his knowledge from the half truths, half fables of the records of his species, he will discover that fraud and violence have always secured to themselves a much larger portion of what are called the blessings of life—competency, luxury, high station, influence, command—than sincerity and moderation. If he live in the country, he has constantly presented to his eyes the condition of a vast many miserable people, who are reduced to the utmost extremity of perpetual suffering,—their honest pride trampled upon, their affections outraged, their commonest wants unsupplied,—and for no personal demerit that he can perceive, but because they are laborious, patient, inoffensive, easily satisfied, content to do their duty in the station to which they are born. If he abide in a city, he discovers that the most direct modes of obtaining a living are ill paid—that squalid filth follows the scanty earnings of the mechanic—that the tradesman who vends an honest commodity cannot compete with the quack and the puffer—that insolent vice always thrusts modest virtue into the kennel. In either case he perceives that mankind, directly or indirectly, spend their lives in endeavours to abstract more than they have a right to abstract from the property of their neighbours. He commences, by dint of hard reasoning, a professional career of resolving to practice that philosophy which teaches him that the institutions of society are chains only for the weak. If he be a peasant he tries his hand at poaching, if a London blackguard, at picking pockets. In either case the law soon takes charge of his further education; and he is duly sent to that most instructive *Alma Mater*,—a prison.

The care which is now bestowed upon the nurture of his infant hopes is prodigious. He has abundant leisure for the cultivation of his faculties: he has no anxiety about the events of the passing day: he is introduced to the full enjoyment of the society of the most careless, enthusiastic, and undaunted men in existence, as well as to the ablest instructors in his peculiar art. All knowledge, but that which is to lead him to excellence in the profession which he now must choose, is despised;—all views of the social state, but those which regard man as a predatory animal, are held to be low and unattractive,—all employments of the talents of the human race, but those which present themselves to the lion heart in the shape of burglary, and to the cautious understanding in the not less attractive forms of coining and shop-lifting, are pronounced to be mean and ungratifying.

The facility with which the profession of a thief is acquired is a wonderful recommendation of its excellent and manifold advantages. In this college, the *honours* are bestowed after an examination for which the previous study is very inconsiderable— the "wooden-spoon" feels that his rank is by no means settled in the estimation of his examiners, but that a successful adventure may place him in the first degree of the beloved of Bow Street;—and even he that is "plucked" for wanting in the reckless qualities by which excellence is attained, may hope to prepare himself next session (the "term" of our houses of felo-

nious maintenance) for the most distinguished companionship of that fraternity, which, above all others, generously delights in imparting its blessings to novices by the most unremitting system of proselytism.

Nor is it any degradation from the agreeable nature of this education (when compared to education in general) to say, that the student often receives bodily chastisement in the progress of his willing labours. The laws have no punishments which touch his mind. If he be remanded to his prison, he is only condemned to a further acquaintance with the agreeable society to which he was introduced when he first entered its walls. He has formed friendships which will last for life; he is secure of patronage when he comes out again upon the stirring world, he will, in future, have no lack of counsellors and abettors. Admit that he is sentenced to be privately whipped; in this he does not differ an ounce from the highest of the land. The boys of the middle classes have been gradually becoming more exempt from the terrors of indecent bodily chastisement; but inflictions upon the persons are still the peculiar privileges of the noble students of Westminster and Eton, and the not less ambitious denizens of Newgate and Brixton. Long may they each enjoy these ancient and politic rights, which have such a decided influence upon the destinies both of the statesman and of the felon!

From the moment that our aspirant leaves his first prison, he becomes a public man. His preparation for the duties of life is complete. He rushes at once into his stimulating career; and he reaps a full harvest of profit and of fame. Less fortunate candidates for distinction may waste an existence in obtaining a single puff of the newspapers. Thousands of authors die for lack of criticism;—painters go off by scores, because no obscure scribbler ever echoes their names; the finest of women have been figurantes at the opera for twenty seasons, without having attained to the recorded dignity of a *pas-seul* at the Surrey, and ostentatious citizens have given dozens of dinners, to which some gentlemen of the press were duly invited, and yet never once saw their magnificence, under the head of "Court and Fashion," in the *Morning Post*. But the very first adventure of a thief is fame. Is a watch snatched out of a window in the Strand, ten daily papers and two hundred and fifty weekly immediately describe the astonishing incident in the most glowing colours;—is a pocket picked in the pit-entrance of Drury Lane, the embryo hero of the evening sees his fame duly chronicled in the morning journals;—and lastly, if by some error in judgment he appear before Sir Richard Birnie, he excites the sympathy of all mankind, being "a remarkably good-looking and interesting young man, attired (yes, attired is the phrase) in the highest style of fashion, and his hair elegantly arranged." Who can resist such flatteries as these? After such encouragements, what candidate for the final honours of the New Drop would abandon his stimulating career, and retire, (if he could) to the prose of common life,

Content to dwell in decencies for ever?

The legislative care which is bestowed upon the commonwealth of thieves must be abundantly gratifying to every member of the profession. Their calling never cankers by neglect; they must have a perpetual vigilance as to what laws are enacted and what are repealed; what is grand larceny to-day and petty larceny to-morrow; the statistics of their realm, too, are known and registered with the greatest accuracy. The condition of their palaces forms the constant object of magisterial and parliamentary solicitude, and societies are specially constituted in aid of all this official vigilance, to see that their apartments are airy and their provisions wholesome. The most affectionate care of their health is duly taken; and if, at any period of their lives, foreign travel is recommended, a country, which is admitted on all hands to be the finest in the world, is specially appropriated for their enjoyment. All this is highly stimulating.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE STAGE-COACHMAN.

'Going down, Sir?'———
'Aye. Give me a lift:—all right.'

To be the complete 'Stage-coachman,' he should be clothed in boots, coats, pockets, and neckcloths. When thus equipped, he takes the reins and the whip, mounts the coach-box adroitly, gives a click with his tongue, peculiar to drivers of horses, which they well understand, and the light or heavy apparatus of the vehicle runs nobly along to the known destination. Previously to starting, however, he contrives, if possible, to get a female, (and a handsome one, too,) courageous enough to seat herself beside him, and whom he entertains with success

by the droll and numerous adventures into which he falls from place to place, in company with a variety of passengers. He is a kind of Time-driver through life, taking hours by the forelock. An active principle on the road. A runner through the seasons. A measurer of milestones. A daily appearance-maker. A night-watcher. An horologe to cottagers, on commons. A speaking sun-dial to turnpike men. His cheek looks cheerful and plump, rosy and fireful. He wears a hawk's-eye. His chin is trebly secured by a tasty shawl being set round his neck. And his voice, though hoarse, is impervious to the attack of typhus in the throat, which is clothed within and without, in no ordinary manner. To his horses he is kind, and whips them only but when the hours are in advance. He loves jokes, because he is, in some respects, a maker of them. He is often detected in winking at every pretty girl on the road, and calls them all his wives. He knows every mansion and house on note for fifty miles, and descants freely on their merits and histories. His whip is sometimes used in sport to objects loitering on the road-side. But his qualities are generally good; and the persons who are in his graces, may have a cheap ride, a brace of game, or his assisting hand in adversity. If his complement is made up, he is indifferent to the hailing.

A weary traveller, resting on a heap of stones, or waiting at a cottage with his wife in a red cloak, the posies and bundles; but, if there is a chance for a lift, his upturned elbow, indicates the willing accommodation by a check to speed and a 'draw up.' To those in his own line, in spite of opposition, he nods the friendly recognition; and, to Noblemen who patronize the whip, he is on equal terms, but with conscious deference. When he is off duty, he indulges in sleep, attends the dinners of his associates, sings the 'Mail-Coach Song,' subscribes to the widows' fund, is an expert whistler, but an indifferent walker, for like a sailor out of a ship, a tailor off his board, or a sexton out of the church-yard, he is out of his element when walking out of the boots of a coach. P.

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### ACCOUNT OF A FIGHT BETWEEN A TIGER AND AN ELEPHANT.

In the midst of a grassy plain, about half a mile long, and nearly as much in breadth, about sixty or seventy fine elephants were drawn up in several ranks, each animal being provided with a mahawat and a hauda, which was empty. On one side were placed convenient seats; the governor, mandarins, and a numerous train of soldiers being also present at the spectacle. A crowd of spectators occupied the side opposite. The tiger was bound to a stake placed in the centre of the plain, by means of a stout rope fastened round his loins. We soon perceived how unequal was the combat. The claws of the poor animal had been torn out, and a strong stitch bound the lips together, and prevented him from opening his mouth. On being turned loose from the cage he attempted to bound over the plain, but, finding all attempts to extricate himself useless, he threw himself at length upon the grass, till, seeing a large elephant with long tusks approach, he got up and faced the coming danger. The elephant was by this attitude and the horrid growl of the tiger too much intimidated and turned aside, while the tiger pursued him heavily, and struck him with his fore-paw upon the hind quarter, quickening his pace not a little.

The mahawat succeeded in bringing the elephant to the charge again before he had gone far, and this time he rushed on furiously, driving his tusks into the earth under the tiger, and, lifting him up fairly, gave him a clear cast to the distance of about thirty feet. This was an interesting point in the combat. The tiger lay along the ground as if he were dead, yet it appeared that he had sustained no material injury, for on the next attack he threw himself into an attitude of defence, and, as the elephant was again about to take him up, he sprung upon his forehead fixing his hind-feet upon the trunk of the former.

The elephant was wounded in this attack, and so much frightened, that nothing could prevent him from breaking through every obstacle, and fairly running off. The mahawat was considered to have failed in his duty, and soon after was brought up to the governor, with his hands bound behind his back, and on the spot received a hundred lashes of the rattan.

Another elephant was now brought, but the tiger made less resistance on each successive attack. It was evident that the tosses he received must soon occasion his death.

All the elephants were furnished with tusks, and the mode of attack in every instance, for several others were called forward, was that of rushing upon the tiger, thrusting their tusks under him, raising him, and throwing him to a distance. Of their trunks they evidently were very careful, rolling them cautiously

up under the chin. When the tiger was dead, an elephant was brought up, who, instead of raising the tiger in his tusks, seized him with his trunk, and in general cast him to the distance of thirty feet.—*Brewster's Journal.*

## Illustrations of History.

### THE PAGEANTRY AT BRISTOL, GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE VISIT OF HENRY VII.

In the year 1690, Henry VII. visited Bristol, on the se'nnight after Whitsuntide, attended by the Lord Chancellor, and many of the nobles, and lodged at St. Augustin's Monastery. Three miles out of Bristol, his majesty was met by the Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Bailiffs, with their brethren, and a great number of other burgesses, including the Recorder, named Freymayle, who, in their names, "right cunningly welcomed him." On a causeway within Lawford's Gate, the King was received by a procession of friars, and at the end of the causeway, the procession of the parish churches received him; "and in the entry of the Tower-gate, (Newgate) there was ordained a pageant, with great melody and singing; after which there was a king, [Brennus] who addressed the king in a speech of thirty-five verses." At the High Cross, there was a pageant full of maiden children, richly beseen, and Prudentia had a speech complimentary. Thence, "the King proceeded *ad portum sancti Iohannus*, where another pageant of many maiden children, richly beseen with girdles, beads, and *onches*," where Justitia held forth:—

"Welcome most excellent, high and victorious,
Welcome, delicate rose of this our Briton, &c.

On the way towards the Abbey, a baker's wife cast out of a window, a great quantity of wheat crying "Welcome!" and "good luck." Then there were "the Shipwrights' pageant with pretty concerts playing in the same, without any speech," another of an Olifaunt, with a castle on his back, curiously wrought. The resurrection of our Lord in the highest tower of the same [castle], with certain imagery smiting of bells, and all events by weights marvellously well done. Within St. Austein's Church, the Abbot and his convent received the King with great pomp as accustomed, and on the morn [morrow] when the King had dined he rode on pilgrimage to St. Anne's in the wood [Brislington.] And on Thursday next following, which was Corpus Christi day, the King went in procession about the great green, there called the Sanctuary, whither came all the processions of the town also, and the Bishop of Worcester preached in the pulpit in the middle of the aforesaid green, in a great audience of the Meyre, and the substance of all the burgesses of the town and their wives, with much other people of the country. After evensong, the King sent for the Meyre and Sheriff, and part of the best burgesses of the town, and demanded of them the cause of their poverty [complained of in the ditty of King Brennus,] and they shewed his grace that it was by reason of the great loss of ships and goods which they had suffered within five years. The king comforted them, that they should set on and make new ships, and exercise their merchandize as they were wont to do, and his grace would so help them by divers means [negatively, perhaps in not asking them for money] like as he shewed them; whereupon the Meyre observed that the people of the town had not for a hundred years past heard such words of comfort from any king, therefore they thanked Almighty God that had sent them so good and gracious a sovereign lord. And on the morn [morrow] the King departed to Londonward." It is on record that notwithstanding the promises of assistance the avaricious Henry made to the people of Bristol, that he extorted from them the same year the sum of eighteen hundred pounds by way of a *benevolence* to himself, and he also forced the commons to pay twenty shillings for every one that was worth twenty pounds, because their wives truly went so sumptuously apparelled.

## Anecdotiana.

### AUGUSTUS.

This celebrated Emperor took great pleasure in having those brilliant luminaries of the age Horace and Virgil at his table, and was wont to seat himself between the two poets. Virgil was asthmatic, and Horace had weak and watering eyes. The Emperor once said jocosely, in allusion to his predicament between these two invalids, "Here I am, between sighs and tears."

### ADVICE TO COURTIER CENSURERS.

Diogenes washing some cabbages, and seeing Aristippus, the courtier, approach, said surlily, "If you knew how to live

upon cabbages, you would not pay court to kings."—"And if you," retorted Aristippus, "knew how to live with kings, you would not wash cabbages."

HENRY VI.

King Henry VI., of England, among other virtues, was celebrated for his Christian patience, insomuch that when a rude fellow struck him after he was taken prisoner, he made no other reply, than, "Friend, you are to blame to insult a prisoner. Thou hast injured thyself more than me in striking the Lord's anointed."

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

Dr. Fuller, in his "Worthies," tells the following amusing anecdote of a wealthy gentleman of the name of Wiemark, who upon hearing the news of the day, part of which was the decollation of the great Sir Walter Raleigh, said "his head would do very well on the shoulders of Sir Robert Naunton, Secretary of State." These words were complained of, and Wiemark summoned to the privy council, where he pleaded for himself that he intended no disrespect to Mr. Secretary, whose known worth was above all detraction, only he spake in reference to an old proverb:—"Two heads are better than one." And so for the present he was dismissed. Not long after, when rich men were called on for a contribution to St. Paul's, Wiemark, who was at the council table, subscribed a hundred pounds, but Mr. Secretary told him *two hundred* were better than one, which between fear and charity Wiemark was fain to subscribe.

THE REPLY THOUGHTLESS

"Souvre," said Louis XV. to the commander of that name, "you are getting old, where do you wish to be interred?" Souvre replied with evident unconsciousness of his mal-adroitness, "at the foot of your Majesty." This answer disconcerted Louis so much, that he remained for some time buried in thought.

GREAT MEMORIES.

Cicero calls memory the treasury of the sciences. Montaigne terms memory the strong box of science. Without memory the judgment must be unemployed; and ignorance must be the consequence of want of memory. Pliny, who calls memory one of the greatest gifts of nature, has recorded some illustrious persons distinguished by this talent. Cyrus knew the names of all his soldiers Lucius Scipio could call the whole Roman people by name. Cyneus, the counsellor to Pyrrhus, (of whom this prince used to say, that he considered him as a partner in his conquest, as obtained by eloquence) was acquainted with the names of the Roman senate and the army. Mithridates had learned the languages of twenty-two nations, and used to boast that he never wanted an interpreter. Cleopatra, as Plutarch relates, knew the languages of almost all the nations of the East. Seneca could repeat two thousand names in the order they were spoken, and rehearse two hundred verses after the first hearing them read. And it is related of Joseph Scaliger, that he learnt by heart the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer in twenty-one days. Among the moderns, may be instanced, Fuller, who could name the signs on both sides of the way, from Paternoster Row to Stock's Market, and in his study dictate to five several writers at the same time, on as many different subjects. Dr. Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, also possessed such a wonderful retentiveness of memory, that he could remember any thing he had written after once reading it over. Sir Francis Bacon once read to him a portion of Erasmus's Paraphrase in a confused and disordered manner, which he repeated in the same unconnected way, forward and backward, without being at a loss in any particular. The old proverb says, "great memory little judgment." Can any one with truth assert, that these illustrious personages were void of judgment, who not only possessed uncommon but prodigious memories.

R. J.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

Having committed one of the French prophets, a foolish sect that started up in his time, to prison, upon which, a Mr. Lacy, one of them, came to my Lord's house, and desired to speak to him. Upon being told by the servants that their lord saw no company that day.—"But tell him," said Lacy, "that I must see him, for I come to him from the Lord God." Which being told the Chief Justice, he ordered Lacy to come in, and asked him his business. "I come," said he, "from the Lord, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, his servant, whom thou hast sent to prison." "Thou art a false prophet, and a lying knave," answered the judge. "If the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for the Lord knows it is not in my power to grant a *nolle prosequi*; but I can grant a warrant to commit thee to bear him company which I certainly will."

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 9 | St. Gregory Nazianzen. | May 9 | St. Gregory Nazianzen was bishop of Constantinople. He resigned the see, and retired to his native country, Cappadocia, where he died, ÆT. 66, A. D. 389. He was one of the ablest champions of the trinity. |
| | | | 1501. Columbus the navigator embarked on his 4th voyage, with the hope of finding a passage through the isthmus of Darien to the East Indies, but returned unsuccessful. |
| | | | 1811. The first stone of the foundation of Vauxhall Bridge was laid on this day. |
| —— 10 | St. Isidore. | ——10 | St. Isidore, the patron St. of Madrid, died A. D. 1170. |
| —— 11 | | ——11 | 1796. The battle of Lodi was fought on this day, when Buonaparte performed one of the most daring exploits of his military career, viz. the effecting the passage of the bridge over the Adda, with the bayonet, although defended by 10,000 Austrians. |
| | St. Mammertus. | | *Rogation Sunday* derived its title from the latin term *rogare*, to ask; because on the three first days immediately following it, *supplications* were appointed by Mammertus, bishop of Vienne, in the year 469, to be offered to God, to avert some particular calamities that threatened his diocese. |
| | | | St. Mammertus, archbishop of Vienne, in Dauphine, was a very eminent and holy prelate. Mammertus restored the fast to a proper solemnity, and ordered it to be kept in the three days in which the processions were made, termed Rogation. He died A. D. 477. |
| | | | 1782. Died, Richard Wilson, the eminent painter of landscapes, ÆT. 68. Wilson is termed the Claude of England. During his life, his labours were unappreciated, but in the present day the case is quite the reverse, for his pictures now always command a high price. |
| —— 12 | St. Epiphanius. | ——12 | St. Epiphanius was bishop of Salamis, in Cyprus. He flourished under *Theodosius the Great*, and was a firm opposer of the *Origenists*. He died A. D. 403. |
| | | | 1641. Beheaded on this day, Thomas Wentworth, earl of Stratford, through the machinations of his enemies, although they could find no evidence to support the charges laid against him. The trial of this unfortunate nobleman lasted eighteen days, and was carried on with uncommon virulence. His mortal enemy, the famous Pym, the member for Tavistock, with his associates, brought in a bill of attainder against him, which they compelled the peers to pass by various acts of violence. The King yielded at the request of the earl, and gave the royal assent to this illegal measure, against his conscience, with the greatest reluctance. |
| —— 13 | St. Servatus. Old May Day. | ——13 | St. Servatus was bishop of Tongres, and died A. D. 384. |
| | | | 1822. Died James Basire, ÆT 52, an engraver of eminence, he was engraver to the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, for whom he executed many splendid works, among which may be particularized the English Cathedrals after the drawings of Mr. John Carter, F. S. A. |
| ——14 | St. Pachomius | ——14 | St. Pachomius was a disciple of Palæmon the Hermit, and afterwards became Abbot of Tabenne in Egypt, he founded an order and died A. D. 350. |
| | | | 1610. Henri Quatre of France called the Great, was assassinated on this day by Ravaillac, a fanatic who had followed him for eight days to effect his design, which he carried into execution, by stabbing him twice as he descended from his carriage, the last blow was fatal to Henry, who was one of the best monarchs that ever graced the throne of France. |

The Spectre Ship.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### THE SPECTRE SHIP.
AN AYR LEGEND.

Bryce Gullbyland was a tall, raw-boned, middle-aged man, with two high cheek-bones; his nose thin and somewhat nooked; two small grey eyes that had taken up their residence in the inner-chambers of his head, which were thatched with a pair of eye-brows of long grey hairs; his mouth was drawn together—not unlike a purse that had long been in the possession of a spendthrift—and was seldom unpuckered but to utter some monosyllable, for he was extremely tenacious of his words on all occasions. This, with a considerable bend in his shoulders, gave him somewhat of an odd appearance, although he had given a little more in to the new order of things that were beginning to make considerable inroads on the wardrobes of our forefathers.

But this piece of animal machinery—ornamented with a large white wig, composed of goat's hair, a huge cocked hat, a coat of brown grogram with large cuffs, and every button (of which there were no lack) of the size of a silver crown, a pair of petticoat-trowsers, composed of Osnaburgh sail-cloth, and large silver buckles that covered the greatest portion of his instep—made up altogether a sort of amphibious animal, neither landsman nor seaman, but yet something of both.—Such was the hero of the tale that I am about to narrate.

It was in the year 1723, that the good ship, the Golden Thistle of Ayr, was chartered by the Virginia Company, to sail for Maryland, in South Carolina, for a cargo of tobacco; and the said Bryce Gullbyland was appointed Captain, (to the no small loss of Johnny Towlines, who had long sailed her with profit to his owners—although Johnny was one of those people that could discover a dozen meridians in the four-and-twenty hours,) through the interest of Bailie M'Ilwhang, whose sister Bryce had married a few weeks previous to this date.—She was a virgin maiden of fifty; and her features might have been fixed on the bow of the fire-ship, the Medusa, or would have formed an appropriate ornament over the gateway of a vinegar-yard.

The Sunday previous to the sailing of the Golden Thistle, Captain Gullbyland went to church at the head of his crew, when the Rev. Robert Adair, then Minister, and the congregation, joined most fervently in prayer for a successful voyage:—and that day, Jenny Whitelees, the most popular spaewife in the parish, had observed the model-ship that is suspended over the sailors'-loft to veer round in the direction that the Golden Thistle was bound, and return back to its former station. This she afterwards told Mrs. Gullbyland, when called to look into futurity, through the dark clouds of Bohea dust, or mayhap it might be black-leafed Congou. The voyage, she said, would turn out both short and prosperous —for the cup boded every thing that was desirable, and the motion of the ship was an augury that never failed. She further avowed, that since her husband was lost off the Ouchar Rocks, in 1702, no ship had left the Bar of Ayr, but she could foretel the fortune of the voyage by its motion.

This promising augury, with a few little items of scandal, was rewarded by Mrs. Gullbyland with half-a-pound of lamb's wool, to make Jenny a pair of hose.

It was on the first of April that the Golden Thistle crossed the Bar of Ayr, decked out in all the finery of jack, ensign, pendant, and streamer; while her white swelling sails were borne on the gale, like a summer cloud. A favourable breeze sprung up, and in two hours the Golden Thistle appeared but as a speck on the blue horizon of the ocean. Towards evening, the weather became thick and hazy, and the wind rose into what a seaman would have called a stiff gale; but to Bryce Gullbyland, who was but a fresh water mariner, (for he never had sailed beyond the narrow seas that surround Scotland,) it became an alarming storm—and by daylight next morning, he had lost all calculation of what course he was in, or to what quarter of the globe he had been blown. This weather continued for a fortnight, nor could Bryce, during that period, come to any conclusion, whether he was in *terra incognita*, the broad Atlantic, or in the Sound of Kilbrannan; for although the worthy

Baihe, his good brother, had avowed to the Virginia Company, that Bryce was deeply skilled in navigation, yet it appeared to be somewhat doubtful on this occasion—since if possessed of the theory, he did not put it in practice.

At last, the storm subsided, and the weather clearing up, he found the ship within sight of land; but it was still unknown to Bryce whether he was drawing near to the Anthropophagi. It was, however, a beautiful spring morning, and the bosom of the ocean lay like a boundless mirror, enveloped in a thin blue vapour:—all hands were called upon deck, as the land lay under the lea bow. It appeared at first sight, to be composed of collonades, pillars, arches, and spires, of all the orders architecture could boast: but as the ship drew near, they disappeared, and a fresh creation rose out of the ocean, of ruined minsters, towers, and cities, in endless variety, which made Bryce exclaim—"This is perilous strange!" A small boat, with four people, was seen approaching the ship; when Bryce left the deck, and shortly appeared with a long musketoon on his shoulder—which had been left in the citadel of Ayr by one of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers—and paced the quarter-deck, with long martial strides, every step sounding like a declaration of war to the approaching boat, which was nearing the ship very fast, and soon got along-side. It was then discovered that the land was the Isle of Skye, and the people no men-eaters. The boatmen civilly proposed piloting the ship into secure anchor-ground; and the sun, gaining more strength, soon dispelled the clouds that enveloped the shore—when the magic scenery disappeared, leaving a cold, bleak, iron-bound coast, with a few fishermens' huts scattered upon the beach.

The boatmen were soon informed of the unskilful voyage; and one of them advised Captain Gullbyland to apply to the weird wife, who dealt largely in fair wind, for as much as would carry the ship to her destined port. Bryce, who thought a fair wind might stand him in lieu of navigation, for he was a firm believer in the power of witchcraft—as a proof of which, he was one of three that sat up with Maggie Osburne, previous to her execution at Ayr, to prevent her from making her escape through the key-hole of the prison door—instantly gave into the proposal, and preparation was immediately set about for the journey. Into a canvas bag, a junk of salt beef, a small quantity of sea biscuit, and two bottles of rum, were put as a retaining fee for Nor'west Meg—which was the name by which she was known among the mariners of the surrounding islands.

Bryce, piloted by Willie Barnacle, an old fisherman, and Davie Hassel, one of his cabin boys, carrying the bag, set out for a cargo of fair wind. The road lay through a narrow defile, betwixt two high wild projecting cliffs, where the lichen and dwarf-oak clung to the shelves and fissures of the shattered face of the rock—from which the head and venerable beard of the mountain-goat were now and then seen peeping, while their occasional bleats re-echoed from the surrounding dens, awakening the yell of the eagle, that claimed, as it were, a hereditary right to the undisturbed dominions of the neighbouring heights.

After climbing over broken disjointed masses of granite for two miles, they came to a clear rivulet, that flowed into a little glen, in all the varied beauties of cascade, stream, and pool—where spring had already begun to strew with profusion the fragrant primrose, the pied daisy, and dark blue cuckoo-flower. They now reached the top of a hillock, when old Barnacle exclaiming,—"Yonder's the canny wife's bield!" pointed to a spot where stood a group of gigantic figures, from the centre of which arose a small curling volume of smoke. As they drew nigh, they found the figures to be nine rudely-formed pillars, standing erect; in the centre of which, there was a large broad stone, supported by three upright ones. In short, it was what an antiquary would have called a Cromlech, or Druid's Temple, which Nor'west Meg had metamorphosed, with the assistance of turf, stone, and clay, into a hovel or cavern, which she had occupied for many years.

Old Barnacle, who, on many former occasions, had officiated as high-priest to this old sybil, ordered the skipper (as he called Bryce) and the boy to halt at a short distance. He approached the farthest of the nine pillars, and lifting a long polished pebble struck three distinct times, when a creature of the most singular appearance, was seen creeping out from beneath the large stone.

It appeared a mass of rags, without symmetry, shape, or form—but which was no other than the weird wife herself! Rising upright, she commenced pacing round the pillars in measured steps, uttering a Runic rhyme in cadence to the movement of her feet, at the same time waving her arms wildly to and fro. When she came opposite to old Barnacle, she made a pause, and some words were exchanged; but what they were, neither Bryce nor the boy could understand. They were now beckoned to approach

more near by the fisherman, when Meg again renewed her steps and contortions, uttering :—

" Children of the world's strife,
What seek ye from the weird wife ?
Is't wind for your bark—or storm for the foe—
Calm for your lines—or gales that blow—
Hope to the maiden—joy to the wife—
That brings you to the weird wife ?"

Here, after making a pause opposite to Bryce—for, with all her skill in futurity, although the four elements were at her command, in the opinion of the ignorant, yet she could not tell what wind had blown her such a votary, as his petticoat-trowsers were not unlike the kilt of an Argyllshire drover—once more commencing her movements, she proceeded :—

" Or is it from the upland fell—
To save the lamb from the eagle's yell,
From the wolf's fang, or the raven's beak—
That ye come Nor'west Meg to seek ?"

The fisherman, taking the bag from the boy, laid the contents out upon the grass, within the circle ; while the hag, never deigning to look at the articles, still kept pacing round. At length, however, making a full stand, they had a better opportunity of scrutinizing this strange being.

She was a dwarfish creature, not exceeding three feet and a half high, her head coming in for a third portion of the whole—her chin resting upon one of her breasts, the opposite shoulder appearing over the crown of her head—her elf-locks dangling over her face—and her garments, that scarcely reached to her knees, displaying a pair of crooked legs, half-covered by the tattered remnants of chequered hose.—She now snatched up the empty bag, and rushed into the cavern ; when Bryce, for the first time opening his lips, exclaimed—" This is perilous strange !"

Old Barnacle now gave Bryce to understand that this was the great crisis, and to treasure up the words that she should utter when she appeared next ; for after that, her skill ceased for four-and-twenty hours. While uttering this admonition, she appeared again, with the bag in her hand, which she threw from her, without the circle, repeating :—

" Sail west, till the blue Craig meet your eyes—
This bag shall wind you on your way—
And tarry till the red sun rise :
Mark your departure from that day,
And ye shall speed !—and ye shall speed !—
Nor need ye throw the deep sea lead—
For Nor'west Meg shall watch the moon,
And give the current, wind, and tide :
O'er hidden rocks your bark shall swim,—
O'er waves and oceans smoothly glide :
No fears nor tears shall dim your eyes—
Sail west, for there your journey lies."

Here, giving a wild scream, as if exhausted, she rushed into the cavern, while Bryce exclaimed—" This is perilous strange !"

The bag was now examined, which appeared to be empty, the mouth tied with a mystic knot of human hair ; and old Barnacle, on delivering it to Bryce, gave strict injunctions not to open it till the end of the voyage, else all the fiends that untirl the churches, or ride upon the shrouds of the storm-tossed bark, would be their companions during the voyage—as all accidents that happened to Nor'-west Meg's votaries arose out of yielding to this idle curiosity. *(To be continued.)*

## Recollections of Books and their Authors, (No. 5.)

### SAMUEL JOHNSON ; ALIAS, LORD FLAME.

Our readers may probably have seen or heard of that renowned comedy, or tragedy, or farce, or opera, or what you will, called " Hurlothrumbo, or the Supernaturals," which, many years ago made such a noise in this kingdom, and was the means of imposing a trick upon the public, similar to that of the memorable Bottle Conjuror. Perhaps a sketch of Lord Flame, its eccentric author, may not be unacceptable. His real name was Samuel Johnson, a man who, though not equal in solid sense and strength of understanding to his celebrated namesake, may at least contend with him on the score of vivid fancy, versatility of talent, and oddness of character. With the profession of a dancing master, in which he excelled very much, he united that of a poet, of a musician, and a player. In the first of these characters he was tutor to some of the highest families, and by that means became acquainted with many of the nobility. The Duke of Montague (the reputed author of the Bottle Conjuror), finding Mr. Johnson a proper instrument for his favourite purpose of ridiculing the credulity and foolish curiosity of the age, engaged him to write the play of Hurlothrumbo ; a composition, which for absurd bombast and turgid nonsense, perhaps, stands unrivalled in the English language, insomuch that " Hurlothrumborant" was once a proverbial expression. This play was extolled in the newspapers by the Duke, as the most sublime effort of human genius which had for a long time appeared : in consequence of which, and the continued commendations of it which were thus echoed round, it was performed for many successive nights, till the whole town had the

satisfaction, or rather the mortification, of finding themselves duped, and of discovering that unintelligible rant did not constitute sublimity. The author himself performed the part of Lord Flame, one of the characters, a title which he from thence obtained for himself, and was saluted with, by all ranks during the remainder of his life. This extraordinary work was published by subscription, in the year 1729, and many names of the first rank and consequence are prefixed as subscribers. The character of the play is described with great humour in the epilogue annexed to it, written by Mr. Byrom. Hurlothrumbo (another of the characters) is introduced upon the stage, quarrelling with a critic concerning the qualities of the drama.

——— "CRIT. Call this a play!
Why there's no *plot*, or none that's understood.
HURL. There's a *rebellion* tho', and that's as good.
CRIT. No spirit nor genius in it.
HURL. What! don't here
A spirit and a genius both appear?"

In truth, and so they do, Mr. Hurlothrumbo, and as terrifying a spirit as the best of them, no less than Death himself, who enters, arrayed in all his accoutrements, mounted on a great black horse, and attended by a Genius as horrible as himself.

But to proceed to the mention of Lord Flame's other productions: soon after the publication of Hurlothrumbo, encouraged, no doubt, by the extraordinary success of his last performance, he wrote another play, called "The Blazing Star, or the Beauties of the Poets," which was equally patronized with his last performance, and which he dedicated to the then Lady Delves and Lord Walpole. The dedication, to which he subscribed himself Lord Flame, is a model for compositions of this nature; and those who are at a loss for the style of dedicatorial adulation, need only resort to this specimen of his lordship's, to be initiated into the whole art and mystery of it. "The Blazing Star" is by no means inferior in *sublimity* to "Hurlothrumbo," and the common unpoetical reader will doubtless be a little surprized, when he hears not only the heroes, but even their very Pages, venting the most lofty and sounding passages of Milton, and other authors, as familiar discourse. Lord Flame seems perfectly to have understood the meaning of Longinus περι ὑψους, for the dialogue soars so constantly in the *sublime*, that every one of the characters ranges at his ease through the *highest* part of heaven, and never suffers himself to descend an inch below the sun, the moon, and the stars.

Those two plays are now very rare These were not his Lordship's only productions in the dramatic line; he left at his death two manuscript plays, in the same style as the two before mentioned, together with a printed dialogue, intituled "Court and Country." On a blank leaf in one of these manuscript plays, is the copy of a letter written by Lord Flame, and seemingly intended for the manager of one of the theatres, which, as it throws a little light upon the author's character, we shall transcribe.

"Sir, last May twelvemonth I call'd to see you, and offer you a play, but you thought proper to tell me that you were then engaged for two years, and that time being now near expired, I write this to let you know that I have been thirty years composing music and songs, and out of a great number, I have picked out thirty songs, and have made an English comedy, or opera, and such a one that will introduce all the passions that music can describe. I have some business in London in May, and I think to do myself the honour to wait on you with the drama part of my opera, and will leave it with you to peruse as long as you shall think proper. What I desire of you is, to hear the comedy read over, and when it comes to a song, then I will play the aire and symphony, and I have the happiness to think, that there is no better judge of a song in the kingdom than yourself, and when you have heard it, if you say that you have ever heard a better, then I will not desire you to play it, but if you should think it better than any, and not take it in, then you will be cruel to the author, and hinder the town of an entertainment; and, in the third place, you may prevent any great genius rising up in the age you live in. I heard the Duke of Montague say, that if Homer was in London in this age, and did write for the play-house, his genius would be thrown away, for the masters would not do his work the honour to look at it. I have made five operas, and all of them were performed in public, but then I was young and acted in them myself, but now I am about fourscore years old, and cannot act any more; but as this opera is much the best that ever I made, I am desirous to see it performed before I leave the world."

There is no date or signature to this letter, nor any title pages to the two manuscript plays. The other opera, alluded to in this letter, has shared the fate of many

classic works, the want of which we now deplore,—it is totally lost. As a poet, the plays above-mentioned, which "are interspersed with many original pieces of poetry," exactly in the manner of modern novels, bear the genius of Lord Flame ample testimony. The poetry, no doubt, contributed not a little to the fame of his dramas.

So much for his writings. Lord Flame after having moved the chief part of his life in the higher circles, was, in his declining age, presented by the Earl of H., to whose family he had formerly been tutor in the art of dancing, with a small mansion at Gawsworth, a romantic village near Macclesfield, in Cheshire, where he might spend the remainder of his days in peace, and indulge his passion for the muses in rural leisure. To this place he retired, where he was liberally supported by the annual contributions of several of the first wits of the age, and many of those families with which he had before been intimate. The nominal nobleman had been so long accustomed to hear himself addressed by his title, that he at last absolutely fancied himself to be a lord, aping the manners and assuming all the dignity of one descended from a long train of illustrious ancestry. His patrons, willing perhaps to humour the conceit, were in the habit, not of sending their subscriptions immediately to him, but to the Earl of H.'s steward, who lived at Gawsworth, and who used to wait upon Lord Flame annually, with this introductory address—"My Lord, I have brought you your rents." He was desired to wait, and his Lordship having received the money, gave him a formal receipt, and dismissed him. Indeed one of his patrons, the Bishop of Chester, regularly transmitted to him personally, an annual present of a pound of tea, in which were contained ten guineas; but it is probable, from several little stories told concerning him, that had the naked subscription been sent to him, undisguised and unpalliated by some such cover as the tea, he would have resented the gift intended for his subsistence, as an affront.

He was familiar at the tables of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, where his lively sallies of wit made him constantly acceptable, and where he always behaved as if he was really of the rank which his title imported. The rustics remembered him many years after his decease, and used to relate, with smiles, many little anecdotes concerning his eccentric deportment. They all of them invariably addressed him by the title of "My Lord" but behind his back they gave him another title, not quite so respectable as the first, namely, "Old Maggotty." He was himself of a good old age, but notwithstanding, had a particular dislike to old women. The rustics celebrate him as a remarkably excellent performer on the violin, which stamps an additional lustre on his name, in his character of musician. They add, too, that he himself imagined he was an uncommonly melodious singer, but the contortions of his face during the performance were so hideous, that he was accustomed, wherever he was desired to sing, to stand with his face close to a wall, and to cover each side of it with his hands, in order to prevent every possible chance of its being seen, as otherwise it would have been sure to have diverted all attention from his song.

After having enjoyed the sweets of tranquillity in his sequestered retreat for several years, he was at last summoned out of this world in the year 1780. When he was on his death-bed, he earnestly requested, that after his decease, his body might not be buried in the church-yard, but in Gawsworth wood, and assigned as his reason for the strange request, that he was certain if he was buried in the church-yard, that at the resurrection, some old woman or other would be quarrelling with him concerning the property of a leg or thigh-bone, and therefore he was determined to keep himself to himself. A vault was accordingly made for him in the wood, near a favourite spot which had been his constant walk and haunt of meditation, and he was there buried. The neighbouring gentlemen, wishing to preserve the memory of so extraordinary a character, erected a small tomb over him, for which the following epitaph was written, and has since been inscribed upon it:—

Under this stone
Rest the remains of Mr. Samuel Johnson,
Afterwards ennobled with the grander title of
LORD FLAME,
Who, after having been in his life distinct from other men,
By the eccentricities of his genius,
Chose to retain the same character after his death.
And was at his own desire buried here.
A. D. 1780. Aged 82.

Stay thou, whom chance directs, or ease persuades,
To seek the quiet of these sylvan shades;
Here, undisturb'd, and hid from vulgar eyes,
A wit, musician, poet, player, lies;
A dancing-master too, in grace he shone;
And Hurlothrumbo's fire was all his own;
'Twas he, with pen sublime, who drew Lord Flame,
Acted the part, and gain'd himself the name.
Averse to strife, how oft he'd gravely say,
These peaceful groves should shade his breathless clay,
That call'd to second life, here laid alone,
No friend and he should quarrel for a bone
Thinking, that were some old lame grannam nigh,
To get to heav'n she'd steal his leg or thigh.

ILLUSCENON.

### THE DEATH-BELL.

Heard you that heavy bell beat on the air,
A solemn note, majestically slow;
Tuning the mind to thoughts of pain and woe,
And dismal clanging on the tired ear?
It is the long farewell that friends have given
To some beloved one, laid in death's embrace;
It seems to sound beyond the realms of space,
Sure it will reach the porch that leads to heaven!
Oh! should the waiting soul the farewell hear,
'Twill surely drop, if spirits weep, a tear!

Hark! how it murmurs o'er yon sacred spot,
Affection consecrates to holiest thoughts,
Where pious sorrow on the still air floats,
And friends and foes find one unvaried lot!
Could it but penetrate the quiet grave,
'Twould wake the tenants from their iron sleep
And make them faintly the death-note greet
That mournful floats upon the airy wave!—
It finds no answer there, and dies away
To where the echo tries her mimic lay!

Again its thoughtful tone is heard around,
Like the storm-bursts of wind that sometimes weep
Their passion out upon the darksome deep!
It sinks, and sinks, till lost in whispering sound!
Hark! yet again the awful peal divides
The trembling ether, and the startled breeze,
Echoes the sound, and hides among the trees,
"Death" is the theme, and "death" the theme abides,
Mortals! it speaks to you, and tells the way,
Trodden by all the feeble sons of clay.

R. JARMAN.

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## THE TWO DINING ROOMS.

Up to the 24th day of December, 1825, there was no house in London (at least not one with whose interior I a macquainted) that could vie in pleasantness of dinner parties with George Talbot's. The mansion, not a hundred miles from a street branching from Park Lane, was one of those numerous edifices in that neighbourhood that have been successively tenanted by widows, ancient maidens, and others of that stamp, whose object in life it is to make a great show with little means. Hence a bow was thrown out of the back drawing-room so as to over-shadow the dwarf dining room below and at the same time to command a side-long view of Lord Grosvenor's trees, together with part of the back front of his lordship's house. Upon this back front the substitution of new iron palisades for an old brick wall has recently enabled the public to sit in judgment; and I think their sittings need not to be of an equal length with that of the inquest on the Brunswick Theatre to enable them to deliver their verdict. The exterior of the picture gallery ought to be a deodand.

In tenements of a stamp similar to that of George Talbot, in proportion as the drawing rooms are expanded, the dining room is pinched. Widows and ancient maidens count more upon silver tea spoons than upon silver dining forks. In fact, George Talbot could not well accommodate more than eight at dinner. This circumstance was to him a source of constant lamentation. I have seen him, at least twenty times, sorrowfully measuring the dimensions of the room with his own expanded arms. "I am just six feet high," would George say upon these occasions, "and a well-made man can exactly stretch his own height, from the tips of his two fore fingers." George, who was a well made man in his own esteem (I should like to see the man who is not,) would, thereupon, kick three or four comfortable red morocco chairs from their station against the stucco; and would go on measuring, with his nose against the wall, bidding his wife note the dimensions of the apartment, like Figaro and Susanna in Mozart's opening duet, "Six, that's one stretch; twelve, that's two; eighteen, that's three. (My dear do take away the screen; its always in my way); well, well,— never mind, I'll measure the rest with my fingers." The rest measured, according to George's calculation, just eighteen inches more. So that, with a sigh George would ejaculate. "There, I told you so. It's only eighteen feet eighteen inches long—allowing for the dwarf cupboard in the recess, it is nineteen feet six inches—call it twenty feet at the outside."

Having thus proved, mathematically, that the apartment did not exceed twenty feet in length, Talbot would next set himself sorrowfully to work to delineate its breadth. This, after stretching himself in a similar manner, roasting his knees at the fire-place, and inhaling at his nostrils the dust from the cocked hat of a little bronze Bonaparte on the mantelpiece, was proved not to exceed sixteen feet. Twenty by sixteen; it was lamentable, he ought to apologise for inviting me to take my dinner in such an apartment, but it could not at present be helped; his lease would fall in soon, and then, if he and his landlord could agree upon terms, he would extend the apartment into the garden, and show me a dining room as it should be.

George Talbot is a gentleman by birth, a man of talents by nature, and a scholar by art. He has, moreover, the knack of getting the best society at his table. There were generally two dummies, myself and another, for talkers without listeners would be like the Savoyard and

his monkey without an audience. In this humble dining room, twenty feet by sixteen, I have sat down to dinner with Sir James Macintosh, Rogers, William Spencer, and Jekyll, with an occasional intermixture of Luttrell, Moore, and Sidney Smith. After this enumeration it would be superfluous to add that no pleasanter dinners were to be met with within the Bills of Mortality. In fact they were proverbial. "Am I to meet you at the *Spotted Dog* next Wednesday?" would William Spencer say, in his careless jocose way,)a nickname of his for our host, *quasi* Talbot,) and the question was a prelude to festivity. Still George Talbot was not satisfied. He could not deny that every thing went off well, he must confess it did. "Sidney Smith talked," would he say to me, "and you held your tongue: all this was as it should be; nothing could be more proper and agreeable; but, notwithstanding, I wish the dining-room were a few feet longer and wider—well, well, the lease will soon fall in, and then," &c. &c. *de-capo*-ing from "landlord" to "room as it should be."

Thus it habitually fared not only with me but my betters. He would take Spencer aside, and pour similar griefs into his ear. Moore had to sympathise with him on the same score. Jekyll recommended four elastic walls for that night only, by particular desire, and Sidney Smith reminded him of the consolation of Diogenes. The last ejaculation from George, to which I was an ear witness, occurred in the spring of 1825. He had met a man,whom I knew to be a dummy, by his open mouth, and was inviting him, interchangeably to dinner. The north east wind wafted into my left ear the words "only accommodate eight," whereupon I turned round the corner of New Street, Spring Gardens, to avoid the conclusion of the sentence.

At Christmas, 1825, the old lease expired, and George bargained with his landlord for a renewed one for twenty-one years, he the said George consenting to build a new room on the basement floor, the length thereof to be thirty-five feet at the least, and the breadth twenty-five feet at the least. George brought me, with an air of great triumph, the "document," as he called it, signed and sealed. It consisted of three skins of parchment, and I was condemned to hear him read the whole of it, not omitting cellars, sollars, sinks, gutters, and wye-draughts, together with the schedule of fixtures. "This bodes us no good," said Spencer one morning as, at an accidental rencontre, we looked through the iron railings, and saw the new dining-room, yet an infant skeleton, projecting its awful bowed front into the back garden of the edifice. "The *Spotted Dog* will be over-kennelled—mark my words, he will invite the *genus omne* from Harewood place to Bryanstone-square, and his dinners will be like other people's. While we were communing, Talbot joined us. This is a catastrophe which I always deplore. Never look at improvements in the presence of the improver. If you do, exit candid criticism, and enter cuckoo-noted eulogium. George accordingly paraded us over rafters guiltless of floors, picking our paces as though we were proving our chastity amid red hot plough shares; whilst he himself stretched his arms, in his wonted manner, along the naked walls, anointing the tip of his nose with moist mortar, and exclaiming "six, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty, thirty-six—no, not quite—yes it is; thirty-six feet four inches;—and now for the breadth." The latter was ascertained to be twenty-six feet; and George exclaimed, with an air like that of a man who has achieved a battle of Waterloo, "Now I shall be able to give a dinner."

I had the honour to be invited to the very first dinner that was given in the new apartment. Jekyll, Rogers, and Spencer were of the party. "Very good milk," said I to myself, "but I dread the inundation of water." Accordingly the knocker began to reverberate with sounds that actually startled the lean courser of a solitary dandy who was yet braviug the north-easter in Hyde Park, although all sober Christians had long since ridden home to dress. Then came Lord and Lady Walross—Mrs. and the two Miss Stubbs'—the Wentworths—Tom Asgill in tight pantaloons—Mr. and Mrs. Wood or Hood, or Gude, I never could ascertain which—there was also a fat red-faced Major Meredith,—and a tall man in blue, with a cork leg! In short, we were gathered together to the number of twenty-two. Talbot, full of glee at the immense army which he had brought into the field, handed down Lady Walross, on the announcement of dinner, and I brought up the rear with the junior Miss Stubbs.

I should have observed, that while Talbot could only accommodate eight, he had eight as comfortable morocco chairs as man could wish to sit upon. These were now discarded in order to accommodate twenty-two, and a set of miserable tottering narrow cane-backed concerns were substituted, which I can only compare to those tall unhappy perpendicular articles, upon which (Orpheus alone knows why) growing girls are condemned to sit at the

piano. I tried to preserve my balance, and succeeded, but not until I had fallen into the lap of Mrs. Stubbs; while Mr. Wood, or Hood, or Gude, paid a similar compliment to the tall man in blue with the cork leg.

How the dinner went off I need not say. There was a confused talk about turbot, Madame Pasta, champagne, Zucchelli, hock, Rossini, Sir Walter Scott, brown bread, ice, and the new buildings in the Regent's Park; but as for Jekyll, Rogers, and Spencer, they might as well have been immured in the Catacombs. This has now happened, to my experimental knowledge, half-a-dozen times with the same result. The best part of the joke, or rather the worst part of the tragedy, is, that George Talbot regularly finds the "quantum mutatus" of the concern. He will repeatedly say;—"Moore shines most in a small party; Jekyll ought to lead in a select few, Spencer was overtalked by that stupid Lord Walross, with his everlasting improvements at Rosehill Park. Twenty-two is too many for them," &c. &c.; and yet he regularly falls again into the same wilful error. For myself, dummy as I am, I must say, that unless Talbot contracts the dimensions of his eating room, as Elliston did those of Drury Lane Theatre, I don't care how seldom I repeat my visits."
—*New Monthly.* S.

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## MADAME TALLEYRAND AND THE TRAVELLER.

The famous Talleyrand who knew
The secret of avoiding execution,
And kept his head upon his shoulders, through
All the convulsions of the revolution,
When heads were cropp'd by the prevailing powers,
Like cauliflowers.
Till they themselves endured the keen
Infliction of the guillotine,
And made way for another faction,
To undergo the same re-action:—
This Talleyrand possess'd a wife,
Selected in his humbler life,
A rich Bourgeoise of homely breeding,
Neither *bas bleu*, nor *femme savante*,
But rather, as I freely grant,
Deficient in her general reading.—
One day, 'twas when he stood elate,
Napoleon's minister of state,
Having invited to his house
Some Literati to confer
With a great foreign traveller.
The husband thus addressed his spouse:—
"My dear, at dinner you will meet
A foreigner—a man of note;
These authors like, that you should quote
From their own works—wherefore to greet
Our guest, suppose you learn by rote
A sentence here and there, that when
He prates, like other travell'd men,
Of his exploits on land and ocean,
You may not be completely gravell'd,
But have at least some little notion
Of how and where, and when he travell'd.—
Take down his book, you'll find it yonder,
Its dull contents you need not ponder,
Read but the headings of the chapters,
Refer to them with praise and wonder,
And our vain guest will be in raptures."

Madame resolved to play her part
So as to win the stranger's heart,
Studied the book, but far from dull,
She found it quite delightful—full
Of marvellous adventures—fraught
With perilous escapes, which wrought
So deep an interest in her mind,
She really was surprised to find,
As to the dinner-room she tripp'd,
How rapidly the time had slipp'd.

The more to flatter and delight her,
When at the board she took her place,
The famous traveller and writer
Was seated by her side;—the grace
Was hardly said, or soup sent round,
Ere with a shrug and a grimace,
Eager to show her lore profound,
*A la Francaise* she raised her eyes,
And hands, and voice, in extasies,—
*Eh Monsieur Robinson! Mon Dieu!*
*Voila un conte merveilleux!*
*Ah, par exemple!* it appals
The mind to think of your attacks
On those terrific cannibals,
Those horrid savages and blacks,
Who if they once had gain'd the upper
Hand had eaten you for supper,
And so prevented your proceeding
With that sweet book I've just been reading.—
*Mais quel bonheur!* to liberate
Poor Friday from the murd'rous crew,
And gain in your deserted state,
So lonely and disconsolate,
A servant and companion too!"

The visitants were all astounded,
The stranger stared, aghast dumfounded,
Poor Talleyrand blush'd red as flame,
Till having catechised the dame,
The mystery was quickly clear'd:—
The simple woman, it appeared,
Instead of the intended book,
In which she had been urged to look,
From the same shelf contrived to take
Robinson Crusoe by mistake.
*New Monthly.*

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## THE WOOING AT GRAFTON.

*(Continued from Page 277.)*

These painful thoughts agitated her mind as from a terrace in the gardens of Grafton Manor she gazed on nearly the same scenery which we have described at the commencement of this narrative—the winding Ouse, whose every ripple gleamed like gold in the beams of the declining sun; the massive oaks, which cast their dark shadows round them, but received on their summits and their leaves a share of the glory of the setting luminary; the stately Manor-house in the foreground sending up wreaths of silver smoke into the deep blue sky; and the distant spire of the village-church of

Grafton, catching the latest ray of the fast-declining orb of day, and terminating as with a finger of glory the horizon. This was a scene whose simple quiet beauty had often served to calm and soothe her wounded feelings, and to give a tinge of its own brightness to her anticipations of the future, now, however, it only served to bring back painful recollections to her mind—the interview with March: the affections and hopes which sprang from it; and the cruel manner in which all those affections and hopes had been blighted and destroyed.

"Yes," she added, "it is a wild and idle hope, and he has proved inconstant and untrue."

At that moment a rustling among the leaves of the bower in which she sat aroused her from her reverie, and starting up, she beheld—not, as for an instant she had fondly expected, Edward March, but a cavalier of a maturer age and less welcome to her eye, yet nevertheless a right noble and valiant cavalier, her father's brother, Sir William Woodville.

"Gallant uncle!" she said, "right welcome to Grafton manor:—what news from my noble mother?"

"Cold news, heavy news, sweet Elizabeth," said the Knight, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Alas! alas!" she said, sinking back into the seat from which she had sprung a moment before full of hopefulness.—"Tell it me then—tell it me—however cold and heavy. Methinks my heart has learned to bear so much, that it can yet bear something—a little, little more—before it breaks."

"Sweet lady," said Sir William, I am come to inform you that all our hopes of procuring the restitution of your husband's property are over, the meddling interference of a young esquire of the name of March has proved fatal to our cause, he having been discovered to be the same individual who had the boldness to draw his sword on the Duke of Gloucester in Grafton forest, when the King and his retinue were last in this neighbourhood, following the pleasures of the chase."

"Ha!" said the lady, wringing her hands, and shrieking piteously; "and has that gallant young gentleman, to whom my thoughts have done so much injustice, involved himself in danger on my account; and was that foul mis-shapen being, from whose odious caresses he rescued me, the Duke of Gloucester? I will hasten to London—I will throw myself at the feet of the gallant King—I will tell him that it was in the holiest cause—in the cause of injured innocence and helplessness, that Edward March dared to draw his sword. I will save him—I will save him."

"Sweet cousin," said the Knight, gently detaining her, for she had started from her seat as if to perform the journey to London on the instant—"it is too late—Edward March is no more."

"Ha!" said the lady while the blackness of despair gathered on her features, "thou art mad to say it, and I am mad to listen to it."

"Nay, nay, sweet cousin!" said the Knight, "'tis sad truth that I utter. Of the details of this young gentleman's fate I can give you no intelligence. All that I know is, that the same messenger from the court who informed the Duchess that your suit was rejected, added that the King had found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March."

"The cold-blooded ruthless tyrant!" said Elizabeth. "Why! every hair on Edward March's head was worth a thousand Gloucesters—that bloated spider—that viperous deformity—that hideous libel on the human form. Uncle, thou wear'st a sword."

"Ay, cousin! and it has done good service in its time. It has dyed the white rose redder than its blushing rival."

"Now, then, draw it to perform a nobler service than aye. Unsheath it in the cause of murdered innocence—unsheath it in the cause of the helpless and oppressed. Rid the world of a monster in mind and form. Search with it for the heart, if he has one, of this Duke of Gloucester."

"Why, gentle cousin," said the Knight, almost smiling, notwithstanding the heaviness of the news of which he had been the bearer, at the violence of his niece's emotion—"what means this? Surely the loss of your suit to his Highness was not an event so improbable and unexpected, that it should find you thus unprepared to meet the consequences?"

"But the noble gentleman who has perished in the attempt to serve me!" said the lady, weeping.

"Peace be with his ashes!" said the Knight, crossing himself: "but, fair Elizabeth, it is vain and idle to lament the past. Let us rather provide for the future. The King may yet be prevailed upon to do thee justice. Hasten to the palace; throw thyself at his feet; show him thy orphan children, show him thy sable weeds—above all, show him thy own fair face, and, my life for it, the broad acres of Groby are thy own."

"Wouldst have me kneel at the feet of a homicide? wouldst have me kiss the hand red with the blood of Edward

March? Perish the thought!" said the lady.

"Then perish the children of Sir John Gray!" said the Knight; "perish and starve his widow! Let beggary and desolation cling to that ancient and honourable house!"

"Nay, nay," said Elizabeth, interrupting him; "thou hast touched me to the quick. I did indeed forget. I will throw myself at the feet of this crowned barbarian—I will dry my tears—I will mask my cheek in smiles—I will procure for my children the restitution of their inheritance, and then I will hasten—"

"To Groby castle?" said the Knight.

"To the grave! to the grave!" said the lady.

Sir William Woodville no sooner saw that his niece acquiesced in his proposition, than he hastened to execute it, trusting that time would alleviate her sorrow, and not very well understanding all its violence, for the real cause of her sympathy for the fate of Edward March had not occurred to the imagination of the Knight. "The Court, the Court," he said, mentally, "is the atmosphere to dry a widow's tears: the tilt and the tournament, the revel and the masque, these are the true comforters of the afflicted. Many a gallant has pierced a lady's heart through the ring, and lured a nobler falcon than ever soared into the air, when he called only to his mounting goshawk." Such were the Knight's reflections as he rode towards London. The lady's as our readers will easily divine, were of a different and more painful character. Fear and sickly hope, mingled horror and awe, for the personage whom she was about to supplicate; and cureless grief for the loss of the being who had taken such a chivalrous interest in her fate, were the varying emotions by which her bosom was agitated.

The journey to the metropolis was concluded without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record. Elizabeth Gray was speedily clasped in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with her own; and then both ladies, accompanied by Sir William Woodville, and the two orphan Grays, proceeded to the palace at Westminster to make a personal appeal to the bounty of the King.

The monarch was seated in his private chamber, surrounded by the few but distinguished courtiers who had the privilege of access to him there, when it was announced to him that the Lady Gray of Groby craved admittance to the royal presence.

"Tut! tut!" said the King; "this puling widow and her friends think that the King of England has nothing to attend to but the interests of the family of a rebel who died fighting sword in hand against his sovereign. Thrice have I peremptorily refused the supplication of the old Duchess of Somerset, and now the young lady is to play off the battery of her sighs and tears upon me in the hopes of a more prosperous result."

"And in truth, my liege," said the Marquis of Montague, "the young lady has not been badly advised in trying that experiment, if report speaks truly of her charms."

"Sayest thou so! cousin Montague," said the King; "then in God's name let her enter." And then carefully adjusting his robes, and assuming an air between the dignity of a monarch and the assumption of an Adonis conscious of his personal attractions, he leaned back in his throne.

The door of the presence chamber unfolded, and the suppliant party, attired in deep mourning, approached the foot of the throne. The Lady Gray was led forward by Sir William Woodville, while the Duchess and her disinherited grandchildren came behind. A murmur of approbation and surprise passed from lip to lip, among the courtiers, as they gazed on the surpassingly beautiful features of the fair petitioner whom sorrow had not robbed of one of her charms, but had rathe improved and heightened them all. She entered with head depressed and downcast eyes, not daring to look at the person whom she supplicated, and for whom, as the murderer of her lover, and the sovereign of the realm, she entertained a sentiment in which abhorrence and reverence were strangely mingled.

"A boon! a boon! most dread sovereign," she said, sinking at the monarch's feet.

"Rise, gentle lady, said the King, "and name, if thou canst, the boon which thy sovereign will refuse thee."

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, starting, as though the voice of the dead had sounded in her ears. "Those tones—that voice! surely I am not mad." She lifted her eyes towards the King, and an expression of wonder and delight burst from her lips, as she recognized beneath the royal diadem the features of Edward March. That expression, however, was repressed as a deep feeling of fear and awe came over her, and sinking again to the ground, she exclaimed—"Pardon! gracious Sire. Pardon! pardon!"

"Pardon! sweet Elizabeth,' said the King, descending from the throne, and raising her in his arms; "and wherefore——? But thou hast a petition, fair lady, to which thou wouldest crave our answer."

"Even so, dread Sir," said the lady; "it is to pray of your royal grace and favour to grant to my orphan children the restitution of the forfeited estates of their father, Sir John Gray, of Groby. Great King! good King! listen to my prayer. Think that the transgressions of the father have been expiated by his death, and that, whatever they were, his infant sons had no participation in them. And oh! gracious Sire, let not the boldness of their mother, at a time when she knew not the illustrious person with whom she conversed, stand in the way of your Highness's grace and favour towards the children."

"Thy petition, fair Elizabeth," said the King, "is granted, and Heaven prosper the gallant house of Gray of Groby! But now it is my turn to play the supplicant. Thou rememberest a promise made to Edward March—a conditional promise, it is true, but the condition is now performed. The poor youth—rest his soul!—is no more. When King Edward entered his ancient palace of Westminster, he found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March."

"Thus lowly," said the Lady' "do I once more crave thy royal pardon. Thou who has proved the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, accept their blessings and their prayers. The land which your Highness has restored to them shall be held for the safeguard of your royal person and the terror of your enemies; but jest not thus cruelly with your handmaid; and pardon the presumption and boldness of which she was unwittingly guilty."

"But under your favour, Lady Gray, said the monarch, laughing, "I have not yet proved myself the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless; and until I do so, I will not accept either their benedictions or their prayers. As the representative of the deceased Edward March, I will take care and see that the promise which was so solemnly made by him be performed. My lords and gentlemen," he added, turning to the wondering courtiers, "Behold your Queen!"

"God save Queen Elizabeth!" exclaimed all present. "Long live the noble Queen of England!"

"And now, my Lord of Canterbury," said the King, "your part in this day's solemnities remains to be performed."

Thus saying, he led the lady Gray to the chapel of the palace, followed by her mother and children, Sir William Woodville, the prelate, and the rest of the courtiers. There the nuptial knot was indissolubly tied between the beggar and the king—the monarch and her who had so lately been his humble petitioner.—*The Romance of History.*

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## THE WARRIOR'S BEQUEST.

*(For the Olio.)*

Lonely I strode o'er the red battle field,
Where the moon in her lustre was beaming,
Coldly she shone on cuirass and shield,
Where the warrior dead lay dreaming.

Not a wandering breeze imparted a sigh,
Nor a fugitive shot responded,
And sternly they looked in their vermil die,
When the death they had died I despondered.

I whispered a sigh, imbued with a tear,
O'er the relics of death and glory,
'Twas the first that was breathed, but others were near,
To greet their hapless story.

I started, and deemed I'd heard a moan.
Which o'er the air came floating,
And again I heard the anguished groan,
A soul's farewell denoting.

I reared the head of a warrior knight,
Where a remnant of life was abiding,
And gently unclashing his helmet bright,
I spake of godly tiding.

And then he muttered a broken prayer,
But wild were the words he chanted,
As wildly he gazed, through a trembling tear,
On his sleeping brothers undaunted.

Anon he drew from his mangled breast,
A trinket, where beauty was beaming,
Which zealously unto his heart he prest,
While his eyes warm dew was streaming.

"Sweet guest of a true and a faithful heart,
"We part in this world for ever,
"And that is the sting of the conqueror's dart·
"From thee with life I sever.

He said, and proffered the semblance, dear,
To me the gem confiding,
While his spirit to peace, from strife and care,
Was slowly and calmly gliding.

But lingering still he murmured of love,
And promised bliss denied him,
As he dimly gazed on the splendour above,
And I pillowed his head beside him.

"Father should e'er you shine in the glance
"Of the shadowed seraph there,
"You'll wot who she is in her elegance,
"And her tresses of golden hair.

"Oh! a smile like the sun on her lips doth play,
"Though it never may beam there more;
"But though the rose may be gone away,
"The lily will that deplore.

"Like to yon lonesome star in the west,
"As bright and as beautiful still,
"And as lonely, she'll roam in sorrow drest,
"When she weens the grave I fill.

"Oh tell her communing with love I died,
"And when she wanders at even,
"To watch the course of yon star to guide
"To our meeting bower in heaven."

He ceased; and zephyrs around his head
Wafted his soul from sorrow,
And he quietly lay on the crimsoned mead,
Till the sun-beam illumined the morrow.

The moon in beauty has gleamed o'er his grave,
Where the greedy worm is trailing;
But kindred ne'er came to the couch of the brave,
In tears of woe and wailing.

I've sought both in cot and canopied hall,
For the nymph o' the golden hair,
I've gazed on the portrait, not one of them all
Could smile me the face that was there.

W. MORLEY.

## THE LEADING PROFESSION.

*(Continued from page 284.)*

But the great encouragement to the adoption of this branch of the profession of the Bar consists in the rich endowments which Society has provided for its cultivation. All the property, and with it all the gratifications of this earth, are the patrimony of the judicious thief. For him the covetous man gathers his pelf, and the ostentatious man his plate and jewels. In his case there is no tedious waiting for employment; no sighing for years for a "maiden brief," as in the law—no starving for life upon a Welsh curacy, as in the church—no wearing away the best years of life in the sickness of "hope deferred," as with a subaltern or a midshipman—no walking the world for a day's work, as with the starving Irish labourer. In this privileged profession, the supply always keeps pace with the demand. The active world is a community of bees, but the thief gets the honey. His business is "to rove abroad, *centum puer artium*, to taste of every dish, and sip of every cup." He has no care for the morrow, because he knows that for him the heads and hands of innumerable servants are doing his bidding. He has only to walk forth and choose. He lives in a perpetual belief that the world was made for him:—and he is as right as Alexander was.

The times are past when thieves were persecuted. This may appear a paradox to those who look only upon the surface,—who hear of a score of unfortunates perishing annually at the Old Bailey, or behold the Recorder of London pouring into the ear of sovereignty the tale of their sorrows and their crimes. To believe that the administrators of the laws are in earnest in their endeavour to repress the honest labours of the commonwealth of plunderers is a mere delusion,—a mental hallucination—a prejudice which is cultivated with infinite care, for the sole object of rendering the legal possessors of property easy in their minds. It is a pleasing and satisfying belief—"*amabilis insania, et mentis gratissimus error.*" The thieves and the police magistrates know better. The profession is most diligently patronized by the administrators of the laws; not to speak it profanely, there are regular articles of co-parceny* between the thief and those who are falsely imagined to be his pursuers. "*Latro* is arraigned and *fur* sits on the bench." Those who affect to be hunting out the criminal are the dignitaries of the commonwealth of crime.

The mistaken people who, in general, are hanged, or transported, or immured in solitary cells, or whipped, are not registered in the University of Larceny. They are fools who attempt to do business in a small way, without regard to the corporate rights of Bow Street and Union Hall. They have not graduated and they must pay the penalty. But a prudent adventurer never enters the higher walks of the profession without protection. He incurs no risks; he surrenders a handsome portion of his profits to enjoy the remainder in peace "under his own fig-tree." To such the police is not an affair of discovery or of prevention, but of regulation. There is no affectation of a want of union in the several callings of the thief and the officer. They have grown together in happy relationship since the days of Jonathan Wild. A poet of the last century says,

My evenings all I would with *sharpers* spend,
And make the *thief-catcher* my bosom friend.

And indeed they are very pretty companions together over their claret. The dignitary sits with his feet under the same mahogany with the returned convict; or he is *Vice* to the Rothschild of the flash-house, who at that moment is negociating with the partners of the Bristol Bank, touching the return of twenty thousand abstracted bills, for the honourable consideration of fifty per cent. and no prosecution

Civilization was very little advanced when the commonwealth of thieves was really persecuted. The present adminis-

* Quære, Co-*larceny*. PRINTER'S DEVIL.

tration of the laws against felony is the key-stone that binds the arch of depredation. Without magistrates and officers who do not prevent crime, but nurse it, men individually would peril their lives against those who invade their property. But all this possible bloodshed is now saved. A well ordered police, the stipendiaries at once of the public and those who ease the public of their superfluous possessions, accommodates all difficulties, and gradually, the rights of thieves are as effectually recognized as the rights of any other pains taking class of the community. Look at this arrangement, and see, not only how much it has contributed to the respectability of the profession of larceny, but what an insurance of their lives it gives to society, by rendering robbery a quiet, gentlemanly art, in which violence is only the argument of bunglers, and which is carried to the highest point of perfection by that division of labour, upon which all excellence, whether mental or mechanical, must be built.

It occasionally happens that the most brilliant example of professional success is apprehended, convicted, and hanged. This is a part of the contract by which the commonwealth of thieves has purchased its charter. The compact is—for the police a share of profits, and no trouble ;—for the sons of Mercury, protection in general, and a very sparing selection of needful victims. When the time arrives that the career of individual happiness and friendship is to close, there is no shrinking. The ripened felon is a soldier, under the orders of a commander whom he honours, and it is to him a gratification to look back upon the years of comfort he has secured by this compromise with power, instead of being perpetually hunted into some pitiful occupation, which the world calls honest, by a vigilance which should never sleep. At last he dies. Well! in the latest moment he is a privileged being. Fame hovers around him, from the bar to the gallows. He exhibits great composure on his trial; leaves his defence, with a dignified satisfaction, to his council; bows to the judge, when he pronounces sentence ; and, " is fashionably dressed in a complete suit of black." Then come the consolations of spiritual friends. In the interval between the condemnation and the Recorder's report, he becomes perfectly satisfied that he is purified from every stain ;—after the fatal mandate arrives, he declares that his only anxiety is to die, lest he should fall into his former errors, and be deprived of that everlasting happiness which he now feels will be his portion ; —and he leaves the world with such exultations of pious people attending him, as martyrs were wont to monopolize,—bowing to the admiring crowd, and " sucking an orange till the drop falls."

We apprehend that in this rapid sketch we have said enough to prove that *one* calling is still open to the talented and the ambitious, and receives adequate encouragement from the highest authorities. That such a profession, indeed, should have attractions, in comparison with which all others fade into nothingness, is perfectly natural ; for the thief feeds upon the fat of the land, in his pilgrimage through this life, and passes from it with the most assured prospects of the highest rewards in the next.—*London Magazine.*

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### LEARNED PIGS.

Of old, when Burke with indignation rude,
The people named the swinish multitude,
With rage at him, they champed their filthy jaws,
But now his scorn is scoffed at by the prigs,
Since Birkbeck turn'd them into learned pigs,
Taught them to spell, and grunt in his applause.

J. W. B.

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## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—(No. XVII.)

### THE DIVERSION OF SHOOTING AT THE BIRD.

The people of Hamburgh amuse themselves on the 1st of July by practising the following diversion called " shooting at the bird ;" it is celebrated as follows. A company of archers, headed by one of the senators, and attended by a military escort, proceed to a spot out of one of the city gates, where they aim at the wooden figure of a bird, fixed upon a lofty pole. The senator is entitled to the first shot, and the others in succession, till the effigy falls. This amusement sometimes continues a whole week. The person who brings down the last fragment of it is decorated with a silver breastplate and medal, and is formally proclaimed " king " for the ensuing year."

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## Science and Art.

### VELOCITY OF STEAM BOATS.

The immense increase of power requisite to obtain a small increase of velocity, ought to have its influence in determining the speed of a steam boat during a long

voyage, and its proportions ought to be adapted to that speed, with a small excess of power for emergencies. The powers required to give a boat different velocities in still water are as follow :—

| Miles. | horses' power. |
|---|---|
| 3 per hour. . . . . | 5½ |
| 4 . . . . . | 13 |
| 5 . . . . . | 25 |
| 6 . . . . . | 43 |
| 7 . . . . . | 69 |
| 8 . . . . . | 102 |
| 9 . . . . . | 146 |
| 10 . . . . . | 200 |

The mechanical power, or power of a steam engine to impel a boat in still-water, must be as the cube of the velocity. Therefore, if an engine of twelve-horse power will impel a boat seven miles per hour, it will require one of thirty five horse power to impel the same boat at the rate of ten miles per hour. The action of what is called a twenty-five horse power engine, is just equal to the impulse given by 1000 cubic feet of water falling through the height of ten feet.—*New Mon.*

### POWER LOOMS.

The estimated number of looms pro pelled by water and steam power in the United Kingdom, including those in preparation for working previous to the stagnation, and as near as any calculation can be made, is 58,000. The average produce, taking it at 22 square yards a day, makes 1,254,000, or 1741 yards a minute; weekly, 7,524,000; monthly, 31, 300,000; yearly, 376,200,000. Allowing six yards to each person for yearly consumption, will supply 62,700,000, and will cover 62,700 acres of ground, and in length would extend 213,750 miles and reach across the Atlantic Ocean seventy-one times.—*Ibid.*

### DESTRUCTION OF SNAILS BY COMMON SALT.

M. Em. Rousseau had applied common salt as a manure to a small piece of garden, and remarked that where snails had come in contact with the salt they quickly died. Wishing to confirm the fact, he strewed the salt upon the ground, and placed a number of snails amongst it; all those which came out of the shells and touched the salt immediately threw out a greenish, globular froth, and in a few minutes were dead. The fact may be turned to account by agriculturists and gardeners.—*Bull. Univ.* D. viii. 276.

## Anecdotiana.

### BEARDS.

The Romans had a great veneration for their beards, even when they adopted through effeminacy, the custom of shaving, they preserved the most religious respect for this mark of manhood. The first shaving of a young man was performed with the greatest ceremony; and the first fruits of the chin were carefully collected in a gold or silver box, in order to be afterwards presented to some God, as a tribute of youth; this pious offering was mostly made to Jupiter Capitolinus.

### ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Alexander making a libation to the heroes at Troy, poured oil upon the tomb of Achilles, and placed a crown of gold upon it, saying, he was the happiest person in the world; 'for while he lived. Patroclus was his friend; and when dead, Homer perpetuated his memory.

### FRANCIS I. KING OF FRANCE.

This monarch, who was the most distinguished of the kings of France, whether considered as a warrior, or a patroniser of learning or the Liberal Arts, being about to invade Italy, called a council of war to advise with his officers, which way he should lead his forces over the Alps, which Amaril, the king's fool, overhearing, told them they should rather consult how to bring them back again out of Italy, as being an affair of the greatest importance. Well had it been for the brave monarch and his followers, had he listened to the wise advice of his witty dependant, for scarce a man of them ever saw France again.

### PASQUINADE

Fuller in his Church History gives the following pasquinade, ridiculing the covetousness of Dr. Bancroft, archbishop of Canterbury.

Here lies his grace, in cold clay clad,
Who died for want of what he had.

### IDLENESS.

Idleness like a fever soon is caught,
And to the grave hath many a subject brought;
It grows to waste, to canker and decay,
Wearing the precious core of life away. P.

### TO A MISERLY BACHELOR.

Thou art just like a snail with thy treasure and pelf,
Because thou dost keep all thy house to thyself.
P.

### EPIGRAM.

Liquor when swallowed increases in strength,
Though it steals from the tongue nature's eloquent action,
For, the while it reduces a man to his length,
It gives the eye faculty double refraction.
P.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 15 | St. Dympna, 7th cent. Ascension Day, or Holy Thursday. | May 15 | Ascension Day is set apart to commemorate our Saviour's ascension into Heaven.<br>1821. Died, John Bonnycastle, the author of several valuable and scientific works, one of which, the Scholar's Guide to Arithmetic, has passed through no less than twelve editions. His Treatise upon Astronomy is the most popular of all works written upon that sublime Science, being remarkable for perspicuity, it has become a general library book, and remains a testimony of the attainments of the author. |
| —— 16 | St. Abdas. | ——16 | St. Abdas, was a Persian bishop. He was a man of great virtue and zeal. He destroyed the *Vesta* or Deified fire of the Persians, which act so enraged their king, that he caused him to be put to death, and ordered the destruction of the Christian churches.<br>1568. On this day Queen Mary, of Scotland, after the dispersion of her friends by the Regent, Murray, who pursued her with inveteracy for escaping from her confinement in Lochleven castle, fled into England, imploring the protection of Elizabeth, who acted towards her with the greatest baseness, and under the idea of granting her an asylum, betrayed her into a prison. |
| —— 17 | St. Possidius. | ——17 | St. Possidius was bishop of Calamus, in Africa, and died A. D. 430. He was a disciple of St. Augustin.<br>1729. Expired, the learned divine, Dr. Samuel Clarke, the translator of Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, and editor of the Commentaries of Cæsar. Dr. Clarke was a profound scholar, a close reasoner, an acute critic; well versed in mathematics and philosophy, and a man of unaffected mild and amiable manners. |
| —— 18 | | ——18 | 1806. On this day Bonaparte assumed the title of Napoleon, I. Emperor of the French.<br>1802. Died, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, a physician and poet of celebrity; author of the Botanic Garden, Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life; the Loves of the Plants, and numerous other works. His works prove him to have been a poet, botanist, and philosopher of no ordinary powers |
| —— 19 | St. Dunstan. | ——19 | St. Dunstan was made bishop of Worcester by king Edgar; he was afterwards bishop of London, and archbishop of Canterbury. He died A. D. 988, in the 64th year of his age. Of this saint many miracles are related, among which is the familiar legend of his holding the Devil by the nose.<br>1536. Beheaded, Anne Boleyn, the ill-fated wife of the tyrannical Henry VIII, and mother of Q. Elizabeth. She was tried and condemned for alleged unchastity with her brother and four others, although the charge of incontinence was never substantiated.<br>1795. Died, James Boswell, the friend and Biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who he accompanied on a tour to the Western Isles of Scotland, in 1773, of which tour he wrote an interesting account. |
| ——20 | St. Ethelbert. | ——20 | St. Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, son of Ethelbert, who was converted to Christianity by St. Austin, and was treacherously murdered by Offa, the king of the Mercians, who under the guise of inviting him to marry his daughter, caused him to be beheaded, and thereupon seized his kingdom.<br>1793. Died, at Geneva, the distinguished Naturalist, Charles Bonnet, ÆT. 73. He was a man of great learning, and author of many works on metaphysics. |

Sc. Potamon, bishop of Heraclea, in Egypt, died, A. D. 341.

The Encounter between Wallace and the Red Rover.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### FROM THE CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot, Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish Champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him, that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. It was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse Sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance, and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville, because he usually displayed the blood-red flag, which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seton, and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer, as that, while the vessel had an appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst. Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the Champion, and the Red Rover casting out grappling irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armour, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had been already secured. But the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure, when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them with such fury, that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placed him in such peril, that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish Champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled. They fell on the deck, locked in each others arms, but the Frenchman fell undermost; and Wallace fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, nowithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs. His men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy,

when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel, and detained them prisoners.

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# Chronicles of the Canongate.

SECOND SERIES.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY; OR, THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

THE old prejudice against *genius* was, that it was an idle vein of mind which made its possessor the butt of the bustlers in the every-day broadways of the world, and the scape-goat of their more worldly wisdom. Modern men of genius have successfully redeemed their craft from the odium of idleness; and of the eminent among these, Sir Walter Scott has certainly exceeded his competitors in the industriousness of his calling. "Age cannot wither *him*, nor custom stale his infinite variety;" "another and another" work of his hand "still succeeds," 'till romance-readers might almost cry out, "We'll see no more!" but that, if they did so far forget themselves, we might expect that they would next object to the appearance of star succeeding to star in the heavens, and season succeeding to season on the earth.

Our contemporaries have the advantage of us in space as well as in "other appliances and means to boot." We have, however, a way of our own in most things, and as they have carried their crops off the field, we shall glean, in our own modest manner, after them, and trust to find a handful or so of "ears" to reward our diligence.

Of the numerous characters in the "Fair Maid of Perth," the fair Maid herself, and her brave lover and Valentine Harry Smith or Gow, are our especial favourites; we shall therefore condense the history of their wooing, and the incidents attaching to it, as our first specimen, and, after this, shall return to the more historical personages of the scene, till we have given our readers a tolerable "spice of the quality" of this admirable work, not less admirable than its predecessors.

The book opens on St Valentine's eve. King Robert the Third is holding his court in Perth, and the lords and the gallants are where honour is to be sought, and beauty is to be won. The fairest of the fair of that royal city,

"Catharine or Katie Glover, was universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful young woman of the city or its vicinity, and whose renown, as the Fair Maid of Perth, had drawn on her much notice from the young gallants of the Royal Court, when it chanced to be residing in or near Perth, insomuch, that more than one nobleman of the highest rank, and most distinguished for deeds of chivalry, were more attentive to exhibit feats of horsemanship as they passed the door of old Simon Glover, in what was called Couvrefew, or Curfew Street, than to distinguish themselves in the tournaments, where the noblest dames of Scotland were spectators of their address.

"But the glover's daughter—for, as was common with citizens and artizans of that early period, her father, Simon, derived his surname from the trade which he practised—showed no inclination to any gallantry which came from those of a station highly exalted above that which she herself occupied, and though probably in no degree insensible to her personal charms, seemed desirous to confine her conquests to those who were within her own sphere of life.

"In her resolution of avoiding the addresses of the gallant courtiers, the reigning beauty of Perth was confirmed by the sentiments of her parent. 'Let them go,' he said; 'let them go, Catharine, those gallants with their capering horses, their jingling spurs, their plumed bonnets, and their trim moustaches, they are not of our class, nor will we aim at pairing with them. To morrow is Saint Valentine's Day, when every bird chooses her mate, but you will not see the linnet pair with the sparrow hawk, nor the robin red breast with the kite.'

"'I will have no son in law that thinks himself better than me, and for these lords and knights, I trust thou wilt always remember thou art too low to be their lawful love, and too high to be their unlawful loon; and now lay by thy work, lass, for it is holy-tide eve, and it becomes us to go to the evening service, and pray that Heaven may send thee a good Valentine to-morrow.'"

Old Simon Glover and his fair daughter accordingly repair to the Blackfriars' Monastery, in their neighbourhood, attended by the youth Conachar, a highland lad, apprentice to the glover. In their way to the church, they are dodged by two or three gallants, muffled in their cloaks. Conachar is for coming to cuffs with one of them, but the ancient glover calms him with good counsel, and they arrive near to their destination.

"Meantime the little party were overtaken by a tall young man wrapped in a cloak, which obscured or muffled part

of his face, a practice often used by the gallants of the time, when they did not wish to be known, or were abroad in quest of adventures.' He came on the right side of Catharine, who had hold of her father's arm, and slackened his pace as if joining their party.

" 'Good even to you, goodman.' "

" ' The same to your worship, and thanks.—May I pray you to pass on?—our pace is too slow for that of your lordship—our company too mean for that of 'our father's son.' "

" ' My father's son can best judge of that, old man. I have business to talk of with you and with my fair St. Catharine here, the loveliest and most obdurate saint in the calendar.' "

" ' With deep reverence, my Lord,' said the old man, ' I would remind you that this is good St. Valentine's Eve, which is no time for business, and that I can have your commands by your serving man as early as it pleases you to send them.'

" ' There is no time like the present,' said the persevering youth, whose rank seemed to be of a kind which set him above ceremony. ' I wish to know whether the buff doublet be finished which I commissioned some time since,—and from you, pretty Catharine, (here he sank his voice to a whisper) I desire to be informed whether your fair fingers have been employed upon it, agreeable to your promise? But I need not ask you, for my poor heart has felt the pang of each puncture that pierced the garment which was to cover it. Traitress, how wilt thou answer for thus tormenting the heart that loved thee so dearly?'

" ' Let me entreat you, my lord, to forego this wild talk—it becomes not you to speak thus, or me to listen. We are of poor rank, but honest manners, and the presence of the father ought to protect the child from such expressions, even from your lordship.'

" ' Well, tyrant,' answered the persevering gallant, ' I will plague you no longer now, providing you will let me see you from your window to-morrow, when the sun first peeps over the eastern hill, and give me right to be your Valentine for the year.'

" ' Not so, my lord; my father has but now told me that hawks, far less eagles, pair not with the humble linnet. Seek some court lady, to whom your favours will be honour; to me—your highness must permit me to speak the plain truth, they can be nothing but disgrace.'

"As they spoke thus, the party arrived at the gate of the church."

Here the young gallant is somewhat unceremoniously elbowed out of his fair mistress's company by Conachar, and the noble stranger goes off muttering revenge. They enter the church, go through their religious services, and re-issue into the street.

"When the congregation were dismissed, the Glover and his beautiful daughter lingered for some time, for the purpose of making their several shrifts in the confessionals, where the priests had taken their places for discharging that part of their duty. Thus it happened that the night had fallen dark, and the way was solitary, when they returned along the now deserted streets to their own dwelling. Most persons had betaken themselves to home and to bed. They who still lingered in the street were night-walkers or revellers, the idle or swaggering retainers of the haughty nobles, who were much wont to insult the peaceful passengers, relying on the impunity which their masters' court favour was too apt to secure them.

" It was, perhaps, in apprehension of mischief from some character of this kind, that Conachar, stepping up to the glover, said, ' Master, walk faster—we are dogg'd.'

" ' Dogg'd, sayest thou? By whom and by how, man?'

" 'By one man muffled in his cloak, who follows us like our shadow.'

" ' Then will I never mend my pace along the Couvrefew Street, for the best one man that ever trod it.'

" ' But he has arms,' said Conachar.

" 'And so have we, and hands and legs and feet. Why sure, Conachar, you are not afraid of one man?'

" 'Afraid!' answered Conachar, indignant at the insinuation; ' you shall soon know if I am afraid.'

" ' Now you are as far on the other side of the mark, thou foolish boy—thy temper has no middle course; there is no occasion to make a brawl, though we do not run. Walk thou before with Catharine, and I will take thy place. We cannot be exposed to danger so near home as we are.'

" The Glover fell behind accordingly, and certainly observed a person keep so close to them, as, the time and place considered, justified some suspicion. Determined, however, to ascertain, if possible, whether there had been any cause for it, he called out to the man whose motions had occasioned the alarm, and who stood still, though he seemed to keep out of reach of the light. ' Come, step forward, my friend, and do not play at bopeep; knowest thou not, that they who walk like phantoms in the dark, are apt to encounter the conjuration of a quarter-

staff? Step forward, I say, and show us thy shapes, man.'

"'Why, so I can, Master Glover,' said one of the deepest voices that ever answered question. 'I can show my shapes well enough, only I wish they could bear the light something better."

"'Body of me,' exclaimed Simon, 'I should know that voice!—And is it thou, in thy bodily person, Harry Gow? —nay, beshrew me if thou passest this door with dry lips. What, man, curfew has not rung yet, and if it had, it were no reason why it should part father and son. Come in, man; Dorothy shall get us something to eat, and we will jingle a can ere thou leave us. Come in, I say; my daughter Kate will be right glad to see thee.'

"By this time he had pulled the person whom he welcomed so cordially, into a sort of kitchen, which served also upon ordinary occasions the office of parlour.

"Their unknown attendant now stood in full light among them, and though his appearance was neither dignified nor handsome, his face and figure were not only deserving of attention, but seemed in some manner to command it. He was rather below the middle stature, but the breadth of his shoulders, length and brawniness of his arms, and the muscular appearance of the whole man, argued a most unusual share of strength, and a frame kept in vigour by constant exercise. His legs were somewhat bent, but not in a manner which could be said to approach to deformity; on the contrary, which seemed to correspond to the strength of his frame though it injured in some degree its symmetry. His dress was of buff-hide; and he wore, in a belt around his waist, a heavy broad-sword, and a dirk or poniard, as if to defend his purse, which (burgher-fashion) was attached to the same cincture. The head was well proportioned, round, close cropped, and curled thickly with black hair. There was daring and resolution in the dark eye, but the other features seemed to express a bashful timidity, mingled with good-humour, and obvious satisfaction at meeting with his old friends. Abstracted from the bashful expression, which was that of a moment, the forehead of Henry Gow, or Smith, (for he was indifferently so called, as both words equally indicated his profession,) was high and noble, but the lower part of his face was less happily formed. The mouth was large and well furnished with a set of firm and beautiful teeth, the appearance of which corresponded with the air of personal health and muscular strength, which the whole frame indicated. A short thick beard, and moustaches which had lately been arranged with some care, completed the picture. His age could not exceed eight-and-twenty.

"The family appeared all well pleased with the unexpected appearance of an old friend. Simon Glover shook his hand again and again, Dorothy made her compliments, and Catherine herself offered freely her hand, which Henry held in his massive grasp as if he designed to carry it to his lips, but, after a moment's hesitation, desisted, from fear lest the freedom might be ill taken.

"Her father, on his part, called out frankly, as he saw his friend's hesitation,—

"'Her lips, man, her lips! and that's a proffer I would not make to every one who crosses my threshold. But, by good St. Valentine, (whose holiday will dawn to-morrow,) I am so glad to see thee in the bonny city of Perth again, that it would be hard to tell the thing I could refuse thee.'"

The Smith, encouraged by this hearty welcome, salutes Catharine. Meantime Conachar has stolen off to his bed, but is brought back, and exhibits no little jealousy of the sturdy stranger Harry Gow. A quarrel ensues between the two at the supper table, in which armourer Harry has, as usual, the best of the fray.

"'Let me depart, father Simon,' said Henry Smith, mournfully; 'I might have guessed I should have my old luck, and spread strife and bloodshed where I would wish most to bring peace and happiness. Care not for me—look to poor Catharine; the fright of such an affray hath killed her, and all through my fault.'

"'Thy fault, my son!—It was the fault of yon Highland cateran, whom it is my curse to be cumbered with; but he shall go back to his glens to-morrow, or taste the tolbooth of the burgh. An assault upon the life of his master's guest in his master's house!—It breaks all bonds between us. But let me see to thy wound.'

"'Catharine!" repeated the armourer, 'look to Catharine."

"'Dorothy will see to her,' said Simon; 'surprise and fear kill not—skenes and dirks do. And she is not more the daughter of my blood, than thou, my dear Henry, art the son of my affections. Let me see the wound. The skene-occle is an ugly weapon in a Highland hand.'

"'I mind it no more than the scratch of a wild-cat,' said the armourer; 'and now that the colour is coming to Catharine's cheek again, you shall see me a

sound man in a moment.' He turned to a corner in which hung a small mirror, and hastily took from his purse some dry lint, to apply to the slight wound he had received. As he unloosed the leathern jacket from his neck and shoulders, the manly and muscular form which they displayed, was not more remarkable than the fairness of his skin, where it had not as in hands and face, been exposed to the effects of rough weather, and of his laborious trade. He hastily applied some lint to stop the bleeding, and a little water having removed all other marks of the fray, he buttoned his doublet anew, and turned again to the table where Catharine, still pale and trembling, was, however, recovered from her fainting fit.

" ' Would you but grant me your forgiveness for having offended you in the very first hour of my return? The lad was foolish to provoke me, and yet I was more foolish to be provoked by such as he. Your father blames me not, Catharine, and cannot you forgive me?'

" ' I have no power to forgive,' answered Catharine, ' what I have no title to resent. If my father chooses to have his house made the scene of night brawls, I must witness them—I cannot help myself. Perhaps it was wrong in me to faint and interrupt, it may be, the farther progress of a fair fray. My apology is, that I cannot bear the sight of blood.'

" ' And is this the manner,' said her father, ' in which you receive my friend after his long absence? My friend, did I say? nay, my son. He escapes being murdered by a fellow whom I will tomorrow clear this house of, and you treat him as if he had done wrong in dashing from him the snake which was about to sting him!'

" ' It is not my part, father,' returned the Maid of Perth, ' to decide who had the right or wrong in the present brawl; nor did I see what happened distinctly enough, to say which was assailant, or which defender. But sure our friend, Master Henry, will not deny that he lives in a perfect atmosphere of strife, blood, and quarrels. He hears of no swordsman but he envies his reputation, and must needs put his valour to the proof. He sees no brawl but he must strike into the midst of it. Has he friends, he fights with them for love and honour—has he enemies, he fights with them for hatred and revenge. And those men who are neither his friends nor foes, he fights with them because they are on this or that side of a river. His days are days of battle, and doubtless he acts them over again in his dreams.'

" ' Daughter,' said Simon, ' your tongue wags too freely. Quarrels and fights are men's business, not women's and it is not maidenly to think or speak of them.'

" ' But if they are so rudely enacted in our presence,' said Catharine, ' it is a little hard to expect us to think or speak of anything else. I will grant you, my father, that this valiant burgess of Perth is one of the best-hearted men that draws breath within its walls—that he would walk a hundred yards out of the way, rather than step upon a worm—that he would be as loath, in wantonness, to kill a spider, as if he were a kinsman to King Robert, of happy memory—that in the last quarrel before his departure he fought with four butchers, to prevent their killing a poor mastiff that had misbehaved in the bull-ring, and narrowly escaped the fate of the cur that he was protecting. I will grant you also, that the poor never pass the house of the wealthy armourer but they are relieved with food and alms. But what avails all this, when his sword makes as many starving orphans and mourning widows as his purse relieves?"

The glover defends his valourous son by adoption from the gentle upbraidings of his daughter, and entreats her to forgive him, and to speak some words of comfort to him.

The armourer, indeed, while he heard the lips that were dearest to him paint his character in such unfavourable colours, had laid his head down on the table, upon his folded arms, in an attitude of the deepest dejection, or almost despair. ' I would to Heaven, my dearest father,' answered Catharine, ' that it were in my power to speak comfort to Henry, without betraying the sacred cause of the truths I have just told you. And I may —nay, I must have such a commission,' she continued, with something that the earnestness with which she spoke, and the extreme beauty of her features, caused for the moment to resemble inspiration. ' The truth of Heaven,' she said, in a solemn tone, ' was never committed to a tongue, however feeble, but it gave a right to that tongue to announce mercy, while it declared judgment.—Arise, Henry—rise up, noble-minded, good and generous, though widely mistaken man—Thy faults are those of this cruel and remorseless age—thy virtues all thine own.' "

' While she thus spoke, she laid her hand upon the Smith's arm, and extricating it from under his head by a force which, however gentle, he could not resist, she compelled him to raise towards her his manly face, and the eyes into which her expostulations, mingled with other

feelings, had summoned tears. 'Weep not,' she said, 'or rather weep on—but weep as those who have hope. Abjure the sins of pride and anger, which most easily beset thee—fling from thee the accursed weapons, to the fatal and murderous use of which thou art so easily tempted.' "

Catharine inveighs in vain against his indomitable propensity to the use of the arms, it is his profession to forge, but the lion of his temper is nevertheless somewhat tamed, under her gentle chastisement. The father, however, is angry with her for her pains, and dismisses her to her chamber with these words:—

" 'Happy is the man who, like my worthy son, has means of obtaining his living otherwise than by the point of the sword which he makes. Preach peace to him as much as thou wilt—I will never be he will say thee nay; but as for bidding the first armourer in Scotland forego the forging of swords, curtel-axes, and harness, it is enough to drive patience itself mad—Out of my sight!—and next morning I prithee remember, that shouldst thou have the luck to see Henry the Smith, which is more than thy usage of him has deserved, you see a man who has not his match in Scotland at the use of broad-sword and battle-axe, and who can work for five hundred merks a year without breaking a holiday.' "

Here the glover and Gow set down to their glass, and Simon schools his adopted son, and bids him not to take her talk too much to heart; and telling him he has seen him bold enough with other wenches, wonders why he should be so still and tongue-tied with her. Harry replies beautifully.—

" Because she is something different from other maidens, father Glover—because she is not only more beautiful, but wiser, higher, holier, and seems to me as if she were made of better clay than we that approach her. I can hold my head high enough with the rest of the lasses round the May-pole, but somehow, when I approach Catharine, I feel myself an earthly, coarse, ferocious creature, scarce worthy to look on her, much less to contradict the precepts which she expounds to me.'

" 'You are an imprudent merchant, Harry Smith,' replied Simon; 'and rate too high the goods you wish to purchase. Catharine is a good girl, and my daughter; but if you make her a conceited ape by your bashfulness and your flattery, neither yo' nor I will see our wishes accomplish'd.

" 'I often fear it, my good father,' said the smith; 'for I feel how little I am deserving of Catharine.'

" 'Feel a thread's end!' said the Glover, 'feel for me, friend Smith, for Catharine and me. Think how the poor thing is beset from morning to night, and by what sort of persons, even though windows be down and doors shut. We were accosted to-day by one too powerful to be named,—ay, and he showed his displeasure openly, because I would not permit him to gallant my daughter in the church itself, when the priest was saying mass. There are others scarce less reasonable. I sometimes wish that Catharine were some degrees less fair, that she might not catch that dangerous sort of admiration, or somewhat less holy; that she might sit down like an honest woman, contented with stout Henry Smith, who could protect his wife against every sprig of chivalry in the Court of Scotland.'

" 'And if I did not,' said Henry, thrusting out a hand and arm which might have belonged to a giant for bone and muscle, 'I would I may never bring hammer upon anvil again. Aye, an it were come but that length, my fair Catharine should see that there is no harm in a man having the trick of defence.' "

Here a long conversation ensues, during which some fine traits of the character of Harry Gow are developed with much dramatic spirit, and the glover and his favourite part thus pleasantly:—

" 'Let us finish our flask, then,' said the old glover; 'for I reckon the Dominican tower is tolling midnight. And hark thee, son Henry; be at the lattice-window on our east gable by the very peep of dawn, and make me aware that thou art come by whistling the Smith's call gently. I will contrive that Catharine shall look out at the window, and thus thou wilt have all the privileges of being a gallant Valentine through the rest of the year; which if thou canst not use to thine own advantage, I shall be led to think, that for all thou be'st covered with the lion's hide, Nature has left on thee the long ears of the ass.'

" 'Amen, father,' said the armourer; 'a hearty good night to you, and God's blessing on your roof-tree, and those whom it covers. You shall hear the Smith's call sound by cock-crowing; I warrant I put Sir Chanticleer to shame.'

" So saying, he took his leave, and, though completely undaunted, moved through the deserted streets like one upon his guard, to his own dwelling, which was situated in the Mill Wynd, at the western end of Perth."

[*To be Continued.*]

## LOVE LOOKS.

The sun looks sweetly from the skies,
When Spring's first lay is sung;—
And fair the moon peeps from the clouds,
The varied woods among.
Each twinkling star that spots the sky,
With lustre bright is shining;—
But fairer far, in youth's fond eye,
The look that love is smiling!

The morning's break look joy around —
The noontide blaze looks bright;—
The gentle eve looks rest and peace;—
And hope the still twilight;—
But youthful hearts have eyes, to see
Far sweeter looks descending
From beauty's eyes, where constancy,
With fervent love is blending!

Oh! might I choose a perfect fair,
Who charming e'er would prove,
She should have smiles that win the heart
And eyes that whisper love!
Affections sigh has magic charms,
To banish every sorrow;
But love's fond look the fancy warms
From real delight to borrow!

Oh! beauty may be full and fair,
Yet hold not on the heart!
And sparkling eyes may shed their light,
And yet no love impart!
For some look scorn, and some look pride,
And some are careless roving;
Oh! those are best, that softly glide
And tell you they are loving!

Gently they steal into the heart,
And revel in the soul,
And make each thought to bend beneath
Their fairy-like controul;
Fresh'ning each hope, and painting all
The future bright and cheery,
Charming away, with potent thrall,
Each fear and prospect dreary!

Love's kindest words have not the pow'r
Like these to fill the mind!
Love's kindest words may hide deceit
As from the tongue they wind!
But love-looks beam, like seraphs' smiles,
All truth and ardent feeling!—
Oh! long be mine to feel their wiles
Each wound of sorrow healing!

R. JARMAN

## THE INFANT'S REST.

'Enter thou into thy Rest.'

Poets describe their halcyon dreams,
Sailors desire the haven nearest,
Beauty exults in nature's beams;—
But the 'Infant's Rest' is dearest.

There is a sleep of death,—a flight
O'ertakes the swiftest and the surest;
But in the calm of sinless light
The 'Infant's Rest' is purest.

The camp is placed for a warrior's rest,
The fort is safest, strongest:—
The tomb lies o'er the monarch's breast,
Yet the 'Infant's Rest' is longest.

Time's weapons interrupt earth's peace,
Mortality life's links will sever;
Death breaks the chain and gives release,
Then, the 'Infant Rests'—for ever.

P.

## WHITSUNTIDE & ITS JOYANCE,

IN COUNTRY VILLAGES AND TOWNS.

"Mortals be gladsome while ye have the power,
And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy;
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves."

Let not the gamester, the horseracer, the court dissembler, rail. Why should the nobleman, who delights in his preserves; or the duellist who is amused with the fatality of his pistols; or, the citizen, who is wrapped in the mantle of gain, lay the hand of power on other classes to deprive them of pleasure?

"They bespeak a day of jubilee."

A Whitsuntide passes through the metropolis, as a sojourner rides through a city in Turkey, without particular remark, or observation; but whose stay would be obnoxious and call in aid the civic authorities

"Severe as vengeance can inflict."

If the suburbs of Paddington, Stepney and the excursions by water and land to Greenwich are excepted; the Country, in England, Ireland and Scotland, is the scene of Whitsun merriment and agreeable association.

"Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek."

Here, like a field flower, it is indigenous—here it flourishes most in the soil of the heart and is kept alive by the undying attachment of the spirit.

"Fairest and foremost of the train that wait,
On man's most dignified and happiest state."

A city is not the element for a Wake, unless that which is imposed by the custom of the sons and daughters of Erin. A city is not provided with tranquil places in which Folly might wear her bells uninjured. In the country, the greens, cottages, inns, churches and commons, farms, and provisions are treasured from Christmas Yule to the approaching revels, consecrated by past mirth, and antici

pated for present entering into its effusive and lush reality—

"The tender argument of kindred blood."

The cares of life are here absorbed in the joy mantling over them, and relief is given to the heart which pulses through the current of the body and the mind. On Whitsunday, many a well loving and rustic couple are married, because it is the anniversary of their grandsires wedding, christening, or birth-day, or the most lucky day of the year. Because a feast of no ordinary description is given, a preparation of no simple fare made—a time that, whoever comes, he might enter and welcome. Where friends from other villages are here and relations from all distances, if practicable, make an effort to unite in the bands of duty and affection. When the old meet and talk over the events of sixty years to their earliest days —when the young meet and begin a course of love, which, poets say, 'never runs smooth.'—when the middle-aged bring their families together, and cousins congratulate cousins for the first time—when farming men and women have leave to see their old dames and young nieces, and when good eating and drinking, smiling, laughing, smoking, chatting and anecdoting, bring parties together after church service, and the hours down to the last embers of midnight. Then on the Whit-monday, as the sun shines over the face of the village,—what preparation is made! The bells intimate sweetly the motive, and each breast feels a sense of relaxing from past toil, before the beginning of the mowing the grass, the hay-harvest, the barley-break and the corn harvest. Neither the harvest, nor the hunting moon is thought of, it is the sun of humanity, which emanates from the deity, that inspires, diffuses, and engages the charms of rural and hearty feeling. The smithy is shut, the grindstone still, the fork, the scythe and rake, are not yet wanted. Toil rests on the plough. Labour sits with an unfurrowed forehead. Plenty is profuse with the gifts of the earth, and holds the horn to the reception of the most successful gatherers. Ease in luxury, what the pampered nabob does not feel, is here inheriting every freehold of health, and the caterers for amusement assemble with indorsements on the collections of nine pins, lucky bags, booths, stalls, raree shows, snuff-boxes, camera obscuras, singlestick, ringing the bull and foot-races. Here the cask is spigotted at the low door with a bush hung over it, and pipes, cakes, and banquets are in requisition. What hopes are here raised by the clamorous catch-pennies who are dependant on their success at revels for the rest of the year. And, when the day is drawn, like a lottery ticket out of time's wheel, as the evening gives a blank to twilight, what hustling and party-making-stir, is in doors with music and dancing in the new clothes: The old rooms are shook like the subjects of agues and night is impressed in the cure. A week thus devoted to Whitsun sports and pleasures, like any other feeling, cloys; the ensuing week is spent in the routine of business with renewed assiduity, peace crowns the happy complaints, initiates the dissatisfied and anxieties are once more predominant over the lighter gaieties of the heart. Like the showers which fall amid the clustres of flowers, while the winds blow them apart, so the villagers are separated by the relative associations in the warfare of existence, and they relieve or languish, as disease, or perfect health acts upon them.

"Differing in language, manners, or in face
Feeling themselves allied to all the race."

By returning, however, into other parts of the country, it will be found that the Whitsun-week is differently spent; partly, like that of the 'Members of the Society of Friends,' for business; and partly, for pleasure.

This is the appointed time for May-poles where they have stood amid the puritanical environs of opinions. And also, for stated 'Fairs,' at which cattle, wares, and barter, exchange owners, and servants exchange masters and mistresses.

Clubs and Benefit Societies also hold their annual meetings. With bands of music, flags, and favours, they parade the boundaries, and in pairs enter the parish church. Here the gaiety and beauty of the adjacent neighbourhoods assemble. Whatever nonchalance the courtezans of civic pomp might feel unfavourably to this congregation, as it is but once a year, there is a freshness, fulness, and agreeable sensation felt by the recipients and observers of it. The flags waving over the gallery, the martial music joining in the anthem and 'jubilate,' the curling of ribands from hats and breasts, the ladies' happy expressions, and the appropriate discourse of the preacher, conspire to make impressions not soon forgotten, and create unisons not easily broken. Is this also vanity? Because the grave opens and the bell tolls. Because the worm hideth, and the spade cutteth down the grass as an emblem of the shortness of life in its glory, and the certainty of its dissolution

Are these seasons of communication to be spent without cheerfulness? The demure aspect of monastic discipline savours of bigotry, and induces superstition. Is shade and gloom to be ever before mortals? Are they not to feel the sunbeam, nor enjoy the mild atmosphere of rational pleasure? Nature permits, Virtue approves, and Wisdom joins in recreations, which have the well-being of society at heart.

Benefit Societies professedly heal the sick, relieve the distressed, give decent burial to the dead, and console the widow and the fatherless. About this time, societies of sawyers, glass-blowers, free-masons, brass-founders, fire-offices, with many others, literary, scientific, antiquarian, botanic, musical, and discursive, keep their anniversaries, by good fellowship in cities, corporations, and towns. (But the 'Master Chimney-Sweepers' take precedence of season, 'May-Day' being their tutelary patroness.) The 'Guild' is another recreative feature in country history. The choosing Mayors, Bailiffs, and Shrieves give occupation to many; and in Popish countries, carnival, masquerade, impost, pleasure, persecution, and chicanery, are in full display, whether for the good of society, or not, let the choice of opinion decide. Where freedom is not abridged, liberty is not abused, and perfect unanimity is cultivated; may the fruits of pleasure increase, the trees of knowledge be supported, and the harvest of sensibility abundantly reaped!

## KLODEN.

*(For the Olio.)*

Galled Greece in anguish from her dungeons sprang;
From Isle to Isle fair Freedom's signal rang;
The pitying world poured heroes like a tide,
To raise the Greek, and quell Koranic pride.—
From Konigsberg, to stay the waster's hand,
Young Kloden flew to Grecia's groaning land;
Each dangerous mission eager sought to gain;
The outguard's peril, and the herald's pain.—
His chieftain marked the hero with delight;
His never-failing ardour in the fight.—
The lordly moslems powerless curses poured
As strewed the field, his devastating sword,
And when a matter of momentous kind,
Required the conduct of a dauntless mind,
And faith unbending; him his chieftain named,
To lead a secret band through scenes untam'd,
Twice had the young moon lent her tremulous ray:
The youthful warriors trod their cautious way,
And stole from hiding woods in shades of night,
To fly with darkness from the morning's light,
As on the second morn dim streaks of red,
Marked the broad east, like Pluto's mouldering bed;
Green plane trees rising on a fertile plain,
Gave them repose, from watching toil of pain.
They rested there, till on the lovely sky,
The sun blazed forth, a world of majesty!
When one that watched, their fresh'ning slumbers broke,
And bade them rise, to ward a deadly stroke,
Each warrior starting, grasps his shining brand
And marks the coming of a Turkish band.
A fountain sprang amid the shady bowers,
And trickled through the verdure, decked with flowers,
The Turks spurred on to shun the rising heat,
And shelter seek within the cool retreat;
Its verge attained, they loose their panting steeds,
To crop the verdure of the smiling meads.
Ten youthful warriors Kloden's word obeyed,
Three turbans more the hostile party made;
Greece! Greece and liberty! the Grecians cry;
Tumultuous "Allas!" mingle in the sky,
Rage swelled each heart, each arm was nerved to pierce,
Defence forgotten—short the fight and fierce.
Destruction revelled: soon lay scattered round
The warriors all, but Kloden and Phalound—
The Turk his jav'lin hurled: it harmless flew,
Then flashed his scymetar; its aim too true;
From Kloden's side a crimson current stole;
The hostile chief in arrogance of soul,
With haughty brow, unguarded, onward prest,
And Kloden pierced his victory swollen breast;
The Turk, without a groan, in suffering pride,
Set his firm teeth, and sinking nobly died.
The startled steeds, scared with the din of war,
Dart wildly o'er the turf to fields afar.—
Faint with his wounds, the warrior's faltering breath,
Mcurned for his comrades, stiffening into death.
To aid the grisly dying from his breast
A portrait drew and kissed, then sank to rest.
No mourner there, but the loud tempest moans
Where grassy shrouds spread o'er their mouldering bones,
Triumphant arches tell a victor's fame,
When dying valor dies without a name!

C. P. C.

## THE SPECTRE SHIP:

*(Continued from Page 292.)*

Bryce no sooner got on board, than the sails were once more unfurled, the wind and tide being both favourable. By the evening of the second day, they were within sight of the blue Craig of Ailsa. Bryce, whose faith in the augury of the weird wife was founded on the broad basis of superstition, took the helm in his own hand, and bore down for the Craig. The clouds of night began to rest on the bosom of the ocean, and nothing was heard but the rippling of its surface on the bow of the bark, as she glided on her way through the silent tide. The moon now burst through a large mass of black clouds, illuminating all around with a bright silvery light. Bryce, whose mind was wound up to the highest point at this crisis, as he knew that he was close upon the Craig, discovered a vessel edging away from under his lee-bow, not two

nundred yards distant. He looked again —the cut of her sails and rig of her mizen were the same as his own ship!— and taking up the speaking trumpet that lay on the binnacle before him, hailed her with—"What ship a-hoy?" Bryce, who was all attention, heard his own question repeated This was not altogether according to marine etiquette; he, however, once more shouted—"The Golden Thistle of Ayr, Bryce Gullbyland master!" when, to his no small astonishment, at the expiration of a few seconds, he heard repeated—"The Golden Thistle of Ayr, Bryce Gullbyland master!"—"This is perilous strange!" said he to himself: "two square-cut topsails, two taught-rigged mizens, two Golden Thistles, and two Bryce Gullbylands masters —it is perilous strange, indeed!" He, however, thought he would make a little more inquiry into the mystery that appeared to envelope the two ships, and again shouting—"From whence, to where?" it was instantly repeated back. Bryce, in desperation, instantly replied—"From Ayr, to Maryland in Virginia, last from the Isle of Skye!" when, to complete his horror, he heard in a loud sonorous voice —"From Ayr, to Maryland in Virginia, last from the Isle of Skye!" Bryce now, letting go the helm, rushed below, exclaiming—"Perilous delusion!" and to wind up the catastrophe, he caught Davie Hassel, his cabin-boy, in the very act of untying Nor'west Meg's bag of fair wind. This was the climax of poor Bryce's imaginary evils: he immediately bawled out —"I have seen it! I have seen it! I have seen it!"

A part of the crew anxiously asked him what he had seen?—"Why, I have seen the spectre of the Golden Thistle, and the wraith of Bryce Gullbyland, and I'll shortly be a ghost myself:—perilous, perilous strange!"

One of the crew, who had been forward in the bows during the parley betwixt Bryce and the spectre ship, now came below, to convince him that the imagined ship was but the shadow of his own vessel, reflected by the moon on the face of the ocean!

"Perilous nonsense!" exclaimed Bryce; "true and of verity it is, that shadows have no words!"

"Why, Captain," said one of the seamen, "we were so near the Craig, that I could have chucked a biscuit on the bluff rock that overhangs the Mermaid's Cave, where there is an echo that I have listened to many a moonlight night such as this. You should put away these fresh-water vapours—for what were the words you heard but the echo of my own mouth!"

But Tom Bobstay might as well have lectured to the bulkhead as to Bryce!—he was now in a state of confirmed delirium, muttering incoherent nonsense, and it was with no little difficulty they got him into his hammock. By daylight next morning, they were off the Bar of Ayr, and Johnny Smoothwater, the pilot, (as there was no surf that morning,) came along-side; when Bryce—who was now in a high brain-fever, having grown worse during the night—was carried ashore, supported by two of the pilot's crew, to his own house, where Mrs. Gullbyland, meeting him at the door, anxiously inquired:—

"Dear Bryce! sweet Bryce! what sort of a voyage had you?"

"From Ayr, to Maryland in Virginia!' exclaimed Bryce.

"What is the matter with you, my dear Bryce?"

'Nor'west Meg will watch the moon,
And give the current, wind, and tide:—

But it is all delusion—all delusion!"

"My dear brother, the Baillie, is dead!" said Mrs. Gullbyland: "he went to Maybole, to a spice-and-wine entry*—took a surfeit—came home—went to bed—and never rose again!—But he has left us all he had!"

"My dear brother dead and gone! Yes, yes—to the Isle of Skye, or the upland fell!" exclaimed Bryce.

"Remember yourself—you are now in your own comfortable parlour, sitting by a good sea-coal fire."—

"Captain of the Golden Thistle of Ayr!" shouted Bryce.

The skipper, still continuing thus to interrupt every conversation with these incoherent ravings, was confined to his room, under the charge of one of the most skilful physicians of Ayr, and soon recovered of his malady; for, a few days after, some of his neighbours saw him settling a small account with an inkle-weaver from Beith. For the further information of the reader, Jenny Whitelees, having for ever lost her reputation as a spaewife, left off reading of cups for the more profitable practice of reading her Bible;—and Johnny Towlines was again appointed captain of the Golden Thistle. —If there is any moral to be derived from this tale, it can only amount to this:---- *Put no trust in augury.—Tales of a Grandmother.*

* It was an ancient custom in the burgh of Maybole, that when a candidate to become a burgess was the son of a freeman, the fine levied, being ten shillings sterling, was commuted into a treat of spice and wine, for behoof of the town-council.

## THE ROYAL OAK.

*Robur Caroli*, Charles's Oak. In the year 1676, the celebrated astronomer Halley, was sent to St. Helena, a small island in the Atlantic Ocean, to take a catalogue of the fixed stars which do not rise above our horizon.

These fixed stars were formed into constellations and to one of them he gave the appellation now under consideration in memory of the tree in which Charles 2nd saved himself from his pursuers after the battle of Worcester.

To the circumstance of this concealment, one of our poets alludes in the subsequent panegyrical lines on the oak :—

" The sturdy Oak,
" A prince's refuge, once the eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stem's the vast main, and bears tremendous war,
Too distant or with sovereign sway,
Awes the divided world to peace and love."

This famous oak was situated near Boscobel House, about the middle of the eastern border of Shropshire adjoining to Staffordshire, twenty-six miles from Worcester, and at no great distance from Bridgenorth or Wolverhampton. The solitary dwelling was inhabited by five brothers of the name of Penderill, who clothed the king in a garb like their own, led him into the neighbouring wood, put a bill in his hand and pretended to employ themselves in cutting faggots. For a better concealment, he climbed an oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by, all were intent in search of the king, and some expressed in his hearing their earnest wishes of seizing him. This tree was afterwards denominated the Royal Oak. In commemoration of the just mentioned event, oak-apples are still worn by many people in several parts of England, particularly in Worcester, where the houses are also in general on the 29th of May, the anniversary of Charles's restoration, profusely decorated with large branches of oak. Many years ago, Mr. John Day, a worthy but whimsical character in Wapping, used annually to go and dine on beans and bacon under the oak Tree at Fairlop, from which circumstance originated the annual fair held under it. Mr. Day had his coffin made out of a large arm of this tree, and kept it many years by him.

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, (No. XVIII.)

### THE WHITSUN-ALE.

This week's number appearing on the eve of the holiday season, we think the following accouut will be found of interest sufficient to be worthy of the attention of our readers.

On the Coteswolds in Gloucestershire, is a customary annual meeting at Whitsuntide, vulgarly called an Ale or Whitsun-ale. It is supposed that the true word is Yule, for in the time of Druidism the Feasts of Yule or the Grove were celebrated in the months of May or December ; and in the north of England, Christmas is called Christmas Yule and Christmas Gambols. Yule Games and Yule is the proper Scotch word for this festival. These sports are resorted to by great numbers of young people of both sexes, and are conducted in the following manner : Two persons are chosen previous to the meeting to be Lord and Lady of the Yule, who dress as suitably as they can to the characters they assume. A large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the Lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and to regale in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford. Each young fellow treats his girl with a ribbon or favour ; the Lord and Lady honour the hall with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer, with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a page or train-bearer, and a jester drest in a party-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulation contribute not a little to the entertainment of the company. The Lord's music, consisting generally of a pipe and tabor, is employed to conduct the dance. Some people think this is a commemoration of the ancient drinking, being a day of festivity formerly observed by the tenants and vassals of the Lord of the Fee within his manor, the memory of which, on account of the jollity of those meetings, the people have thus preserved ever since. It may notwithstanding have its rise in Druidism, as on these occasions they always erect a may-pole, which is an eminent sign of it. The mace is made of silk, finely plaited with ribbons on the top, and filled with spices and perfume, for such of the company to smell to as desire it. Does not this afford some light towards discovering the original use, and account for the name of mace, now carried in ostentation before the steward of

the Court on court days, and before the chief magistrate in corporations, as the presenting of spices by great men at their entertainments was a very ancient practice.

## Illustrations of History.

### ON DRESS.

Historians are very sparing in their accounts of the dresses and fashions of their times; and it is somewhat unaccountable that we may form a better idea of the habits both civil and military, in the time of King John, Henry III. and the succeeding ages from their monuments, old glass windows, and ancient tepestry, than from the writings of the most accurate historiographers of those periods. We are glad to avail ourselves however of the assistance of Chaucer the poet, who describes the dresses in the time of Richard II.

"Alas," says he, "may not a man see, as in our days, the sinful costly array of clothing, and namely, in too much superfluity of clothing, such that maketh it so dear, to the harm of the people, not only the costs of embroidering, the disguised indenting or barring, ounding, platting winding or bending, and semblable waste of cloth in vanity; but there is also the costly furring in their gowns, so much pouncing of chissel to make holes, so much dogging of sheirs-forche, with the superfluity in length of the aforesaid gowns, trailing in the dung and the mire, on horse, and also on foot, as well of man as of woman, that all that trailing is verily in effect wasted, consumed, and threadbare, and rotten with dung rather than given to the poor. Now, as to the outrageous array of women, God wot! that though the visages of some of them seem full chaste and debonnaire, yet notify in her array and attire, licorousness and pride. I say not that honesty in clothing of man or woman is uncoverable, but assert the superiority of disordinate quality of clothing is reproveable."

About this period a gown called a git, or jacket without sleeves, a loose cloak like a herald's coat of arms, called a tabard, short breeches called a court pie, and a gorget called a chevesail, were first introduced, prior to the use of bands, which they afterwards wore about their necks.

Side Saddles for women were brought in by Anne, wife to Richard II. Before this time the ladies rode astride like the men. She also introduced a high head dress, resembling horns, and long gowns with trains, so that she may be considered as one of the most celebrated leaders of female fashions to be met with in history.

In the reign of Henry IV, the long pocketing sleeve was first brought into use; and a few years after, he first became the principal object of fashionable attention, when a *proclamation* was issued, that men's shoes should not be above six inches in breadth over the toes. About this period the women, not to be less ridiculous than the men, raised their hips by fox-tails under their clothes, which somewhat resembled our more modern hoops, and the men, piqued to be rivalled in absurdity, shortened their garments so much that it was judged expedient to enact, "no person under the dignity of lord should wear from that time any gown or mantle that was not of a sufficient length to cover his buttocks, in the penalty of twenty shillings for every default." Even the clergy caught the fashionable infection, though it has been asserted, that the clergy of England never wore silk or velvet till they were introduced by Cardinal Wolsey. Certain it is, however, that silk and embroidery were worn by the priests in Rome almost as soon as these improvements in the luxury of dress were introduced into Europe.

## Natural History

### THE OAK.

It is a beautiful notion of St. Pierre's, and one which has the advantage of being safe from any positive contradiction, that the earth, on its first assumption of form and laws, appeared clothed, with respect to the vegetable creation, not only in the verdure which has been well styled "her universal robe," but also with trees in every stage of their existence; an idea which Milton has also given us in his exquisite description of their creation:—

——— "Last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches, hung with copious fruit, c
gemm'd
With blossoms; with high woods the hills
were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where gods might
dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades."

Leaving however, for the present, the dryads and hamadryads of such enchanting precincts to the poets who have so

well embodied their existence, we shall turn our attention to "the stately trees," and endeavour to ascertain, and to point out, to such of our readers as may be desirous to acquire some knowledge of their varieties and character, with reference to their appearance and effect in landscape, the most striking peculiarities in each species, and the mode best adapted for their delineation. And there it may be well observed, that no set of rules or examples, drawn from other men's labours, will be sufficient to form an original landscape painter; we can only put the proper implements into the hands of the student, form in him a habit of accurate perception, and introduce him to the objects best adapted for his pencil: it is for him to find his own path for the future, and penetrate into the solitudes and the recesses of the forest, where every thing will be congenial to his pursuit, and where he will not have to complain in the elegant language of Quintilian,—"Quare silvarum amœnitas, et prætерlabentia flumina, et inspirantes ramis arborum auræ, volucrumque cantus et ipsa late circumspiciendi libertas, ad se trahunt; ut mihi remittere potius voluptas ista videatur cogitationem, quam intendere." "Wherefore the sweet tranquillity of the woods, 'the liquid lapse of murmuring streams,' the soft whisperings of the summer air amid the boughs, the melodies of birds, and the unrestrained freedom that the eye enjoys, all attract the mind to themselves, so that these delights appear to me rather to interrupt than to promote our meditations."

European trees may, by the painter, be divided into four classes: the round-topped, as the oak, chesnut, elm, willow, ash, beech, &c.; the spiry-topped, as the different species of the fir-tribe; the shaggy topped, comprehending those of the pine; and the slender-formed, as the Lombardy-poplar and the cypress. In the first of these classes, foremost in dignity and grandeur, the oak stands pre-eminent, and like the lion among beasts, is the undoubted lord of the forest. Beauty, united with strength, characterises all its parts. The leaves, elegant in their outline, are strongly ribbed, and firmly attached to the spray, which, although, slim and excursive, is yet bold, and determined in its angles, whilst the abrupt and tortuous irregularity of its massive branches, admirably contrasts with the general richness and density of its clustered foliage. Even as a sapling, in its slender gracefulness, it exhibits sufficient firmness and indications of vigour, to predicate the future monarch of the wood; a state, indeed, which it is slow to assume, but which it retains *per sæcula longa*, and, when, at length, it is brought to acknowledge the influence of time, and becomes "bald with dry antiquity," no other production of the forest can be admitted as its rival in majestic and venerable decay. The general form of the oak is expansive, luxuriant, and spreading. Its character, both with respect to its whole, and to its larger masses of foliage, is best expressed by the pencil in bold and roundish lines, whether as single trees, as groups, or as forming the line of a distant forest: although when growing more closely together, they assume a loftier and less spreading appearance than the more solitary tree, such as Mason has so beautifully described in his *Caractacus:*

——— "Behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad broad arms.
Chills the pale plain beneath him."

But whilst, as an entire object, these curved lines are sufficient to express the general peculiarity of its outline, as well as the larger masses of its foliage, when we come to examine the oak more closely and in detail, we find that a greater variety of line must be adopted to display its singular proportions, so indicative of energy and boldness. The trunk and limbs are characterised by their amazing strength, and by their comparative shortness and crookedness; and the branches by their numerous contortions and abrupt angles, and by the great variety which they exhibit of straight and of crooked lines, and by their frequent tendency to a horizontal direction.

Not unfrequently, however, the forms of the limbs and branches are entirely concealed by the exuberancy of foliage, as is the case in the Bounds-Park oak, and more particularly in that magnificent living canopy,—*nulli penetrabilis astro*, impervious to the day,—(fully described in the *Sylva Britannica*,) the Chandos oak at Southgate, which, although not exactly a painter's tree, is unquestionably unrivalled for regular beauty and plenitude of shade. The oak, also, is occasionally found to present an extremely graceful and pleasing figure, as is remarkably the case with the celebrated oak at Lord Cowper's. This tree, above a century ago, was well known as the great oak at Panshanger.

There is also a beautiful tree of the same description, at Lord Darnley's seat at Cobham, which, being protected from the depredations of cattle, enjoys the most perfect freedom of growth, extending "its latitude of boughs" in every direction, and drooping its clustered foliage to the very ground.

# Anecdotiana.

THE PLOUGHMAN THAT SAID HIS PATER-NOSTER.

The following is from a scarce jest book printed in black letter early in the sixteenth century; the volume is in the Roxburgh collection :—

"A rude uplandisshe ploughman, whiche on a tyme reprovynge a good holy father, sayd that he coude saye all his prayers with a hole mynde, and stedfast intention, without thinkyng on any other thynge. To whome the good holy man sayde, go to, saye one Paternoster to the ende, and thynke on no other thynge: and I will gyve the myn horse. That I shall do quod [quoth] the ploughman, and so began to saye Pater noster, qui es in celis, tyll he came to sanctifecetur nomen tuum, and then his thought moved him to aske this question, yea, but shall I have the sadil and bridel withal." And so he lost his bargain.

DESCRIPTION OF A PERFECT GREYHOUND.

Gervase Markham, in his Country Contentments, printed in 1615, gives the following quaint advice to Greyhound choosers :—

If you will have a good tike,
Of which there are few like,
He must be headed like a snake,
Neck't like a drake,
Back't like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a batt,
And footed like a catt,

BRIEF HISTORY OF A MAN OF GENIUS.

If a table of fame like that in the Tatler were to be formed of men of real and indisputable genius in every country, says Walpole, Inigo Jones would save England from the disgrace of not having her representative among the arts. She adopted Holbein and Vandyke, she borrowed Rubens, but she produced Inigo Jones. Vitruvius drew his grammar, Palladic shewed him the practice, Rome displayed a theatre worthy of his emulation, and King Charles was ready to encourage, employ, and reward his talents. Such is the history of Inigo Jones as a genius.

THE PLAGUES OF A SMALL TOWN.

A lawyer with great knowledge, great sophistry, and no justice; an eminent physician with little skill or conduct; a preacher without any conscience; a quarrelsome knight at arms; a politician without principles; and a man of letters, who eternally dogmatizes.

FRANK HAYMAN AND BEAU NASH.

Hayman the artist and Beau Nash having one evening been rioting in a tavern, were returning intoxicated, when Nash fell into a kennel, his companion in endeavouring to raise him, fell down also, on which Nash muttered. "What's the use of troubling yourself? the watch will come by soon, and they will take us both up."

MR. PITT.

When the ambitious potentate of Russia, determined to make war upon the Turks, and had taken Oczakoff as a beginning, Mr. Pitt thought it necessary to interfere for the purpose of saving the Mussulman Empire. In this he was completely successful without going to war, but while the result was in suspense, the Minister, going one morning to the king's levee, was encountered on the stairs by a fribbling peer, richly embroidered, who thinking it an honour to speak to so distinguished a character, said, "Well Mr. Pitt, how is it to be? are we to have peace or war?" The Minister smiled, and replied, "Really my lord, I cannot say, I have not seen the newspapers this morning."

LORD NORBURY.

This nobleman whose puns have gained him so much notoriety reading a paragraph in a newspaper last week, in which it is stated that the bust of Granville Sharpe cost the City of London £200, and the dinners, &c. for the Committee, a further sum of £50.—"Why, not," said his Lordship, "where they not a *Committee of Taste*?"

SYMPATHY IN A PUN.

A doctor and an undertaker met;
They spoke of illness, fees, of trade and debt;
And well they might, for such a dismal day
Never was known for coughs and deaths to clay
Parting in fog,—they both exclaimed together,
"Good morning t'ye;—this is rare *coffin* weather."

P.

A PARADOX TRANSLATED.

The man who lives most happy with his wife,
Lives not so long as he that lives in strife.

— — P.

THE REV. MR. FAWKES.

The Rev. Mr. Fawkes, in the year 1739, being, at that time, curate of Doncaster, thought fit to preach a sermon on the erection of an organ in the church; after having wound up his imagination to the highest pitch, in praise of church music, he adds, addressing himself to the organ, "But what! O what! what shall I call thee by? thou divine box of sound!"

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 21 | St. Felix, of Cantalicia, died A. D. 1587. | May 21 | 1813. The battle of Wurtschen, in Saxony, fought between the allied powers and the French, under Napoleon, when the allied powers were forced from all their positions, leaving the French masters of the field. The loss of the French in this conflict was 12,000 men, and the allies had, it is said, 18000 in wounded only. |
| — 22 | St. Yvo died 1303 | —22 | 1770. Born the King's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, wife of the Prince of Hesse Homburg.<br>1784. Died the Earl of Mornington, father of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. He was one of the most celebrated glee composers of his time, as well as an excellent violin player. The service in Dublin Cathedral commences every morning with an anthem of his composing.<br>1824. Expired at his lodgings in London, Dr. Joseph Kemp, composer, once the pupil of the celebrated Mr. Jackson, of Exeter. He was the author of a new System of Musical Education. |
| — 23 | St. Desiderius. | —23 | St. Desiderius was bishop of Venice, and died A. D. 612.<br>1706. The battle of Ramillies, a village in Brabant, fought, when the great Duke of Marlborough gained a complete victory over the forces of Louis XIV., and the Elector of Bavaria, who narrowly escaped being made prisoner. |
| — 24 | St. Vincent of Lerius died A. D. 450. | —24 | 1689. The royal assent was given on this day to the Toleration Act.<br>1707. Born at Roeshult, in Sweden, the eminent naturalist, Charles von Linnæus. He was the founder and first president of the academy of Stockholm. Under his culture natural history raised itself nearly to perfection, and has from thence disseminated throughout Europe. |
| — 25 | | —25 | On this day is celebrated the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, in the visible appearance of fiery cloven tongues, and in those miraculous powers which were then conferred upon them. On Whit or White Sunday the *catechumens* who were then baptized, appeared in the antient church in *white garments*.<br>St. Gregory VII succeeded Alexander VII in the papacy A. D. 1073. He was advanced by the suffrages of the Cardinals without the Emperor's authority. When the Emperor Henry IV, to whom he was an inveterate enemy took the city of Rome, and set up Clement III, Gregory fled to Salerna, and there died after having sat more than 12 years.<br>1764. Born at Epping in Essex, Dr. John Mason Good, the translator of Lucretius. He was author of numerous works, among which may be named his valuable Physiological System of Nosology, and the Study of Medicine, which works are considered far superior to any that have preceded them, for elegance of composition, and the vast fund they contain of practical information. |
| —26 | St. Gregory VII.<br>St. Eleutherius.<br>St. Austin, the *English Apostle* archbp of Canterbury, died AD 610 | —26 | St. Eleutherius Pope, succeeded Soter, in the reign of Commodus, during his pontificate, Lucius King of Britain sent to him to be admitted into the number of Christians, who thereupon sent Fugatius and Damianus to baptize the people of Britain. He died A. D. 192.<br>946. On this day while King Edmund brother of Athelstan, was celebrating the feast of St. Augustine, he observed among the intoxicated guests one Leolf whom he had banished six years before for robbery. The King jumped from his seat, seized the man by the hair, and pulled him with himself to the ground. The robber drew his dagger, and in this situation mortally wounded the unhappy monarch in the breast. After having wounded some of the attendants he was cut to death by others. |

Conachar attempting to stab Harry Smith.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### FROM THE CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

In the extracts we gave in our last from this admirable work, the following incident was only alluded to: the passage was reserved for illustration, and both are now given.

The Glover, who seems to doat on the pugnacious propensities of Harry Smith, has just drawn from him the history of all his rencontres with all sorts and conditions of men; and as soon as the roll is counted, exclaims "'Pretty well, for the quietest lad in Perth, who never touches sword but in the way of his profession!—Well, anything more to tell us?'

"'Little—for the drubbing of a Highlandman is a thing not worth mentioning.

"'For what didst thou drub him, O man of peace?' inquired the Glover.

"'For nothing that I can remember,' replied the Smith, "'except his presenting himself on the south side of Stirling Bridge.'

"'Well, here is to thee, and thou art welcome to me after all these exploits.—Conachar, bestir thee. Let the cans clink, lad, and thou shalt have a cup of the nut-brown for thyself, my boy.'

"Conachar poured out the good liquor for his master and for Catharine, with due observance. But that done, he set the flagon on the table, and sate down.

"'How now, sirrah!—be these your manners? Fill to my guest, the worshipful Master Henry Smith.'

"'Master Smith may fill for himself, if he wishes for liquor,' answered the youthful Celt. "'The son of my father has demeaned himself enough already for one evening.'

"'That's well crowed for a cockeril,' said Henry; "'but thou art so far right, my lad, that the man deserves to die of thirst who will not drink without a cupbearer.'

"But his entertainer took not the contumacy of the young apprentice with so much patience.——"'Now, by my honest word, and by the best glove I ever made,' said Simon, "'thou shalt help

him with liquor from that cup and flagon, if thee and I are to abide under one roof.'

"Conachar arose sullenly upon hearing this threat, and, approaching the Smith, who had just taken the tankard in his hand, and was raising it to his head, he contrived to stumble against him and jostle him so awkwardly, that the foaming ale gushed over his face, person, and dress. Good-natured as the Smith, in spite of his warlike propensities, really was in the utmost degree, his patience failed under such a provocation. He seized the young man's throat, being the part which came readiest to his grasp, as Conachar arose from the pretended stumble, and pressing it severely as he cast the lad from him, exclaimed,—

"'Had this been in another place, young gallows-bird, I had stowed the lugs out of thy head, as I have done to some of thy clan before thee.'

"Conachar recovered his feet with the activity of a tiger, and exclaiming, "'Never shall you live to make that boast again!' drew a short sharp knife from his bosom, and springing on Henry Smith, attempted to plunge it into his body over the collar bone, which must have been a mortal wound. But the object of this violence was so ready to defend himself by striking up the assailant's hand, that the blow only glanced on the bone, and scarce drew blood To wrench the dagger from the boy's hand, and to secure him with a grasp like that of his own iron vice, was, for the powerful Smith, the work of a single moment Conachar felf himself at once in the absolute power of the formidable antagonist whom he had provoked; he became deadly pale, as he had been the moment before glowing red, and stood mute with shame and fear, until, relieving him from his powerful hold, the Smith quietly said, "'It is well for thee that thou canst not make me angry—thou art but a boy, and I, a grown man, ought not to have provoked thee. But let this be a warning.'

"Conachar stood an instant as if about to reply, and then left the room, ere Simon had collected himself enough to speak. Dorothy was running hither and thither for salves and healing herbs. Catharine

had swooned at the sight of the trickling blood.

The remainder of this well-drawn scene our readers will find at page 309 of our last number.

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# Chronicles of the Canongate.

SECOND SERIES.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY; OR, THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

*(Continued from page 311.)*

THE extracts in our last ended with an invitation from the Glover to Harry Smith, to put in practice a little stratagem, to secure the privilege of being the rightful Valentine of his fair daughter for the rest of the year. The next chapter opens with the preparations of our hero, Harry, for the campaign of Love, from which we shall extract rather copiously.

"The sturdy armourer was not, it may be believed, slack in keeping the appointment assigned by his intended father in law. He went through the process of his toilette with more than ordinary care, throwing, as far as he could, those points which had a military air into the shade. He was far too noted a person to venture to go entirely unarmed in a town where he had indeed many friends, but also, from the character of many of his former exploits, several deadly enemies, at whose hands, should they take him at advantage, he knew he had little mercy to expect. He, therefore, wore under his jerkin a *secret*, or coat of chain-mail, made so light and flexible that it interfered as little with his movements as a modern under-waistcoat, yet of such a proof as he might safely depend upon, every ring of it having been wrought and joined by his own hands. Above this he wore, like others of his age and degree, the Flemish hose and doublet, which, in honour of the holy tide, were of the best superfine English broad cloth, light blue in colour, slashed out with black satin, and passamented (laced, that is) with embroidery of black silk His walking boots were of cordovan leather; his cloak of good Scottish grey, which served to conceal a whinger, or *couteau de chasse*, that hung at his belt, and was his only offensive weapon, for he carried in his hand but a rod of holly. His black velvet bonnet was lined with steel, quilted between the metal and his head and thus constituted a means of defence which might safely be trusted to.

"Upon the whole, Henry had the appearance to which he was well entitled, of a burgher of wealth and consideration, assuming, in his dress, as much consequence as he could display, without stepping beyond his own rank, and encroaching on that of the gentry. Neither did his frank and manly deportment, though indicating a total indifference to danger, bear the least resemblance to that of the bravoes or swash-bucklers of the day, amongst whom Henry was sometimes unjustly ranked by those who imputed the frays, in which he was so often engaged, to a quarrelsome and violent temper, resting upon a consciousness of his personal strength and knowledge of his weapon. On the contrary, every feature bore the easy and good humoured expression of one who neither thought of inflicting mischief, nor dreaded it from others.

"Having attired himself in his best, the honest armourer next placed nearest to his heart (which throbbed at its touch) a little gift which he had long provided for Catharine Glover, and which his quality of Valentine would presently give him the title to present, and her to receive without regard to maidenly scruples. It was a small ruby cut into the form of a heart, transfixed with a golden arrow, and was inclosed in a small purse made of links of the finest work in steel, as if it had been designed for a hauberk to a king. Round the verge of the purse were these words—

> Love's darts
> Cleave hearts,
> Through mail-shirts.

"This device had cost the armourer some thought, and he was much satisfied with his composition, because it seemed to imply that his skill could defend all hearts saving his own. He wrapped himself in his cloak, and hastened through the still silent streets, determined to appear at the window appointed a little before dawn.

"With this purpose he passed up the High Street, and turned down the opening where Saint John's Church now stands, in order to proceed to Curfew Street; when it occurred to him, from the appearance of the sky, that he was at least an hour too early for his purpose, and that it would be better not to appear at the place of rendezvous till near the time assigned. Other gallants were not unlikely to be on the watch as well as himself, about the house of the Fair Maid of Perth, and he knew his own foible so well as to be sensible of the great chance

of a scuffle arising betwixt them. 'I have the advantage,' he thought, 'by my Father Simon's friendship; and why should I stain my fingers with the blood of the poor creatures that are not worthy my notice, since they are so much less fortunate than myself? No—no—I will be wise for once, and keep at a distance from all temptation to a broil. They shall have no more time to quarrel with me than just what it may require for me to give the signal, and for my father Simon to answer it. I wonder how the old man will contrive to bring her to the window? I fear, if she knew his purpose, he would find it difficult to carry it into execution.'

"He was now passing slowly under the wall of St. Anne's Chapel, when a voice, which seemed to come from behind one of the flying buttresses of the chapel, said, 'He lingers that has need to run.'

"'Who speaks?' said the armourer, looking around him, somewhat startled at an address so unexpected, both in its tone and tenor.'

"'No matter who speaks,' answered the same voice. 'Do thou make great speed, or thou wilt scarce make good speed. Bandy not words, but begone.'

"'Saint or sinner, angel or devil,' said Henry, crossing himself, 'your advice touches me but too dearly to be neglected. Saint Valentine be my speed!'

"So saying, he instantly changed his loitering pace to one with which few people could have kept up, and in an instant was in Couvrefew Street. He had not made three steps towards Simon Glover's, which stood in the midst of the narrow street, when two men started from under the houses on different sides, and advanced, as it were by concert, to intercept his passage. The imperfect light only permitted him to discern that they wore the highland mantle.

"'Clear the way, catheran,' said the armourer, in the deep stern voice which corresponded with the breadth of his chest.

"They did not answer, at least intelligibly, but he could see that they drew their swords, with the purpose of withstanding him by violence. Conjecturing some evil, but of what kind he could not anticipate, Henry instantly determined to make his way through whatever odds, and defend his mistress, or at least die at her feet. He cast his cloak over his left arm as a buckler, and advanced rapidly and steadily to the two men. The nearest made a thrust at him, but Henry Smith, parrying the blow with his cloak, dashed his arm in the man's face, and tripping him at the same time, gave him a severe fall on the causeway; while almost at the same instant he struck a blow with his whinger at the fellow who was upon his right hand, so severely applied, that he also lay prostrate by his associate. Meanwhile, the armourer pushed forward in alarm, for which the circumstances of the street being guarded or defended by strangers who conducted themselves with such violence, afforded sufficient reason. He heard a suppressed whisper and a bustle under the Glover's windows—those very windows from which he had expected to be hailed by Catharine as her Valentine. He kept to the opposite side of the street, that he might reconnoitre their number and purpose. But one of the party, who were beneath the window, observing or hearing him, crossed the street also, and taking him doubtless for one of the sentinels, asked, in a whisper, 'What noise was yonder, Kenneth? why gave you not the signal?'

"'Villain!' said Henry, 'you are discovered, and you shall die the death!'"

"As he spoke thus, he dealt the stranger a blow with his weapon, which would probably have made his words good, had not the man, raising his arm, received on his hand the blow meant for his head. The wound must have been a severe one, for he staggered and fell with a deep groan. Without noticing him farther, Henry Smith sprung forward upon a party of men who seemed engaged in placing a ladder against the lattice window in the gable. Henry did not stop either to count their numbers or to ascertain their purpose. But crying the alarm-word of the town, and giving the signal at which the burghers were wont to collect, he rushed on the nightwalkers, one of whom was in the act of ascending the ladder. The Smith seized it by the rounds, threw it down on the pavement, and placing his foot on the body of the man who had been mounting, prevented him from regaining his feet. His accomplices struck fiercely at Henry, to extricate their companion. But his mail-coat stood him in good stead, and he repaid their blows with interest, shouting aloud, 'Help, help, for bonnie St. Johnstoun!—Bows and blades, brave citizens! bows and blades!—they break into our houses under cloud of night.'

"These words, which resounded far through the streets, were accompanied by as many fierce blows, dealt with good effect among those whom the armourer assailed. In the meantime, the inhabitants of the street began to awaken and

appear on the street in their shirts, with swords and targets, and some of them with torches. The assailants now endeavoured to make their escape, which all of them effected excepting the man who had been thrown down along with the ladder. Him the intrepid armourer had caught by the throat in the scuffle, and held as fast as the greyhound holds the hare. The other wounded men were borne off by their comrades.

" ' Here are a sort of knaves breaking peace within burgh,' said Henry to the neighbours, who began to assemble; ' make after the rogues. They cannot all get off, for I have maimed some of them; the blood will guide you to them.'

" ' Some Highland catherans—' said the citizens,—' up and chase, neighbours!'

" ' Ay, chase—chase,—leave me to manage this fellow,' continued the armourer.

" The assistants dispersed in different directions, their lights flashing, and their cries resounding through the whole adjacent district.

In the meantime, the armourer's captive entreated for freedom, using both promises and threats to obtain it. ' As thou art a gentleman,' he said, ' let me go, and what is past shall be forgiven.'

" ' I am no gentleman,' said Henry—' I am Hal of the Wynd, a burgess of Perth; and I have done nothing to need forgiveness.'

" ' Villain, thou hast done thou knowest not what! But let me go, and I will fill thy bonnet with gold pieces.'

" ' I shall fill thy bonnet with a cloven head presently,' said the armourer, ' unless thou stand still as a true prisoner.'

" ' What is the matter, my son Harry,' said Simon, who now appeared at the window.—' I hear thy voice in another tone than I expected.—What is all this noise; and why are the neighbours gathering to the affray?'

" ' There have been a proper set of limmers about to scale your windows, father Simon; but I am like to prove godfather to one of them, whom I hold here, as fast as ever vice held iron.'

" ' Hear me, Simon Glover,' said the prisoner; ' let me but speak one word with you in private, and rescue me from the gripe of this iron-fisted and leadenpated clown, and I will show thee, that no harm was designed to thee or thine; and, moreover, tell thee what will much advantage thee.'

" ' I should know that voice,' said Simon Glover, who now came to the door with a dark lantern in his hand. ' Son Smith, let this young man speak with me. There is no danger in him, I promise you. Stay out an instant where you are, and let no one enter the house, either to attack or defend. I will be answerable that this galliard meant but some St Valentine's jest.'

" So saying, the old man pulled in the prisoner, and shut the door, leaving Henry a little surprised at the unexpected light in which his father-in-law had viewed the affray.

The party of citizens, who made chace after the runagates, return unsuccessful, for they have made good their retreat. In this scene we are introduced to Oliver Proudfute, a bonnet maker and burgher of the city—a character which serves as a foil to the undaunted bravery of Harry the Smith, of whose prowess Master Oliver is a great admirer, but a very indifferent and inefficient imitator. Oliver discovers, on the ground where the onset lately took place, the hand of a man, and, apparently, of a gentleman, by the jewelled ring on one of its fingers. This was the hand struck off in the affray, by the whinger " of the Smith;" and much apprehension of the consequences is entertained by the burghers. After the matter is duly discussed, the neighbours retire to finish their night's rest.

" They were scarce gone ere the door of Glover's house opened, and seizing the Smith by the hand, the old man pulled him in.

" ' Where is the prisoner?' demanded the armourer.

" ' He is gone—escaped—fled—what do I know of him?' said the Glover. " ' He got out of the back door, and so through the little garden—Think not of him, but come and see the Valentine, whose honour and life you have saved this morning.'

" ' Let me but sheathe my weapon,' said the Smith—" ' let me but wash my hands.'

" ' There is not an instant to lose, she is up and almost dressed.—Come on, man. She shall see thee with thy good weapon in thy hand, and with villain's blood on thy fingers, that she may know what is the value of a true man's service. She has stopped my mouth over long with her pruderies and her scruples. I will have her know what a brave man's love is worth, and a bold burgess's to boot.'

" Startled from her repose by the noise of the affray, the Fair Maid of Perth had listened in breathless terror to the sounds of violence and outcry which arose from the street. She had sunk on her knees to pray for assistance, and when she dis

tinguished the voices of neighbours and friends collected for her protection, she remained in the same posture to return thanks. She was still kneeling when her father almost thrust her champion, Henry Smith, into her apartment; the bashful lover hanging back at first, as if afraid to give offence, and on observing her posture, from respect to her devotion.

"'Father,' said the armourer, 'she prays—I dare no more speak to her than to a bishop when he says mass.'

"'Now, go thy ways, for a right valiant and courageous blockhead,' said her father; and then speaking to his daughter, he added,—'Heaven is best thanked, my daughter, by gratitude shown to our fellow creatures. Here comes the instrument by whom God has rescued thee from death, or perhaps from dishonour worse than death. Receive him, Catharine, as thy true Valentine, and him whom I desire to see my affectionate son.'

"'Not thus—father,' replied Catharine. 'I can see—can speak to no one now. I am not ungrateful—perhaps I am too thankful to the instrument of our safety; but let me thank the guardian Saint who sent me this timely relief, and give me but a moment to don my kirtle.'

"'Nay, God-a-mercy, wench, it were hard to deny thee time to busk thy body-clothes, since the request is the only words like a woman that thou hast uttered for these ten days.—Truly, son Harry, I would my daughter would put off being entirely a saint, till the time comes for her being canonized for St. Catharine the Second.'

"'Nay, jest not, father; for I will swear she has at least one sincere adorer already, who hath devoted himself to her pleasure, so far as sinful man may.—Fare-thee-well then, for the moment, fair maiden,' he concluded, raising his voice, 'and Heaven send thee dreams as peaceful as thy waking thoughts. I go to watch thy slumbers, and woe with him that shall intrude on them!'

"'Nay, good and brave Henry, whose warm heart is at such variance with thy reckless hand, thrust thyself into no farther quarrels to-night; but take the kindest thanks, and with these, try to assume the peaceful thoughts which you assign to me. To-morrow we will meet, that I may assure you of my gratitude—Farewell.'

"'And farewell, lady and light of my heart!' said the armourer, and descending the stair which led to Catharine's apartment, was about to sally forth into the street, when the Glover caught him by the arm.

"'I shall like the ruffle of to-night,' said he, 'better than I ever thought to do the clashing of steel, if it brings my daughter to her senses, Harry, and teaches her what thou art worth.

"So saying, he drew Henry, nothing loath, into the same apartment where they had supped, and where the old woman, who was on foot, disturbed as others had been by the nocturnal affray, soon roused up the fire.

"'And now, my doughty son,' said the Glover, 'what liquor wilt thou pledge thy father in?'

"Henry Smith had suffered himself to sink mechanically upon a seat of old black oak, and now gazed on the fire, that flashed back a ruddy light over his manly features. He muttered to himself half audibly—"'*Good* Henry—*brave* Henry,—Ah! had she but said, *dear* Henry!'

"'What liquors be these?' said the old Glover, laughing. "'My cellar holds none such; but if sack, or rhenish, or wine of Gascony can serve, why, say the word and the flagon foams,—that is all'

"'The *kindest* thanks,' said the armourer, still musing; 'that's more than she ever said to me before—the *kindest* thanks—what may not that stretch to?'

"'It shall stretch like kid's leather, man,' said the Glover, 'if thou wilt but be ruled, and say what thou wilt take for thy morning's draught.'

"'Whatever thou wilt, father,' answered the armourer carelessly, and relapsed into the analysis of Catharine's speech to him. 'She spoke of my warm heart: but she also spoke of my reckless hand. What earthly thing can I do to get rid of that fighting fancy? Certainly I were best strike my right hand off, and nail it to the door of a church, that it may never do me discredit more.'

"Harry is still depressed with despair of succeeding in his heart's dearest hope, but receives every encouragement that his admiring father and friend can suggest, and they part.

"The Glover retired to his bed, and, it is to be supposed, to rest. The lover was not so fortunate. His bodily frame easily bore the fatigue which he had encountered in the course of the night, but his mind was of a different and more delicate mould. In one point of view, he was but the stout burgher of his period, proud alike of his art in making weapons, and wielding them when made; his pro-

fessional jealousy, personal strength, and skill in the use of arms, brought him into many quarrels, which had made him generally feared, and in some instances disliked. But with these qualities were united the simple good-nature of a child, and at the same time an imaginative and enthusiastic temper, which seemed little to correspond with his labours at the forge, or his combats in the field. Perhaps a little of the hair-brained and ardent feeling which he had picked out of old ballads, or from the metrical romances, which were his sole source of information or knowledge, may have been the means of pricking him on to some of his achievements, which had often a rude strain of chivalry in them; at least, it was certain that his love to the fair Catharine had in it a delicacy such as might have become the squire of low degree, who was honoured, if song speaks truth, with the smiles of the King of Hungary's daughter. His sentiments towards her were certainly as exalted as if they had been fixed upon an actual angel, which made old Simon, and others who watched his conduct, think that his passion was too high and devotional to be successful with maiden of mortal mould. They were mistaken, however. Catharine, coy and reserved as she was, had a heart which could feel and understand the nature and depth of the armourer's passion; and whether she was able to repay it or not, she had as much secret pride in the attachment of the redoubted Henry Gow, as a lady of romance may be supposed to have in the company of a tame lion, who follows to provide for and defend her. It was with sentiments of the most sincere gratitude that she recollected, as she awoke at dawn, the services of Henry during the course of the eventful night, and the first thought which she dwelt upon, was the means of making him understand her feelings.

"Arising hastily from bed, and half blushing at her own purpose—"'I have been cold to him, and perhaps unjust; I will not be ungrateful,' she said to herself, 'though I cannot yield to his suit, I will not wait till my father compels me to receive him as my Valentine for the year; I will seek him out, and choose him myself. I have thought other girls bold, when they did something like this, but I shall thus best please my father, and but discharge the rites due to good Saint Valentine by showing my gratitude to this brave man.'

"Hastily slipping on her dress, which nevertheless, was left a good deal more disordered than usual, she tripped down stairs and opened the door of the chamber, in which, as she had guessed, her lover had passed the hours after the fray. Catharine paused at the door and became half afraid of executing her purpose, which not only permitted but enjoined the Valentines of the year to begin their connexion with a kiss of affection. It was looked upon as a peculiarly propitious omen, if the one party could find the other asleep, and awaken him or her by performance of this interesting ceremony.

"Never was a fairer opportunity offered for commencing this mystic tie, than that which now presented itself to Catharine. After many and various thoughts, sleep had at length overcome the stout armourer in the chair in which he had deposited himself. His features, in repose, had a more firm and manly cast than Catharine had thought, who, having generally seen them fluctuating between shamefacedness and apprehension of her displeasure, had been used to connect with them some idea of imbecility.

"'He looks very stern,' she said; 'if he should be angry—and then when he awakes—we are alone—if I should call Dorothy—if I should wake my father—but no! it is a thing of custom, and done in all maidenly and sisterly love and honour. I will not suppose that Henry can misconstrue it, and I will not let a childish fear put my gratitude to sleep.'

"So saying, she tripped along the floor of the apartment with a light, though hesitating step, and a cheek crimsoned at her own purpose; and gliding to the chair of the sleeper, dropped a kiss upon his lips as light as if a rose leaf had fallen on them. The slumbers must have been slight which such a touch could dispel, and the dreams of the sleeper must needs have been connected with the cause of the interruption, since Henry, instantly starting up, caught the maiden in his arms, and attempted to return in ecstasy the salute which had broken his repose. But Catharine struggled in his embrace, and as her efforts implied alarmed modesty, rather than maidenly coyness, her bashful lover suffered her to escape a grasp, from which twenty times her strength could not have extricated her.

"'Nay, be not angry, good Henry,' said Catharine, in the kindest tone, to her surprised lover. 'I have paid my vows to Saint Valentine, to show how I value the mate which he has sent me for the year. Let but my father be present, and I will not dare to refuse thee the revenge you may claim for a broken sleep.'

"'Let not that be a hindrance,' said the old Glover, rushing in ecstasy into the room—"'to her, Smith—to her—strike while the iron is hot, and teach her what it is not to let sleeping dogs lie still.'

"Thus encouraged, Henry, though perhaps with less alarming vivacity, again seized the blushing maiden in his arms, who submitted with a tolerable grace to receive repayment of her salute, a dozen times repeated, and with an energy very different from that which had provoked such severe retaliation. At length, she again extricated herself from her lover's arms, and, as if frightened and repenting what she had done, threw herself into a seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"'Cheer up, thou silly girl,' said her father, "'and be not ashamed that thou hast made the two happiest men in Perth, since thy ola father is one of them. Never was kiss so well bestowed, and meet it is that it should be suitably returned. Look up, my darling! look up, and let me see thee but give one smile. By my honest word, the sun that now rises over our fair city shows no sight that can give me greater pleasure.—What,' he continued, in a jocose tone, 'thou thoughtst thou hadst Jamie Keddie's ring, and couldst walk invisible? but not so, my fairy of the dawning. Just as I was about to rise, I heard thy chamber door open, and watched thee down stairs—not to protect thee against this sleepy-headed Henry, but to see with my own delighted eyes, my beloved girl do that which her father most wished. Come, put down these foolish hands, and though thou blushest a little, it will only the better grace St. Valentine's morn, when blushes best become a maiden's cheek.'

"As Simon Glover spoke, he pulled away, with gentle violence, the hands which hid his daughter's face. She blushed deeply, indeed, but there was more than maiden's shame in her face, and her eyes were fast filling with tears.

"'What! weeping, love?' continued her father,—'nay, nay, this is more than need—Henry, help me to comfort this little fool.'

"Catharine made an effort to collect herself and to smile, but the smile was of a melancholy and serious cast.

"'I only meant to say, father,' said the Fair Maid of Perth, with continued exertion, 'that in choosing Henry Gow for my Valentine, and rendering to him the rights and greeting of the morning, according to wonted custom, I meant but to show my gratitude to him for his manly and faithful service, and my obedience to you.—But do not lead him to think—and oh, dearest father, do not yourself entertain an idea, that I meant more than what the promise to be his faithful and affectionate Valentine through the year requires of me.'

"'Ay—ay—ay—ay—we understand it all,' said Simon, in the soothing tone which nurses apply to children—'We understand what the meaning is, enough for once, enough for once. Thou shalt not be frightened or hurried.—Loving, true, and faithful Valentines are ye, and the rest as Heaven and opportunity shall permit. Come, prithee, have done—wring not thy tiny hands, nor fear farther persecution now. Thou hast done bravely, excellently—And now, away to Dorothy, and call up the old sluggard, we must have a substantial breakfast, after a night of confusion and a morning of joy, and thy hand will be needed to prepare for us some of these delicate cakes, which no one can make but thyself; and well hast thou a right to the secret, seeing who taught it thee.—Ah! health to the soul of thy dearest mother,' he added, with a sigh; 'how blithe would she have been to see this happy St. Valentine's morning!'

"Catharine took the opportunity of escape which was thus given her, and glided from the room."

*(To be continued.)*

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## MAY FLOWERS.

Oh! sweet are the flowers that blossom in May;
Like wooing-gifts decking the gaily-drest day,
And smiling, like beauty, or heart-bending sway,
O'er those who are happy and young!
Their witchery comes o'er the soul like a spell,
Breathed forth by kind spirits from some fairy dell,
Or like the rich music the mountain winds swell,
When the eve by their minstrelsy 's sung!

Oh! the blackbird might whistle his joy-swell'd strain,
And the sunshine gleams kindly along the green plain,
And the dews of the spring throw their love-mists, in vain,
Round the form of the beautiful May,
If the graces that make her more beauteous to seem,
Than the smile of the spring, or the shine of the stream,
Or the first glow of light, from the sun's morning beam,—
Her sweet smelling flow'rs—were away!

There are charms in the breeze that skims lightly along,
And bears on its wings each fond warbler's song,
But fairer the charms of each many-hued throng,
That scent with their fragrance the vale;
How they smile from the hedges, and sport on the grass,
And lie on the hillocks like jewels there cast,
And kiss the young zephyrs that flutter them past,
The am'rous gallants of the dale!

Oh! the sun will shine warmer as months they roll round,
And a fuller-grown herbage will wave on the ground,
And many—oh! many a flower will be found,
When these are all wither'd away!
But the full summer-sun will bring drought in his train,
And the flow'rets then blossoming, will scorching, complain:—
Oh! the flow'rets that bloom now, are again and again
Worth those of the hot summer's-day!

And so life's May flowers that bloom in the spring,
When youth is first smiling, and love first takes wing,
And hopes like the ivy, grow only to cling
Around the green soil where they rise,
Are beauteous, and fragrant, and fair to the view,
And shine with the lustre of Joy's bright dew,
Which drops on their blossoms a tint ever new,
A fresh'ning gift from the skies!

But sorrows cold winds sometimes with'ring will blow,
Adversity round her bleak hoar frost may throw,
And checks and decay, perhaps, the flow'rets will know
Ere the May Morn has hid from the light,
Or, should they live on, summer's cares will dart down,
Rude Autumn will blight them by many a frown,
And wintry storms whistle, until they are thrown,
As worthless, away from the sight!

Oh! let then youth's may-flow'rs beguile the heart,
While the spring sun of life does a gladness impart,
And love's wid'ning halos their mystic beams dart
In beauty on every scene!
Oh! let them bloom on! they are sweet, they are fair,
No others will blossom with them to compare!
But, alas! ev'ry day does their fragrance impair,
And tell us that sweeter they've been!

But when Life's varied year shall be seen in the past,
And Death's gloomy winter behind shall be cast;
Then a spring never-ending shall brighten up fast,
And Eternity's may-morn arise!
Oh! the flow'rs that will bloom in that time of delight,
Will not fade or decay, but will blossom more bright,
As the pleasures of heaven shed, lovely, their light,
Th' immortal may-sun of the skies.

R. JARMAN.

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## THE WHISPERING GALLERY

I heard a whisper, it breathed to me,
"Write,"—what I whisper unto thee.

The Whispering Galleries in Cathedrals are esteemed curiosities. Phrenologists class those portions of the concave craniums as containing the organ of Tune. Such, as is in the dome of St. Paul's and other upper and head-part of church-building, belongs to this order. Dropping metaphorical allusion, the capacities of human voices are so various, that, there are several degrees of whisperers, which may be poetically denominated *under Talkers*. Don Quixote, that built castles in the air, and fought with windmills; that heroic Knight to Dulcineas, and who entertained barbers, showmen, and Spanish inn-keepers, was an ideal whisperer. Le Sage, in his Gil Blas, has gifted his adventurous hero with a kindred quality, and has therein pourtrayed the Students of Salamanca conveying their assignations and learning with facility to the objects of their pursuit by efforts of no higher order than whispers. The oracular whispers of priests are remembered in the apocryphal History of 'Bell and the Dragon.'

At the gates of Nunneries, watch-towers, drawbridges, and lattices, whispers have passed current as the coins of the realm. In the senate-house, the plebeian streets, the Oracle, the Grand Seignior's palace, Seraglio, camp, and helm, the whisper has given authority for decapitation, revolt, and national devastation. Indeed, an elaborate essay might be drawn into the bulk of a prosy Pamphlet,—deduced into the length of one of Mr. Brougham's favourite quarterly criticisms, or attract as much notice as a new rhapsody by Coleridge, Vision of Judgment by Byron, or musical lecture by Adams, who pronounces Handel to be no genius, for the same reason, perhaps, that Cobbett denounced Milton to be no writer;—but, as these are mere shadows in existence, they would, after due notice, pass off with a mere whisper, and be forgotten, the attempt to ratiocinate them is abandoned. It would be vain, also, to describe the effect of a whisper at the tribunal of the Inquisition, the Bastile, and Pope's Bulls, by which nobles have been

assassinated, monarchs deposed, guillotined, emperors exiled, traitors beheaded, patriots advanced or dismayed. But I cannot resist the invitation given in the whispers of Bishops and Prebends in behalf of Swift, deaneries, chapters of translations, voyages in seas, litters in stalls, and canon reports.

The most exquisite class of whisperers are those who move in the circle of a Court. The forté of language has no business here. Each fantasia is arranged as piano. This is the realm of whispers in whose euphonies the Oberons, Tucks, Mabs, and their aërials gambol as beams and shadows in noiseless smiles, with lips quivering like leaves just loud enough to be seen, that Time might pass unobserved. That the most dainty flatterers are wrought in this class, it is not my purpose to stop and point out. For I find political whispers, emulous of being raised into the place of voice and emolument; always (of course) for the good of the nation. Another class of whisperers is found in the Law. These are so like, yet so unlike, all others, it would puzzle Blackstone to make 'Commentaries' on them, Chitty to 'Digest' them, Bell to 'Analyse' their origin, and challenge a Chancellor's doubt as to their utility. 'My Lud,' by a leading counsel in nisi;—'his Vice!' in chancery: or, 'my learned brother' in Westminster, would show the position in which whispers are conveyed. When I notice Opera Whisperers, I do not allude to the prompters who have little delicacy in this art, for they whisper so loud to the audience as to render a performance supererogatory. In violation of good breeding the Impertinent Whisperer frequents the Opera. He cares not for melody or acting; he will be heard out. Like a gander he gabbles his prevailing twaddle to a deaf or stupid ear, and annoys the thousand breathing and well-behaved listening people. Those who whisper sweet things in ladies ears, sitting like faries in flower-cups and rose-leaves, in the snug and festooned boxes, are more endurable: they are screened behind fans, and are only heard by the receptacles of love, and give raptures to the heart, discovered in the flushing cheek and pleased features, dimpled and fascinating. Three classes of whisperers are usually to be found at Levee and Rout Assemblies. The first communicate the outré appearance of the flirting duchess, and conveys more contumely than kindness, by a toss of the plumes and the application of the eye-glass. The second is the loudest of all whispers, affected, but intended to be heard, and a prelude to a noisier coversation: to use this, is a mark of ill breeding, and should never be countenanced. The third is emulative, praiseworthy, and pleasurable. This gives to the ear what the tongue delights to reveal by an abstract notion of valuable qualities, and is of all whispers the dearest if felt, and the best if overheard. Toilette whisperers look you full in the face, and inform you without vanity, of the most wholesome of all virtue, Truth. It whispers how fast the march of time carries all that is human, beautiful, and enchanting, to 'the house appointed for all living.' It is so sincere, that none can be offended, and so pure, none can complain of alienation from friendship. The only bias it possesses, is self-esteem: listen to the silence of its reflection. Card-table whisperers are annoying. Those at Crockford's whisper in a dangerous and unknown tongue: they are discovered by magic, effected by phantasmagorial deception, and restrictively hasten the ruin of adventurers. Ladies and Gentlemen of a certain age, may whisper harmlessly enough over their own bagatelles, and 'wine and walnuts,' and if piqued, can be reconciled without injury. Deaf persons think you are ever whispering about them. There are whisper-gatherers of new books, the fine arts, critics, and reviewers: these are heard more in nubibus than in public. Puffs prelusive, oblique and direct, convey them through that great organ of opinion, the Press, and they are bruited in the world. How many whispers passed the literary horizon respecting the author of Waverly; though they are often the cause of interminable mischief, sometimes the begetters of incalculable good, in commerce, science, and literature. Whispering poets are a numerous race: they cannot scribble without making Zephyrus a notorious aidant to their lucubrations,

> When, not a *breeze* can pass, unless
> It *whispers* through the trees.

There are patented whisperers.—Fortune-telling whisperers.—Criminal whisperers, such as

> 'Whisper the o'erfraught heart, and bid break.'

But seriously and finally. There is something eminently beautiful in the whispers of Death; when choirs of angels hover round the departing spirit, whispering softly,—'sister spirit, come away!' and when the eyes are closed by the dearest efforts of affectionate relatives. When the nearest of kin, as with the

ody, and livid lip, to catch the last whisper, and inspire it as a treasure which the world cannot take, till it should be received and inspired again by succeeding relatives down to each generation. P.

## BEN JONSON.

The subjoined interesting morceau may be looked on as an addenda to our article on this worthy, inserted in No. 17.

At Dulwich College are preserved some of Ben Jonson's Memoranda, which prove that he owed much of his inspiration to good wine and the convivial hours he passed at the Devil, a tavern then situated in Fleet-street, near Temple-bar, on the site where Child's-place now stands. "Mem.—I laid the plot of my 'Volpone,' and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack from my Lord T——; that play, I am positive, will live to posterity, and be acted, when I and Envy be friends with applause."

"Mem.—The first speech in my 'Catalina,' spoken by *Sylla's Ghost*, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern. I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play, which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine."—"Mem. Upon the 20th of May, the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me £100. At that time I often went to the Devil, and before I had spent forty of it, wrote my 'Alchymist.'"—"Mem. The 'Devil an Ass,' the 'Tale of a Tub,' and some other comedies, which did not succeed, written by me in the winter honest Ralph died, when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil."

## THE COMPLAINT.

The heart is slow—the pulse is black,
The sigh draws weary feelings back;
The tear hangs on the lid—the brain
Is rack'd with anxious, sleepless, pain:
Love lingers, joy retires, peace stands
Far from the breast in quiet lands,—
Why thus and wherefore, maiden?—say?
She will not fix the *Wedding Day*.

The cot is stored,—the bees are hived,
The ring is bought, the plan contrived;
Dames wonder, when his heart is kind,
So long is she to make her mind:
Colin appoints and Ellen sighs,
"Marry?"—"To-morrow, should we rise:"
But when it comes, she sues delay,
And will not fix the *Wedding Day*.

P.

## TO RELIGION.

Hail! sweet Religion, harbinger
Of happiness and peace;
To shed thy influence divine
O'er mortals never cease.

Sweet Pity's mild refulgent beam
Irradiates thine eyes;
Alas! that erring mortals should
Not more thy virtues prize.

Thou cheer'st the heart by grief weigh'd down,
With thy celestial balm;
The troubled soul, thou, heavenly maid!
Alone hast power to calm.

Religion, at thy holy shrine,
Our errors are forgiven;
By treading in thy hallowed path,
We gain a crown in heaven. W. G—y.

## REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER OF ROBERT BURNS.

On the day on which Burns left his farm of Elliesland, (and had such rural occupation, entire and undivided, and under ordinarily happy circumstances, been always his, how different might have been the whole colour and complexion of his life!) he was so far from being bankrupt in character, that no man was better entitled than he to hold his head up among the best of his fellow-beings, at church or market. How stands he at his last earthly audit? With many more sins to be judged and forgiven by God at the great day—— with not many more——although some —to be judged——may we dare to use the word forgiven—even by man during his earthly sojourn! He had often erred—— sometimes grossly and grievously—and "rueful had the expiation been." But were the sins of poor Robert Burns so much worse than those of most other men, that it became a moral and religious duty to emblazon them for an eternal warning to human nature? Alas! his sins bore no proportion to his sorrows! Long, long before the light of heaven had ever been darkened, obscured, or eclipsed in his conscience, even for a moment, by evil thoughts or evil deeds, when the bold, bright boy, with his thick black curling hair ennobling his noble forehead, was slaving for his parent's sake,——and if the blessing of God ever falls on mortal man, it must on toils like these——Robert Burns used often to lie by his brother's side, all night long, without ever closing an eye in sleep—for that large heart of his, that loved all his eyes looked

upon of nature's works living or dead, divine as was its mechanism for the play of all lofty passions, would often get suddenly disarranged, as if approached the very hour of death. Who so skilled in nature's mysteries to dare to say, that many more years could have fallen to the lot of one so framed, had he all life long drank, as in youth, but of the well water, lain down with the dove, and risen with the lark? If excesses, in which there was much blame, did in any degree injure his health and constitution —— and most probably they did so,——how much more did those other excesses certainly do so, in which there was both praise and virtue——over anxious, over working hours beneath the mid day sun, when his hot beams shot downwards like arrows—yet, were faith in that beautiful Pagan Poetry for a moment restored for the sake of our great Pastoral, well might we believe that Apollo would not have hurt the Muse's son. But let us not fear to confess all his faults,—failings,— errors,—vices,—sins, in all their magnitude, and in all their darkest colours. They are known to the whole world. Yet still the whole world loves— admires,— respects, —venerates the memory of Burns. Not under the power of his genius alone does the world thus feel and judge. For how much is there of good and great in the character of the Man! What lessons of patience, endurance, contentment, resignation, magnanimity, devotion, does his earlier life teach! Was not his manhood, in all its better days, nay, on to the week of the final struggle, dignified, amidst all its stains, by independence, by patriotism, by integrity, by generosity—for he was generous as poor—and by the discharge of nature's primal duties under sorest difficulty and distress—for hard had he worked for that wife and those children, whom at last he piously delivered up to the care of their God on the bed of death. Who ever laid one mean, jealous, envious, unkind, or cruel thought or deed to the charge of Robert Burns? Ill-used as he had been by the world—by the great and the rich, and the learned, and the wise—in short, by the powerful—who were proud to take him by the hand, and lift him up for a little while on a towering and conspicuous eminence, and then did let him wander away off into what might have been utter obscurity for them—into sufferings by them unmitigated—this, we say, was to use him ill indeed, and even this might have broken many a noble heart, as we know that for a time it shook his to its very core. But in spite of all this—in spite of the 'hope deferred that maketh the heart sick,' Burns never became a misanthrope. A few indignant flashes his genius occasionally gave forth against the littleness of the great—but nothing so paltry as personal pique at the bad and base usage of a few, or even many, who ought not thus to have dishonoured their birth, ever inspired Burns with feelings of hostility towards the highest orders. His was an imagination that clothed high rank with that dignity and splendour which some of the degenerate descendants of old and illustrious houses had seemed to have forgotten; and when an Athole, a Daer, or a Glencairn, "reverenced the lyre," and grasped the hand of the peasant, who had received it as his patrimony from nature, Burns felt it to be nowise inconsistent with the stubbornest independence that ever supported a son of the soil in his struggles with necessity, reverently to doff his bonnet, and bow his head in their presence, proud in his humility.

"The Bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown,
That on his head an hour hath been;

The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

Even this perfect freedom from uneasy, dissatisfied, and angry thoughts and feelings, towards the rich and great, when we consider all things, proves the native magnanimity of Burns. After all, that is the highest eulogy which uses only the most common but the most holy words. Burns then, was a good Son, a good Brother, a good Friend, a good Husband, and a good Father.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

*Blackwood's Mag.*

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## THE REGICIDES OF 1649.

Extract from a curious MS. Journal, kept at the time, (from 1645 to 1664,) by a Spanish Merchant.

"30. Being yt day 12 Years from ye death of ye King, ye odious carcases of O. Cromwell, Major Genll Ireton and Bradshaw were drawne in Sledges to Ty

ourne where they hung by ye Neckes from Morning till 4 in ye afternoone. Cromwell in greene seare-cloths very fresh enbalmed; Ireton having beene buried long, hung like a dryed ratt yet corrupted about ye fundamtt Bradshaw in his Winding sheet, ye fingers of his right hand & his nose perisht having wett ye Sheet thorough, ye rest very perfect insomuch that I knew his face when ye hangman, after cutting his head off, held it up. Of his toes I had 5 or 6 in my hand wch ye prentices had cutt off: their bodies were throwne into a hole under ye galiowes in their Seare-cloths & Sheet. Cromwell had 8 cutts. Ireton 4 being seare-clothd & their Heades were satt up on the south end of Westminr Hall.

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## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—(No. XIX.)

### BENEDICTION OF THE NEVA.

During winter an odd ceremony takes place, namely that of pronouncing a benediction on the Neva. This religious rite, at which the imperial family are always present, is marked with extraordinary pomp. A temple of wood is erected on the ice, near the admiralty, with an effigy of John the Baptist, and ornamented with paintings representing various acts connected with the life of our Saviour. In the centre is suspended a figure of the Holy Spirit over a hole perforated in the ice, around which carpets are spread. The military are formed into a line along the river; the bells of the churches are rung; cannon are fired; while the metropolitan, accompanied by a number of dignified ecclesiastics, enter this sanctum sanctorum. The metropolitan dips a crucifix into the aperture in the ice three times, uttering at the same time a prayer or ejaculation; and on this occasion St. Nicholas comes in for his share of adoration, as an indispensable part of the ceremony, a prayer being especially addressed to him. The pontiff then sprinkles the water on the people around, and also upon the colours of the regiments. On departure of the procession, a scramble takes place among the crowd, every one striving to kiss the sacred aperture. Nor do they omit, likewise, to carry away with them to their homes some of the water itself, to which they ascribe great virtue, particularly for purifying those infected with certain diseases. This ludicrous exhibition takes place in the month of January. It may be further mentioned, that it is a practice in the Greek church to extend its blessings even to inanimate objects, and it is supposed that the safety or destruction of those depend on the degree of fervour with which the benediction is bestowed; an expedient which is certainly most admirably calculated to promote devotion, if we can for one moment allow ourselves to bestow that name on such absurd and puerile mummery, which, while it cherishes abject superstition among the vulgar, produces a no less deplorable hypocrisy among those who are educated Let us, however, do justice to the Greek church; for though its superstitions almost rival—they cannot surpass those of Rome, it bears within itself the germ of amelioration, inasmuch as it tolerates every other creed with a liberality which does it honour, and which forms a striking contrast to that spirit of persecution which has so frequently armed the followers of opposite creeds against each other, and prompted them, while professing a religion of peace and good-will, to deeds inconceivable in any but demons. *Wilson's Travels in Russia.*

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## Laconics;

OR,

*Pithy Remarks and Maxims collected from various Sources.*

WISDOM.

Wisdom is that olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

AGE.

Age may gaze at beauties blossoms, but youth climbs the tree, and enjoys the fruit.

WISDOM OF WIVES.

If thy wife be wise, make her thy secretary; else lock thy thoughts in thy heart for women are seldom silent.

LAW AND PHYSIC.

"If thou study law or physic, endeavour to know *both*, and to need neither."

CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

Choose but a few friends, and try those; for the flatterer speaks fairest.

FORTUNE.

How much more glory and power are manifested in making the fortune of a person who rises from nothing, than to set another on the top of the wheel, who we find has already put himself in motion.

COUNSEL.

Strive not with a Man without cause. Blame not before thou hast examined truth. Debate thy cause with thy neighbour himself, and discover not a secret to another

## Anecdotiana.

LOVE OF LEARNING.

Pomponius in the fourth book of his Institutes, says, that, so great was his desire of learning, that he had always in his memory, to the seventy-eighth year of his age, that sentence which was ascribed to Julian, viz. 'Though I had one foot in the grave, I should still have a desire to be learning something.'

NUPTIAL POETICS.

'My friend,' said C., 'you know I marriage hate—
And to speak truth, unto your wedding fete,
Unwillingly at all I come.'
'Believe me, as a guest, no one's more fit
*A-verse* to marriage you're most requisite
For an *Epithalamium.*—*Athenæum.*

KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

The last advice given by this monarch to his brother the Duke of York was never to think of introducing Popery into England, for it would be dangerous in the attempt and altogether impracticable.

ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF DECAYED MUSICIANS.

About a century ago, a celebrated oboe player, of the name of Kaitch, came to England from Germany. He was greatly patronized but being very improvident, both himself and family suffered very great privations. At length Kaitch, after being shunned by respectable society, was found dead one morning in St. James's Market. Soon after his decease, Festing, the celebrated violinist, Wiedeman, the flute-player (who instructed George III.) and Vincent, the oboe-player, were standing at the door of the Orange Coffee-house in the Haymarket, when they observed two very interesting boys driving milch asses. On inquiring who they were they proved to be the orphans of Kaitch. They immediately entered into a subscription to rescue the children of their departed brother from so degrading a situation; and on consulting with Dr. Green and several eminent composers, on the necessity of a fund to alleviate the distress of indigent musicians, their widows and orphans, they established, in April 1713, this excellent Society.—*Week. Rev.*

## JUNE.

This beautiful and glowing month, the sixth of our year, wherein the sun enters the sign Cancer, derives its name from the Latin, Junius, according to some, whilst others state the name to have been given to it in honour of the youth of Rome, *in honorem Juniorem.* Or from Juno *a Junone*, the opinion of Ovid; or from *Junius Brutus*, who expelled the King of Rome and settled the government upon the people. This month was considered by the Romans as under the protection of Mercury.

Our Saxon ancestors called the month of June *Weyd-monat*, or meadow-month, from their cattle wading in the meadows for pasture, the word *weyd* signifying a meadow in the Teutonick language.

During this month the Romans solemnized the following festivals and ceremonies: On the 1st of June were held four festivals. One to Mars, from the circumstance of a temple on the outside of the *Capena* gate on the Appian way having been dedicated to him under the title of Mars Extra,—Muranus, by F. Quintius Duumvir. The second was kept in honor of *Carna*, in remembrance of Junius Brutus having consecrated a temple to him upon Mount *Celius.* The third feast was celebrated in honour of Juno Moneta, to fulfil a vow that Camillus had made to erect her a temple. The fourth was to the Tempests. This festival was instituted in the time of the second Punic war, in consequence of a Roman fleet having been nearly lost in a storm. The 4th, or the day before the nones was dedicated to Bellona. This same day a festival was celebrated in honour of Hercules, to whom the Senate of Rome dedicated a Temple in the Circus by Sylla's order; and on the 5th, the day of the Nones, sacrifices were offered to the Deity Fidius. This God the Romans reverenced, because the oaths taken in his name were kept inviolable. The Fishermen's games took place in the field of Mars on the 7th. On the 8th a solemn sacrifice was offered to the goddess Mens in the Capitol, to whom Attilius Crassus, vowed a temple after the defeat of the consul C. Flaminius, at the lake of Trasimenes, praying her to remove from the minds of the Romans the fear occasioned by the rout of the Consul;

and on the 9th was kept the great festival of the goddess Vesta, to whom the vestal virgins paid high honours. The festival of the goddess Matuta was celebrated on the 11th. The 13th, or day of the Ides, was held the feast of Jupiter the invincible, to whom Augustus dedicated a temple for the victories he had obtained.

The festival of Minerva, termed *Quinquatrus minores*, and the Fiddler's feasts,—was also held on this day. On the 19th sacrifices were offered to the goddess Pallas, on the Aventine Mount. The festival of Summanus was celebrated on the 20th, this day being the anniversary of the dedication of a temple to him during the war of Pyrrhus. Summanus, or Summus Manium, chief of the Manes, is a name given by the poets to Pluto. The 22nd was reckoned a fatal day, because on that day F. Flaminius was subdued by the Carthaginians. On the 23rd Syphax was vanquished by Massinissa. This day was called Dies Fortis Fortuna, because king Servius dedicated her a Temple out of the city beyond *Tiber*, where the Artizans and Slaves of Rome, crowned with flowers, went in boats, to divert and regale themselves. The 27th was the feast of the Lares, or Household Gods; the 28th the festival of Quirinus was celebrated upon the Quirinal Mount; Quirinus was the surname of Romulus; and the 30th the feast of Hercules and the Muses were kept in a temple dedicated to them both.

The weather in June may be viewed in general as the most pleasant of the year; the air is pregnant with salubrity, being scented with the delicious odours which arise from the thousand flowers that are now at this season in the height of bloom, for now

> "Exulting Flora views her new-born rose,
> And the ground with short lived beauty glows."

During this month every part of the vegetable creation is in vigorous growth, the trees have put on their fullest dress, whilst the gardens to the admirer of nature's works presents a bright pageant of Summer beauty, that meets the eye in every direction, and gratifies the sense of smell with their invigorating properties.

Having briefly particularized the appearance of this month as to its vegetable produce, we turn to "pay due honour to the two grand husbandry occupations of this "season," the "Hay-harvest and Sheep-shearing." The first of these employments commences towards the latter part of the month, when it is often found to fill the air with sweetness, and is far more picturesque in the appearance it offers, as well as more pleasant in the associations it calls forth, than the Harvest in Autumn an interesting and sweet little poem under the title of "The Monthly Memorial," by Mr. Beck, forcibly paints with seasonable reflection the task of Hay-maker's.

> "The mower now at morning blythe,
> Sweeps o'er the mead till night's reprieve;
> Thick falls the swath before his scythe,
> And with'ring scents the dewy eve.
> Thus flesh, like grass must fall at length,
> Beneath the bushy stroke of Death:
> Oh! happy he, whose with'ring strength,
> In holy fragrance yields his breath."

The other rural business above spoken of, viz. the depriving the "woolly breeders" of their valuable fleecy covering, is an occupation of vast importance in various parts of his kingdom and is so ably and beautifully described by the transcendent genius of the poet, that we here introduce his happy illustration of the animated and spirit-stirring scene:—

> "At last of snowy white the gathered flocks,
> Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd
> Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows
> The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears,
> The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
> With all her gay-dreat maids attending round,
> One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
> Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
> Her smiles, sweet beaming on her shepherd king
> A simple scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
> Her solid Grandeur rise: hence she commands
> Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime
> The treasures of the sun without his rage." THOMSON.

When two thirds of the month have elapsed, the *summer solstice*, or longest days happens, when we have hardly any night, the *crepusculum* or twilight continuing from set of Sun, till the glorious orb of day again rises to perform his brilliant task. Having rendered our account of the month more lengthy than usual, we find ourselves compelled to conclude, which we do with reluctance, as have many interesting particulars to detail that we are sorry to omit.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 27 | St. Bede. | May 27 | St. Bede obtained the title of *Venerable* for his profound learning and unaffected piety. His grand work is the Ecclesiastical History of the Saxons. He died A. D. 735.<br>1199. On this day was crowned King John, surnamed Lackland. This monarch was universally detested by his people for his scandalous submission to the Pope. The Barons of England formed a confederacy against him, and compelled him to sign on the 15th of June that bulwark of English Liberty *magna charta*. |
| —— 28 | St. Germanus, bishop of Paris, died A. D. May 28. | ——28 | 1546. Assassinated in Scotland, Cardinal Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrew's, by Lesley and other protestants, for the furious persecutions he had caused to be enforced upon them.<br>1759. Born on this day the great statesman William Pitt, whose uncommon eloquence, profound finaucial wisdom and integrity gained him the approbation of all persons. |
| ——29 | St. Maximinius. | ——29 | St. Maximinius was bishop of Friers, and died A. D. 349.<br>1660. On this day King Charles the II. was restored to his throne, after an exile of nine years, making a magnificent entry into London, to the great joy of the nation. It is also the anniversary of his birth. |
| ——30 | St. Felix I. | ——30 | St. Felix I. a Roman by birth, succeeded Dionysius in the papal Chair, about the year A. D. 271—after filling the pontificate for upwards of four years, he suffered martyrdom in the reign of Aurelian.<br>1640. Died, Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the eminent painter, as well as being an artist of transcendent talent he was an excellent linguist, being proficient in no less than seven languages. His principal performances in painting were at the Banqueting House, Whitehall. The palace of the Escurial in Spain, and the Luxembourgh gallery at Paris. |
| —— 31 | St. Petronilla. | ——31 | St. Petronilla, is said to have been a daughter of St. Peter, and to have lived in the 1st century.<br>1821 Died on this day, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, the last lineal descendant of the celebrated Protector. He was the great grandson of Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy of Ireland, who was the fourth son of the Protector. Mr. C. was the author of "Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and his sons, Richard and Henry." This interesting performance is comprised in two octavo volumes. |
| June 1 | | June 1 | Trinity Sunday is a festival observed by the Latin and Protestant churches, on the Sunday after Whitsuntide. It was first appointed to be observed by order of the Council of Arles, 1260. |
| | St. Justin. | | St. Justin suffered martyrdom in the time of Antoninus, for upholding the truth of the Christian Religion in opposition to *Crescens*, the Cynic philosopher. His martyrdom took place A. D. 167. |
| | | 4 | 1794. The anniversary of the glorious naval victory obtained by Earl Howe over the French, who was defeated with the loss of seven ships of the line. |
| —— 2 | St. Erasmus, or Ermo, died A. D. 303. | ——2 | 1825. On this day the Greek fleet defeated the Turkish naval force under the command of the Capitan Pasha, between Cape Oro, and the Isle of Andros. |
| —— 3 | St. Clotilde. | —— 3 | St. Clotilde, Queen of France, wife to Clovis, was a great promoter of Christianity. She was a princess of great wisdom, and exemplary piety, and is said to have died at Tours in 543 or 545.<br>1657. Died, ÆT. 80, William Harvey, the celebrated physician. He was the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, which though strongly opposed at first, was found to be grounded on sound reason. |

Harry Smith supporting the Fair Maid of Perth.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE,

### FROM THE CHRONICLES OF THE CANNONGATE.

During the Valentine revels, when chivalry bent at the shrine of female loveliness with perfect devotion, though sometimes not with perfect purity, the fair daughter of the Glover was an object of universal attraction. A midnight attempt to carry her off, by Rothsay, and Ramorny and his other adherents, is defeated by the brave Smith, who is her Valentine, and who in the affray chops off the hand of the luckless master of the prince's horse. Other scenes and revels succeed on Shrove Tuesday, or Eastern's E'en; when Proudfute, a good-natured boaster, who is always imitating the Smith, is mistaken for his prototype, and assassinated by Bonthron, in revenge for this wound. The corpse is found on the morning of Ash Wednesday, and the hardly appeased tumults in the city, occasioned by the gallant affair at Simon Glover's, are renewed against the reckless courtiers with greater fury than before. The rumour runs at first that Henry Smith has been murdered; which throws the fair maid, who had hitherto been coy and cold to his addresses, off her guard; and the following ensues.

"Catharine ran through the streets of Perth in a manner which at another moment would have brought on her the attention of every one who saw her hurrying on with a reckless impetuosity, wildly and widely different from the ordinary decency and composure of her step and manner, and without the plaid, scarf, or mantle, which 'women of good,' of fair character and decent rank, universally carried around them, when they went abroad. But, distracted as the people were, every one inquiring or telling the cause of the tumult, and most recounting it different ways, the negligence of her dress, and discomposure of her manner, made no impression on any one; and she was suffered to press forward on the path she had chosen, without attracting more notice than the other females, who, stirred by anxious curiosity or fear, had come out to inquire the cause of an alarm so general—it might be to seek for friends, for whose safety they were interested. As

Catharine passed along, she felt all the wild influence of the agitating scene, and it was with difficulty she forbore from repeating the cries of lamentation and alarm which were echoed around her. In the mean time, she rushed rapidly on, embarrassed like one in a dream, with a strange sense of dreadful calamity, the precise nature of which she was unable to define, but which implied the terrible consciousness, that the man who loved her so fondly, whose good qualities she so highly esteemed, and whom she now felt to be dearer than perhaps she would before have acknowledged to her own bosom, was murdered, and most probably by her means.

"Without knowing what she sought, except the general desire to know the worst of the dreadful report, she hurried forward to the very spot, which of all others her feelings of the preceding day would have induced her to avoid. Who would, upon the evening of Shrove-tide, have persuaded the proud, the timid, the shy, the rigidly decorous Catharine Glover, that before mass on Ash Wednesday she should rush through the streets of Perth, making her way amidst tumult and confusion, with her hair unbound, and her dress disarranged, to seek the house of that same lover, who, she had reason to believe, had so grossly and indelicately neglected and affronted her, as to pursue a low and licentious amour!

"At length, without any distinct idea of her own purpose, she stood before her lover's door, and knocked for admittance. The silence which succeeded the echoing of her hasty summons increased the alarm which had induced her to take this desperate measure. 'Open,—open, Henry!' she cried. 'Open, if you yet live!—Open, if you would not find Catharine Glover dead upon your threshold?' As she cried thus frantically to ears which she was taught to believe were stopped by death, the lover she invoked opened the door in person, just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. The extremity of his exstatic joy upon an occasion so unexpected, was qualified only by the wonder which forbade him to believe it real, and by his alarm at the closed eyes, half-opened and blanched lips, total absence of complexion, and apparently total cessation of

breathing. To place Catharine Glover in safety, and recal her to herself, was to be thought of before rendering obedience to the summons of the magistrates, however pressingly that had been delivered. He carried his lovely burden, as light as a feather, yet more precious than the same quantity of purest gold, into a small bed-chamber which had been his mother's. It was the most fit for an invalid, as it looked into the garden, and was separated from the noise of the tumult. 'Here, Nurse—Nurse Shoolbred—come quick—come for death and life—here is one wants thy help!' Up trotted the old dame. 'If it should but prove any one that will keep thee out of the scuffle—' for she also had been aroused by the noise,—but what was her astonishment, when, placed in love and reverence on the bed of her late mistress, and supported by the athletic arms of her foster son, she saw the apparently lifeless form of the Fair Maid of Perth. 'Catharine Glover!' she said: 'and, Holy Mother—a dying woman, as it would seem!' Not so, old woman,' said her foster-son;' 'the dear heart throbs—the sweet breath comes and returns! Come thou, that may aid her more meetly than I—bring water—essences—whatever thy old skill can devise. Heaven did not place her in my arms to die, but to live for herself and me.' With an activity which her age little promised, Nurse Shoolbred collected the means of restoring animation; for, like many women of the period, she understood what was to be done in such cases, nay, possessed a knowledge of treating wounds of an ordinary description, which the warlike propensities of her foster-son kept in pretty constant exercise. 'Come now,' she said, 'son Henry, unfold your arms from about my patient—though she is worth the pressing—and set thy arms at freedom to help me with what I want. Nay, I will not insist on your quitting her hand, if you will beat the palm gently, as the fingers unclose their clenched grasp.' 'I beat her slight beautiful hand!' said Henry; 'you were as well bid me beat a glass cup with a forehammer, as tap her fair palm with my horn-hard fingers. But the fingers do unfold, and we will find a better way than beating;' and he applied his lips to the pretty hand, whose motion indicated returning sensation. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and the Fair Maid of Perth opened her eyes, fixed them on her lover, as he kneeled by the bedside, and again sunk back on the pillow. As she withdrew not her hand from her lover's hold or from his grasp, we must in charity believe that the return to consciousness was not so complete as to make her aware that he abused the advantage, by pressing it alternately to his lips and his bosom. At the same time we are compelled to own, that the blood was colouring in her cheek, and that her breathing was deep and regular, for a minute or two during this relapse. The noise at the door began now to grow much louder, and Henry was called for by all his various names, of Smith, Gow, and Hal of the Wynd, as heathens used to summon their deities by different epithets."

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# Chronicles of the Canongate.

SECOND SERIES.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY; OR, THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

*(Continued from Page 328.)*

Our last extract left the heroic Harry, the fair Maid, and the Glover, fully impressed with the absolute necessity of "*breakfast*," a compunctious visiting of nature, which even lovers in the heyday of their blood, have no enduring inclination to resist. The needful meal is served up by old Dorothy; the cakes, of Catharine's own making, are pronounced to be excellent; and Catharine herself seems to have recovered her equanimity of temper.

In this scene the boy Conachar takes an abrupt leave of his master, the Glover. The Smith and Conachar barter a few taunts and glances of scorn; but the Smith, as usual, has the advantage. With Highland buskins on his feet, and a small bundle in his hand, Conachar passes through the north gate of Perth, for the Highlands; and the Smith seems relieved by the retreat of one whom he has supposed a rival.

The Glover takes this opportunity to leave Harry, for the first time, alone with his daughter. The following spirited disclosure of their relative feelings towards each other, is perhaps as skilfully drawn and beautifully developed as any scene of equal length in the whole range of the writings of Sir Walter Scott.

"There was an embarrassment on the maiden's part, and awkwardness on that of the lover, for about a minute; when Henry, calling up his courage, pulled the gloves out of his pocket with which Simon had supplied him, and asked her to permit one who had been so highly graced that morning, to pay the usual penalty for being

asleep at the moment when he would have given the slumbers of a whole twelvemonth to be awake for a single minute.

" ' Nay, but,' said Catharine, ' the fulfilment of my homage to St. Valentine infers no such penalty as you desire to pay, and I cannot therefore think of accepting them.'

" ' These gloves,' said Henry, advancing his seat insidiously towards Catharine as he spoke, ' were wrought by the hands that are dearest to you; and see—they are shaped for your own.' He extended them as he spoke, and taking her arm in his robust hand, spread the gloves beside it to show how well they fitted. ' Look at that taper arm,' he said, ' look at these small fingers; think who sewed these seams of silk and gold, and think whether the glove, and the arm which alone the glove can fit, ought to remain separate, because the poor glove has had the misfortune to be for a passing minute in the keeping of a hand so swart and rough as mine.'

" ' They are welcome as coming from my father,' said Catharine; ' and surely not less so as coming from my *friend*, (and there was an emphasis on the word), as well as my Valentine and preserver.'

" ' Let me aid to do them on,' said the Smith, bringing himself yet closer to her side; ' they may seem a little over tight at first, and you may require some assistance.'

" ' You are skilful in such service, good Henry Gow,' said the maiden, smiling, but at the same time drawing farther from her lover.

" ' In good faith no,' said Henry, shaking his head; ' my experience has been in donning steel gauntlets on mailed knights, more than in fitting embroidered gloves upon maidens.'

" ' I will trouble you then no further, and Dorothy shall aid me—though there needs no assistance—my father's eye and fingers are faithful to his craft; what work he puts through his hand is always true to the measure.'

" ' Let me be convinced of it,' said the Smith; ' let me see that these slender gloves actually match the hands they were made for.'

" ' Some other time, good Henry,' answered the maiden; ' I will wear the gloves in honour of St. Valentine, and the mate he has sent me for this season. I would to heaven I could pleasure my father as well in weightier matters—at present the perfume of the leather harms the head-ach I have had since morning.'

" ' Head-ach! dearest maiden?' echoed her lover.

" ' If you call it heart-ach, you will not misname it,' said Catharine, with a sigh, and proceeded to speak in a very serious tone. ' Henry,' she said, ' I am going perhaps to be as bold as I gave you reason to think me this morning; for I am about to speak the first upon a subject, on which, it may well be, I ought to wait till I had to answer you. But I cannot, after what has happened this morning, suffer my feelings towards you to remain unexplained, without the possibility of my being greatly misconceived.—Nay, do not answer till you have heard me out.—You are brave, Henry, beyond most men, honest and true as the steel you work upon——'

" ' Stop—stop, Catherine, for mercy's sake! You never said so much that was good concerning me, save to introduce some bitter censure, of which your praises were the harbingers. I am honest, and so forth, you would say, but a hot-brained brawler, and common sworder or stabber.'

" ' I should injure both myself and you in calling you such. No, Henry, to no common stabber, had he worn a plume in his bonnet, and gold spurs on his heels, would Catherine Glover have offered the little grace she has this day voluntarily done to you. If I have at times dwelt severely upon the proneness of your spirit to anger, and of your hand to strike, it is because I would have you, if I could so persuade you, hate in yourself the sins of vanity and wrath, by which you are most easily beset. I have spoken on the topic more to alarm your own conscience, than to express my opinion. I know as well as my father, that in these forlorn and desperate days, the whole customs of our nation, nay, of every Christian nation, may be quoted in favour of bloody quarrels for trifling causes; of the taking deadly and deep revenge for slight offences; and the slaughter of each other for emulation of honour, or often in mere sport. But I know, that for all these things we shall one day be called into judgment; and fain would I convince thee, my brave and generous friend, to listen oftener to the dictates of thy good heart, and take less pride in the strength and dexterity of thy unsparing arm.'

" ' I am—I am convinced, Catharine,' exclaimed Henry; ' thy words shall henceforward be a law to me. I have done enough, far too much, indeed, for proof of my bodily strength and courage; but it is only from you, Catharine, that I can learn a better way of thinking. Remember, my fair Valentine, that my ambition, of distinction in arms, and my love of strife, if it can be called such, do not fight even-handed with my reason and my milder dispositions, but have their patrons and their sticklers to egg them on Is there a quarrel,—and suppose that I, thinking on

your counsels, and something loath to engage in it,—believe you I am left to decide between peace or war at my own choosing? Not so, by St. Mary! there's a hundred round me to stir me on. 'Why, how now, Smith, is thy main spring rusted,' says one. 'Jolly Henry is deaf on the quarrelling ear this morning,' says another. 'Stand to it, for the honour of Perth,' says my Lord the Provost. 'Harry against them for a gold noble,' cries your father, perhaps. Now, what can a poor fellow do, Catharine, when all are hallooing him on in the devil's name, and not a soul putting in a word on the other side?'

"'Nay, I know the devil has factors enough to utter his wares,' said Catharine; 'but it is our duty to despise such idle arguments, though they may be pleaded even by those to whom we owe much love and honour.'

"'Then there are the minstrels, with their romaunts and ballads, which place all a man's praise in receiving and repaying hard blows. It is sad to tell, Catharine, how many of my sins that Blind Harry the Minstrel hath to answer for. When I hit a downright blow, it is not, (so save me, St. John!) to do any man injury, but only to strike as William Wallace struck.'

"The Minstrel's namesake spoke this in such a tone of rueful seriousness, that Catharine could scarce forbear smiling; but nevertheless she assured him that the danger of his own and other men's lives ought not for a moment to be weighed against such simple toys.

"'Aye, but,' replied Henry, emboldened by her smiles, 'methinks now the good cause of peace would thrive all the better for an advocate. Suppose, for example, that when I am pressed and urged to lay hand on my weapon, I could have cause to recollect that there was a gentle and guardian angel at home, whose image would seem to whisper, 'Henry, do no violence; it is my hand which you crimson with blood—Henry, rush upon no idle danger; it is my breast which you expose to injury;' such thoughts would do more to restrain my mood, than if every monk in Perth should cry 'Hold thy hand, on pain of bell, book, and candle.'

"'If such a warning as could be given by the voice of sisterly affection can have weight in the debate,' said Catharine, 'do think, that in striking, you empurple this hand; that in receiving wounds, you harm this heart.'

"The Smith took courage at the sincerely affectionate tone in which these words were delivered.

"'And wherefore not stretch your regard a degree beyond these cold limits? Why, since you are so kind and generous as to own some interest in the poor ignorant sinner before you, should you not at once adopt him as your scholar and your husband? Your father desires it; the town expects it; glovers and smiths are preparing their rejoicings; and you, only you, whose words are so fair and so kind, you will not give your consent!'

"'Henry,' said Catharine, in a low and tremulous voice, 'believe me I should hold it my duty to comply with my father's commands, were there not obstacles invincible to the match which he proposes.'

"'Yet think—think but for a moment. I have little to say for myself in comparison of you, who can both read or write. But then I wish to hear reading, and could listen to your sweet voice for ever. You love music, and I have been taught to play and sing as well as some minstrels. You love to be charitable, I have enough to give, and enough to keep; as large a daily alms as a deacon gives would never be missed by me. Your father gets old for daily toil; he would live with us, as I should truly hold him for my father also. I would be as chary of mixing in causeless strife, as of thrusting my hand into my own furnace; and if there came on us unlawful violence, its wares would be brought to an ill-chosen market.'

"'May you experience all the domestic happiness which you can conceive, Henry, but with some one more happy than I am.'

"So spoke, or rather so sobbed, the Fair Maiden of Perth, who seemed choking in the attempt to restrain her tears.

"'You hate me, then?' said the lover, after a pause

"'Heaven is my witness, No.'

"'Or you love some other better?'

"'It is cruel to ask what it cannot avail you to know. But you are entirely mistaken.'

"'Yon wild-cat, Conachar, perhaps?' said Henry. 'I have marked his looks—'

"'You avail yourself of this painful situation to insult me, Henry, though I have little deserved it. Conachar is nothing to me, more than the trying to tame his wild spirit by instruction might lead me to take some interest in a mind abandoned to prejudices and passions, and therein, Henry, not unlike your own.'

"'It must then be some of these flaunting silk-worm Sirs about the court,' said the armourer, his natural heat of temper kindling from disappointment and vexation; 'some of those who think they carry it off through the height of their plumed bonnets and the jingle of their spurs. I would I knew which it was, that, leaving his natural mates, the painted and perfumed dames of the court, comes to take his prey

among the simple maidens of the burgher craft. I would I knew but his name and and surname!'

"'Henry Smith,' said Catharine, shaking off the weakness which seemed to threaten to overpower her a moment before, 'this is the language of an ungrateful fool, or rather of a frantic madman. I have told you already, there was no one who stood, at the beginning of this conference, more high in my opinion, than he who is now losing ground with every word he utters, in the tone of unjust suspicion and senseless anger. You had no title to know even what I have told you; which, I pray you to observe, implies no preference to you over others, though it disowns any preference of another to you. It is enough you should be aware that there is as insuperable an objection to what you desire, as if an enchanter had a spell over my destiny.'

"'Spells may be broken by true men,' said the Smith. 'I would it were come to that. Thorbiorn, the Danish armourer, spoke of a spell he had for making breastplates, by singing a certain song while the iron was heating. I told him that his runic rhymes were no proof against the weapons which fought at Loncarty—what farther came of it it is needless to tell;---but the corslet and the wearer, and the leech who salved his wound, know if Henry Gow can break a spell or no.'

"Catharine looked at him as if about to return an answer little approving of the exploit he had vaunted, which the downright Smith had not recollected, was of a kind that exposed him to her frequent censure. But ere she had given words to her thoughts, her father thrust his head in at the door.

"'Henry,' he said, 'I must interrupt your more pleasing affairs, and request you to come into my working room in all speed, to consult about certain matters deeply affecting the weal of the burgh.'

"Henry, making his obeisance to Catharine, left the apartment upon her father's summons. Indeed it was probably in favour of their future friendly intercourse that they were parted on this occasion, at the turn which the conservation seemed likely to take. For as the wooer had begun to hold the refusal of the damsel as somewhat capricious and inexplicable after the degree of encouragement, which, in his opinion, she had afforded; Catharine, on the other hand, considered him rather as an encroacher upon the grace which she had shown him, than one whose delicacy rendered him deserving of such favour.

"But there was living in their bosoms towards each other a reciprocal kindness, which on the termination of the dispute was sure to revive, inducing the maiden to forget her offended delicacy, and the lover his slighted warmth of passion."

(*To be Continued.*)

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## THE TAILOR'S DUEL.

AN HEROICK TALE.

*Dedicated without permission to G. Snip, K. T.*

Inspire me God of Tailors, whilst I sing
The deeds heroick of a thimble King,
Who all for love, but that is not uncommon,
Did risk his neck for what he calls, a———
Woman!!!
Snip was the classic name our Hero bore,
Nor greater man e'er own'd that name before,
Yet hold,—kind reader,—or I mar my plan,
I meant a tailor, though I said a man;
So be it then, a Tailor brave was he
As e'er on shop-board, crossed the willing knee,
As ever bow'd to Cupid's flow'ry shrine.
Or held the passion that he felt divine,
Fair too was she, (as Tailor's charges are)
That shone our daughty Hero's guiding star
As bright, as lovely, and as gentle too
As is that flower which blooms in evening dew,
As chaste a maid as ever blushed to find
That love, like many a Brewer's horse, is blind,
As ever felt,———yet list whilst I proclaim
Each sep'rate charm of this all perfect dame;
As many brains as women find of use,
She had, the usual portion of a goose;
Her lips were such as love's first glowing kiss,
Would choose to slumber on, and dream of bliss,
Her cheek might rival, if its blushes chose,
A pickled cabbage; or, a cabbage rose,
Her wit was piercing, as her cheek was fair,
Her eyes, could only with her wit compare,
Her form,——her figure,——not Pandora's self,
When first among Prometheus' men of delf;
From Heaven she fell, could boast a nobler share
Of golden charms, than could this lady fair,
Her talents too!—not famed Eurydice,
Nor Leucothea's favourite child, nor she
For whom Menelaus sighed, and Priam fell
Could make a pair of breeches half so well.
No wonder then that Master Snip should see,
In her the Tailor's best divinity!!
But to our tale, a friend this Tailor had,
Whose heart was, like his measure, very bad.
A tailor too, and one resolved was he
To snip the thread of love's sincerity.
Alas! that virtue Heav'nly maid should feel,
Th' assassin slander's violating steel!
But modest ladies, if they fear the shame,
That slander's shaft would couple with their name,
Must dress in more impenetrable stuff,
For Tailors' habits are not good enough

That turn-coat tailor, be he to his sname
A wretch unworthy of a Tailor's name:
Did strive with villianous and sheer abuse,
To singe the feathers of this female goose;
To soil the velvet of that snowy breast,
With which our Hero sought to line his nest,
To brand with infamy, to stamp with shame,
Th' unsullied texture of her virgin fame;
But to the Gods all thanks be ever due,
He met his punishment, as all shall view;
Our worthy hero, when his ears did first
The stream of slander drink went nigh to burst
With grief, and rage, he said, the Devil's in it,
Then swore a thousand oaths in half a minute;
Then, broke them all—then, broke his shopman's head;
Then, ran the needle in his thumb, and said,
The brute, the beast, shall he escape me,——no,
I'll bang,———I'll———challenge him, aye, that will do,
Th' aspiring slave, I'll teach him how to dread,
A Tailor's vengeance, and a broken head.
Then on his shopboard sat he down to write;
And with a goose-quill to his foe endite.
"I, Snip the Tailor being much offended
"With what you're dared to say of my intended;
"Do challenge you without the least alarm,
"To fight with me to morrow at Chalk farm,
"Where unless cowardice shall prove your tutor,
"I'll teach you better manners for the future.
This done he sat him down to write his will,
Finding each thought a very bitter pill,
Till by the time that rose the morrow's sun;
He half repented of the deed he'd done,
But sewing all his courage up together,
He took his weapons, and then braved the weather,
Soliloquizing all the way he went,
Upon the nature of the odious rent,
That treach'ry, in the form of Tailor's shears,
Had cut in the fair name his darling bears.
Confound his impudence,———nay, who shall tell!
I'll do my best to cuff the rascal well;
He said, then straightway bent him to his station;
And eke set out upon his destination,
Full of that confidence which tells the heart
It acts a very meritorious part.
Not so his enemy, for conscience sighed,
How much his once dear friend had been belied;
"Conscience," cried he "makes cowards of us all;"
I feel thy pins and needles great and small,
They prick me to the core—hence coward fear
My power, for ever from my heart I tear,
And thine awhile, oh! courage let me borrow,
Fates shears my thread of life may cut to morrow:
My heart is turned from deeds of wickedness,
While I am but a pattern of distress.
My cloth is cut, my yarn is almost spun,
My fame is threadbare, and my cause undone,
This said, he sat him down—but feeling dull,
He took of good-stuff just a thimble full;
Then armed himself already for the fight,
And walked as quick as any Tailor might,
To Camden town, from whence both arm in arm,
He and his second trotted to Chalk farm,
Now God of War! let fame her trumpet sound!
For first and seconds, both, are on their ground;
Soon of the party, one, marked at his leisure,
Of yards a couple, just, not Tailor's measure,
Between the combatants, who straightway chose
Their sep'rate weapons, and then fell to blows
Though not with bodkins bare, as some have told
The youth of Hamlet's time were wont of old,
But with a sleeveboard each both stout and strong,
They thrust, they parried, and they fought full long;
Each strove for mastery,—each bit the dust;
Be thou oh! god of tailors with the just!
They rose—each gathered fury—from his fall,
Each vainly strove to quell his rising gall,
But soon our hero's choler rose so high,
That from his foe he made the sleeveboard fly
In twenty pieces, all died o'er with red,
Next, broke his own about the rascals head,
Then shook the remnant of his board on high,
And loudly shouted Wic-tory! Wic-to-ry.

C. H. Junr.

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## GOG AND MAGOG.

Hence! vanish! fly! begone! depart! avaunt!
Monsters armipotent, terrific, gaunt!
Ours is no taste for war's achievements, yours
Accords still less with civic epicures;
The very statement, therefore, of our thesis
Shows that your presence is a Catachresis.

I LIKE ye not, O Gog and Magog! bearded, armed, and bristling as ye be, and frightening our peaceful Civic Hall from its propriety with your giant stature, aspect hirsute and grim, and warlike panoply. If ye be ancient divinities and idols, as some sapient bookmen aver, surely it might become your wooden godships to be somewhat better made, not to be as much beneath humanity in symmetry and proportion as ye are above it in bulk and height, not to be so brawny in the shoulders with such marvellous weak hams, not to appear as if you had each been begun at the leg with a little calf, and grown gradually upwards into a great bull. Bend the knee to such mis-shapen Mahounds! It was the very "ne plus ultra" of besotted idolatry. A brace of aldermen in their furred gowns and bob wigs would be ten times more worshipful. And harkee, most abortive divinities, only fit to be stuffed into some gigantic retort, and hung among the monsters of Surgeon's hall; a word in your wooden ears. How comes it that ye were not satisfied with your celestial invulnerability, with the possession of a deified body, through which not all the spits of all the Civic companies could drill an eye-let-hole, but that ye must burst upon us, even like the Coronation champion in our neighbour hall of Westminster—"armed at all points exactly,

cap-à-pê ?" Is it gallant, is it glorious, is it godlike thus to scare the king's defenceless lieges in their hours of peace or unsuspicious gormandizing ? Verily it savours of mortal cowardice and treachery, more than of that fearless cælipotent, "qui pelagos fluitare jubet, consistere montes." Remember, I beseech ye, most recreant divinities, that when your brother god Apollo went forth to battle he had no other panoply than a cloak thrown loosely over his shoulders, the only part of him that was ever known to fly in the presence of an enemy, except perhaps his arrows. Imitate his magnanimity, if so it seemeth good to your highnesses, but forget not that the world will be inexpressibly shocked unless ye do it discreetly. Throw aside the "hauberk, helm, and twisted mail," but retain the garments that decorum loveth. Though Truth may go naked, we cannot grant a similar indulgence to false deities, nor indeed to any one except the memorable green man at Hyde Park Corner, who, "posito pariter cum veste pudore," has brass enough in his face to prevent him from blushing at any thing.

But peradventure, as some clerkly chroniclers opine, ye never were deities or idols of any sort, but simply an ancient Saxon and Danish warrior; Picts ye should seem, if we may believe the averment of your own painted bodies; but we will rather credit your historians than yourselves, for as ye are not formed of Lignum vitæ, ye cannot render *viva voce* evidence, but still I like ye not better in your mortal than in your superhuman character. Ye have a very northern and barbaric look, fell and grisly, carrying back the mind to an iron age of violence and blood, and sooth to say, I am both meek, and of middling size, no Guy of Warwick fit to cope with a Danish Colbrand, or with his cousin German of Saxony. That spiked ball of iron, chained to a pole, and wielded by a Magogian hand, looks as if it could perform a shrewd operation upon my skull, were I once trepanned within its reach: it is manifest that those swords, though now ambushed in their sheaths, are most gluttonously given to cut and come again; I entertain not the shadow of a doubt that yonder formidable spear would poke me about and make me very unhappy even at seven yards distance; and as to those arrows peeping so insidiously from behind the shoulder, who could hope to escape them, winged as they are with feathers, and mounted on a barb ? The very thought of their whizzing into the flesh makes one's body quiver. Once more, what do ye here, ye bristling warriors, when ye would be so much more fitly bestowed among the steel-clad figures in the Tower armoury, brandishing the identical swords which drew French blood at Poictiers, Agincourt, and Cressy ? Here ye have palpably wandered from your element. We look not for a figure of Mars either in a festive hall or a court of law; nor have we any need of giants, except as to their powers of digestion, in this our civic banqueting-room. We are neither pugnacious nor covetous of military glory; for whatever stomach we may have for edibles and potables, we have none, God wot, for fighting. Hot gridirons do we prodigiously prefer to cold steel; and though we may have stout belly-gerents among us, so far as rotundity of stomach may challenge the title, the most ventripotential of our champions are not conversant with any other powder than that of curry; their balls are of forced-meat: their artillery is the *batterie de cuisine;* they stand no fire so well as that which the cook hath lighted, nor will they handle a pike unless stuffed with a pudding, when they are ready to exclaim, like Prince Henry over the prostrate body of the defunct Falstaff, "Good Jack!—embowelled will I see thee by and by!" Descend therefore, I implore ye, from your pedestals, most misplaced giants, and commit yourselves forthwith to the Tower. The distance is easy; should ye be tired, ye have but to call a hackney-coach—or should ye prefer the river, ye need not seek a wherry, ye will float majestically with the tide; for it is with giants even as it is with men, the wooden-headed ones are sure to keep above water!

Was there ever a couple of such thwart, disnatured, stubborn, uncomplying giants! The more earnestly I emplore them to step down from their brackets, the more they won't move an inch! Talking to some people is of no kind of use—one might as well talk to a post. Once more I invite ye to perpend, O mighty and misplaced Hurlothrumboes, that this is a place of business, and ye have no business here, that ye are martial and we are pacific, and that ye have no right therefore to champion us to the utterance in this our Guildhall, and put to bodily fear those who make no pretension to be valorous. The majority of our corporation are very Common Councilmen, indeed, upon whose sconces, if ye will reach down your hands to feel them, ye will find the organ of non-combativeness most phrenologically protuberant. We are no longer so fierce and truculent as of yore, when nobles and courtly dames, and even Royalty itself, used to travel eastward of

on evening to behold the setting of the city watch, a gallant and a glorious show. Our Train-bands, like Daphne, are lost in their own laurels; and Major Sturgeon, whose lion heart now lies in Bunhill Fields, can no longer recount his marchings and counter-marchings from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating;—all this pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war hath passed away, and our lobster-looking city soldiers are no longer headed by a Sturgeon!—"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay:" the quotation's somewhat musty, so is the Major, I fear; wherefore pass we to the invincible heroes of a more recent date—the Volunteers, those "depositaries of panic," as Wyndham profanely termed them. They, too, are no more, and the French may now sleep in security; even the little boys of France have forgot the fear of Birch, that redoubted Colonel, whom, whilome, certain wags irreverently nicknamed Colonel Pattypan and Marshal Tureen, for which affront his valiant sword ought to have served them with *sauce piquant*. Our volunteers are no more! After ten years training, they had made considerable advances towards subordination; the difficulty of keeping the line, on account of the frequent protrusion of Falstaff paunches, had been nearly overcome; they were, in fact, as well-dressed, in one sense at least, as the most rigid martinet could desire, when the French prudently sued for a cessation of hostilities, and the most able-bodied corps in the kingdom was disembodied. So highly do I think of them as soldiers, that I can only exclaim, in all sincerity of heart—Peace be with them!

Wherefore, most bellipotent Gog and Magog, seeing that in these our piping days of peace, and in this our battle-hating Hall, ye are manifestly intruders, and that we would much rather have your room than your company; once more do I courteously invite you to abandon your places, to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, to betake yourselves to the Tower, to visit your relations beneath Pelion and Ossa, or your brother Enceladus, who must needs be hospitable, since his chimney in Mount Ætna is never free from smoke; or if ye be too patriotic to quit your native England, why may ye not retire to those Cambridgeshire hills, which, as they bear your name, so also should they be called upon to support your bulk? I pause for a reply.

That pause was a lucky one, for it reminded me that I have perhaps been writing above myself or my reader, though my elevation of style may perhaps be excused, since it has been solely produced by my earnest endeavour to reach Gog and Magog, and by the "*os sublime*" of my position, as I gazed up at them. The fact is, that having seated myself opposite to them in Guildhall, one dusky smoky city afternoon, and finding myself abandoned to my meditations, I took out my pocket-book, and began to apostrophise them upon paper, after a fashion somewhat more inflated than is my wont, though surely not more Ossianic than such doughty magnifico might naturally inspire. What changes, thought I to myself, have these figures witnessed since they were thus set up at a remote era, of which neither record nor tradition have enabled us to fix the exact date! What successions of those civic dignitaries, who, however rapidly they may die off individually, are, in their corporate capacity, as ancient and as imperishable as Gog and Magog themselves! The city public never expires; but, alack! how unworthy of an immortal must their little ephemereal squabbles and fierce bickerings have appeared to these grave and wooden observers! What stormy public meetings have they seen, every face distorted with passion except their own; what noise, what uproar, what transports of rage or joy, what savage, desperate conflicts, and all for objects now utterly forgotten, or only remembered to be laughed at as gross delusions or impudent impostures! Truly, Messieurs Mayor and Corporation, and Mr. Civic Public, in the solemn inanity of your Dogberry debates, and the stormy folly of your political meetings, ye must needs appear most egregious asses to these silent spies, mounted on their pedestals. How they must look down upon the citizens in every sense!

Magog's sleeve is manifestly puffed and distended with laughing in it at the annual grave hoax of drawing the lottery, which was for many performed at Guildhall. There sat the well-powdered commissioners, paid many hundreds a year for presiding over the serious farce; beneath them were the contracters devising some new mystified scheme, and endeavouring with all their mights not to laugh at the gullibility of John Bull; on either side were the huge iron safes, whence a naked armed blue-coat boy drew out a ticket, and announced its fate: in front were the public gaping for prizes, but, like Milton, only "presented with an universal blank;" and above all, stood Gog & Magog, looking sternly down upon the whole roguish mummery. What a scene for the pencil of Haydon, who, as he has manifestly succeeded to the talent of Hogarth, will, it is

to be hoped, quickly rival him in fame and fortune.

Melancholy as well as ludicrous occurrences have been transacted in the presence of these dumb companions. How many a plaintiff and defendant must they have seen dogging the heels of counsel, little deeming that, whichever way the cause went, they themselves were hurrying along the same inevitable road to ruin. How many a wretched bankrupt, surrendering his last shilling, has with glistening eyes looked up at these imperturbable statues, that he might, if possible, divert his thoughts for a single moment from the contemplation of his own miseries, and the woes of his unprovided family! Is it not possible that one or other of these giants may have attentively marked the progress of some fortunate individual, brought at first before them as a little urchin, agog for Gog, and all agog for Magog, and smitten with a goggle-eyed awe as he gains a glimpse of the terrific figures? They recognise him thereafter as a smart apprentice—a thriving dealer—a common council man—a deputy—an alderman. At this period his shoulders, like the corners of some of our city streets, begin to be "widened at the expense of the Corporation;" while his protuberant stomach ("Ingenique largitor venter,") attests the pregnancy of his genius for municipal affairs. Thus do his teeth advance him, until, like a mouse in a cheese, who makes a large house for himself by continually eating, he is installed in the Mansion House as Lord Mayor, and is perhaps carried off by a surfeit occasioned by overfeeding on the Ninth of November.

Ah! that Lord Mayor's dinner! Unhappy Gog and Magog how often must your lips have watered upon these occasions! how frequently must the fate of Tantalus have been yours! Then, though ye were not the only wooden heads, ye were doubtless the only empty stomachs in the Hall. Methinks I see the whole glorious and delicious banquet outspread before me at the present moment, my nostrils are titillated with the fume of delicate viands, I hear all the joyous clatter of the feast, there is a mingled whizzing in my ears which sounds exactly like—

Aldermen chattering, plates loudly clattering,
Sauces bespattering, bumping and battering,
Some hurry-scurry worry for currey,
Venison and widgeon, turtle and pigeon,
Dishes of Olio, wafers in folio,
John Dories and mullets, chicks, capons, and pullets,
Quails, ortolans, teal, pies of truffles and veal,
How they gobble and gash the fat calipash,
That slips down the throttle, like a melted green bottle;
Fish, flesh, fowl and jellies thus cramm'd in their bellies,
How many a stomach, disturbed with a rum ach.
Will have cause to remember the ninth of November!

Hark! hark! to the popping of corks, and the slopping
Of sparkling champagne, as it froths up amain
While tradesmen from Wapping, their diaphragms sopping,
With censure will follow each bumper they swallow.
Mr. Deputy Jarvis, here's to ye, my sarvice!
How like you this Rhenish?—Betwixt and betweenish,—
Is't Hock or Moselle? who the devil can tell?
Nat, call this Madeira! 'Tis all a chimera.
It's Cape, or else made in the Op'ra Colonnade.
And yet I prefar it to vinegar Claret.
There's nothing, *I* think, for a Gemman to drink.—
Please to charge all your glasses—a bumper—"The lasses!"
The King—three times three—Hip! hip! follow me.
The noise and the music now make not a few sick,
And how many made sicker by surfeits and liquor,
Will have cause to remember the Ninth of November! *New Monthly.*

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SONG.

*Translated from the Latin of Buchanan.*

How dark was our land when the Englishman came,
And dyed with the blood of my country his brand;
When Scotchmen forgot all their ancestors fame,
And bow'd them to Edward's then powerful hand.

Till Ellerslie's knight from the gloominess broke,
As bright as St. Fillan's† all luminous hand;
And wherever he came with his lustre awoke
The spirit of bravery over the land.

Oh! may such men as Wallace my country bless ever,
May her sons be as he was resolved to live free
And no one shall Scotland and Liberty sever,
But while the one is so the other shall be.

K.

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## Sketches of Orators, No. I.

### ANTIPHON.

ANTIPHON, an orator of Athens, was the first who wrote an oration, and delivered precepts concerning it. Suidas and

† St Fillan was a famous saint in the north of Scotland who devoted most of his time to transcribing the scriptures. Among other miraculous things related of this holy man we are told in the legend, that at night his left hand burst out in supernatural splendour, so that he required not the aid of the means resorted to for illumination in the early age in which he lived.

Cicero declare, that no man ever went beyond him in pleading of causes of life and death, as it appeared, when he pleaded his own case. He is not only the most ancient, but esteemed as the prince of orators, for he was able to persuade in whatever he proposed. He used to sell his pleadings at a very high rate, so that he became very wealthy. He was contemporary with Socrates, with whom he had frequent conferences. He studied the art of poetry, and professed that he had an art thereby to drive away sadness. He lived in a hired house near the Forum, where he published by pen and paper, that he could cure all griefs, so that when any made their addresses, to him, and related the causes of their sorrows, he very sweetly allayed them. He was his own instructer, and Thucydides, his pupil, says, he was second to none, but most excellent both for invention and elocution. He was put to death B. C. 411. P.

## STANZAS.

'Tis madness to waken,
From love's latent dream,
And to find we're forsaken,
By hope's cheering beam.
It was heaven while it lasted,
But now it is gone,
For ever 'tis blasted,
The vision is flown!

'Twas a dream which the morning
Has chased far away,
It has fled at thy dawning,
Reality's ray!
How maddening to see,
All our bright visions wrecked
And those day dreams which we
Had with youths colours deck'd.

When manhood dawned first,
On reasons maturity,
Imparting a thirst,
To unveil dark futurity;
As forward I glanced,
With my hopes she was blended,
And bright visions danced,
And gay thoughts which ascended.

Like my boy-hoods first dreams,
They have vanished away,
As the mists of the morning,
At the sun's brilliant ray,
Yet of this hope bereft,
By Adversity's wave,
There is one hope still left,
'Tis the hope of the grave!

E F. S.

## THE GERMAN GIBBET.

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.
RICHARD III.

It was evening, towards the latter end of autumn, when the warmth of the midday sun reminds us of the summer just gone, and the coolness of the evening plainly assures us that winter is fast approaching; that I was proceeding homewards on horseback, fortified by a strong great coat against the weather without, and refreshed with a glass of eau-de-vie, that I might feel equally secure within. My road lay for some time along an extensive plain, at the extremity of which there rose a small and thickly overspreading wood, which the road skirted for some distance; and, on a slight eminence at an angle where the last rays of the setting sun threw their gleam across the path, were suspended the remains of a malefactor in chains. They had been hanging there at least ten years; the whole of the flesh was consumed; and here and there, where the coarse dark cloth in which the figure had been wrapped had decayed, the bones, bleached by the weather, protruded.

I confess I am rather superstitious, and certainly did push on, in order that, if possible, I might pass the place before the sun should have set, to accomplish which I put my horse upon a fast trot, which I afterwards increased into a hand gallop. The sun, however, had set, and the twilight, was fast changing into darkness as I rode up. I could not keep my eyes off the spot, for the figure swung slowly backwards and forwards, accompanied by the low harsh creaking of the irons, as it moved to the breeze.

What with exertion, and I may add fear, or something very like it, the perspiration fell in large drops from my forehead, and nearly blinded me, so that I could not refrain from imagining that the white body arm (hand it had none) of the figure, relieved against the dark wood behind, was beckoning to me, as it waved in the wind. On passing it, I put my horse to full speed, and did not once check his pace, or look around, until I had left the German Gibbet (for so it was called) a good mile behind.

It was now a fine, clear, moonlight night, and I had not gone far when I heard the sound of horses' feet at a little distance behind, and about the same time began to feel myself unusually cold. I buttoned up my coat, but that did not make much difference; I took a large comforter from my pocket, and put it round my neck. I felt still colder; and urging my horse forward, I hoped that exercise would warm me; but no, I was still cold. However fast I galloped, I still heard the sound of horses' feet behind at apparently just the same distance, and though I looked around several times, I

could not see a living soul! The sound got faster and faster, nearer and nearer, till at last a small grey pony trotted up, on which sat a tall, thin, melancholy looking man, with a long pointed nose, and dull heavy eyelids, which hung so low, that at first he appeared to be asleep. His countenance, which was extremely pale and cardaverous, was overshadowed by a quantity of long thin white hair, which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed in a thin white jacket, which he wore open, white fustian trowsers, a white hat, his shirt collar open, and no cravat round his neck!

We rode for some time side by side, the stranger never once turning round, or lifting up his eyes to look at me; I could not help regarding him intently, until my eyes ached with the cold. I was obliged every now and then to let go the reins to blow my fingers, which I thought would drop off; and on touching my horse, I found he was as cold as myself! Yet the stranger looked not the least affected by it, for his cloak remained strapped to the saddle behind him, and, indeed, his jacket was flying open, and his shirt-collar unbuttoned as before!

This looked very strange!—there was something mysterious about him: so I resolved to be quit of him as soon as possible; but the faster I rode, the faster rode he; and though my horse appeared as powerful again as the one on which he was riding, yet I found that when it came to the push, his pony could have passed me easily. But that was not his intention; for, when I slackened my pace, he slackened,—and on my pulling up, he pulled up also: still he never looked at me, and there we remained side by side, and I nearly frozen to death with the cold.

Every thing around us was perfectly quiet; and I felt this silence becoming quite appalling; at length, I exclaimed, "Sir! you seem determined we shall not part company, however it may be the wish of one of us." The stranger, after making a slight inclination of his head, expressed, in the most gentlemanly manner, his sorrow that it should be thought he had intruded himself upon me, and his earnest desire that we might proceed together (seeing that our course was the same) on better terms. This was said with so much politeness, that I really could not refuse; being moreover convinced, that if I had, it was totally out of my power to enforce my refusal; so we trotted on together.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Biography.

### MR. JOHN EVANS.

Among the sufferers at the Brunswick Theatre on the 1st of February last, was Mr. John Evans, author of the "Chronological Outline of the History of Bristol." He was well known to a great portion of the inhabitants of that city, and there are not a few who can testify to the active kindness which he constantly manifested, whenever any efforts of his could help to mitigate the calamities of others. Mr. E. had, at different periods of his life, been concerned in editing more than one Newspaper in Bristol, and had recently left it for the purpose of entering into some engagement in the printing business* in London with Mr. Maurice, another of the unfortunate sufferers in the late calamity, in which it is understood he had every prospect of success. The "Chronological Outline," although a book of no pretensions, and very unostentatiously published, is by no means an unimportant work; it contains the substance of many of those Chronicles of Bristol, which were preserved in private families, and has brought us acquainted with a great number of curious facts. For the purpose of reference it is also a work of great convenience, being exceedingly copious and always interesting. Mr. Evans was in his 55th year. He became a widower only a few weeks before his death, and has left behind him three

* It would have been more correct, we have reason to believe, if the biographer of the above gentleman had asserted that Mr. Evans's arrival in town was for the immediate purpose of superintending for Mr. Maurice (Mr. E, employed Mr. M. as a compositor whilst following the vocation of a printer at Bristol many years ago, which circumstance gave rise to the friendship that had subsisted till their untimely deaths for so many years between them uninterrupted) the literary department of the Brunswick Theatre. Mr. Maurice having wisely selected his friend for his abundant information in all matters connected with the Drama to fulfill the important situation.

Several performers who have been decided favorites on the London Boards for their excellence in the Histrionic Art have reaped the greatest advantages, and it may be said to owe all their popularity to having been benefitted by the instruction and friendship of Mr. Evans, whose sound judgment and refined taste was fully equal to that of any person, however conversant in such matters.

It may not be amiss to name two actresses of great celebrity, who have derived the greatest assistance from the advice of Mr. E., one of which is fresh in the memory of most playgoers, we allude to the beautiful Mrs. Mardyn, late of Drury Lane Theatre; the other, is Miss Jarman, of Covent Garden Theatre, who is every day getting nearer the summit of her profession, and earning well-merited "golden opinions from all sorts of people," by her natural and able assumption of character.

orphan children (two daughters and a son)†, of whom the two younger, one from a sickly constitution, and the other from extreme youth, are at present unable to contribute to their own support. A subscription has been set on foot at Bristol for their relief.—*Gents. Mag.*

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—(No. XX.)

### PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

The Mahometans of all countries consider it as an indispensable duty to go in pilgrimage to Mecca. Those who reside in Africa, commonly embark on board vessels which wait for that purpose at the port of Suez, a small town situated at the most northern extremity of the west gulph of the Red sea, whence they proceed to Rabbock, about four days sail from Mecca, where stripping off their clothes, and covering their bodies with only two wrappers, with their heads bare and sandals on their feet, they go on shore, and travel by land to Mecca. The scorching heat of the sun sometimes burns the skin off their backs and arms, and greatly swells their heads; but when their lives are in danger from these austerities, they may put on their clothes on condition that on their arrival at Mecca each shall kill a sheep and give it to the poor. But while dressed in this mortifying habit, it is held unlawful even to cut their nails or to kill the vermin that bites them. They are obliged to keep a guard over their tempers and passions, to preserve a strict government over their tongues, and to make continual use of a prescribed form of devout expressions.

At a short distance from Mecca they are met by persons who come to instruct them in the ceremonies to be used in their worship Upon arriving at their destination these persons conduct them to the fountains where they are to perform their ablutions, and then take them to the temple, where the pilgrims leaving their sandals with one who attends to receive them in the court yard, follow the guide into the sacred edifice. Being led seven times round the building they are conducted back into the street, where they sometimes run, and sometimes walk very quick, the pilgrims imitating their guide with the utmost awe and trembling, performing these superstitions with great seeming devotion.

At one corner of the temple is fastened a black stone framed in with silver, and every time the pilgrims pass the spot, they kiss the stone. The people there have a tradition that this stone was formerly white, but that it is rendered black by the sins of the people who kiss it. The hills which encompass the town consist of a blackish rock, and on the top of one of them is a cave, where they pretend Mahomet usually retired to perform his devotions, and say that the greatest part of the Koran was brought to him here, chapter by chapter by the angel Gabriel. Having visited this holy hill, and gone through all the superstitious ceremonies, they return and seek out for lodgings in the town, and rest awhile after their fatigues.

† The son of the above much lamented individual above-mentioned, is following the profession of an artist, and promises fair at no very distant day to become a painter of eminence. He is aided by the friendship, counsel, and judgment of Mr. Danby whose powers are well known and highly appreciated

## Illustrations of History.

### CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY.

The following impartial character of the persecuting and bigotted Queen Mary, we take from the fourth volume of Soames History of the Reformation recently published, which may be looked on as a valuable and most desirable standard historical work, calculated in every point of view to afford to its perusers the best account of the rise and progress of the Reformation of the English Church.

"Queen Mary was thin and low of stature. Her mouth was large, and although she was short-sighted, her eyes were animated. Her warmest admirers forbore to claim for her the praise of beauty, but they attributed this to ill usage undergone in her youth. Before her troubles, they said, she had been handsome. Her understanding being good, and having been well cultivated, she was thoroughly mistress of Latin, and able to converse in both French and Spanish. Nor was she ignorant of Italian. Her father's love for music was a security against any neglect of her education in that point. She was accordingly a very respectable performer, both upon the harpsichord and guitar. In disposition she was bold and firm, even to obstinacy. In religious observances she was most exact, never failing to hear mass once in every morning. Often, indeed, she heard it twice; and in the after part of the day, it was her invariable habit to attend vespers and the complin. On the principal festivals, she regularly received the Eucharist, dressing herself upon such occasions, in her jewels,

and in her most splendid attire. She seems indeed to have imbibed the most complete veneration for the consecrated wafers of Romanism; being upon her knees before such of them as were reserved in her own oratory for a considerable portion of every day. The last act of her life was the hearing of mass. She probably found herself going fast; and therefore desired that, early as the hour was*, a priest should come and receive the Sacrament in her presence. She continued to gaze upon him until he had accomplished his task, and then closed her eyes to open them no more on this side of the grave. Mary's religious profession was not unproductive of its proper fruits. Her life was strictly moral, and she showed a very commendable degree of feeling for the poor around her country residences; often visiting their abodes, dressed as a private gentlewoman, and inquiring their wants in order to relieve them. In the despatch of public affairs, she was as in every thing else perfectly methodical, regularly devoting to it her afternoons. Any time that she found upon her hands, after having attended to the calls of devotion and business, she spent ordinarily in needlework, furniture for the altar, or other things connected with religious worship, being the general objects of her manual industry. Mary's habits, in short, were those of a professed and sincere devotee. Hence as an abbess she would have been admirable. But she was far too narrow-minded for the Government of a kingdom, especially at the times, and under the circumstances, in which she mounted the throne."

## DOINGS OF 1690.

### CURIOUS HAND BILLS.

THE following curious advertisements are transcripts of some original printed hand-bills still preserved in the British Museum.

"*A Changeling Child.*—To be seen next door to the Black Raven, in West Smithfield, during the time of the fair, being a living skeleton taken by a Venetian Galley, from a Turkish Vessel in the Archipelago: this is a fairy child, supposed to be born of Hungarian parents, but changed in the nursery, aged nine years and more, not exceeding a foot and a half high. The legs, thighs, and arms so very small, that they scarce exceed the bigness of a man's thumb, and the face no bigger than the palm of one's hand; and seems so grave and solid as if it were threescore years old. You may see the whole anatomy of its body by setting it against the sun, or by holding candles behind it. It never speaks, but when passion moves it, it cries like a cat. It has no teeth, but is the most voracious and hungry creature in the world, devouring more victuals than the stoutest man in England. Vivant Rex et Regina."

From the concluding benediction, there can be no doubt, that this exhibition took place in the reign of William and Mary; and it is equally clear, that the following advertisement relates to the same child.

"*To all Gentlemen and Ladies.*—There is to be seen at Mr. Hocknes, at the Maremaid, near the King's Bench, in Southwark, during the time of the fair, a changeling child, being a living skeleton, taken by a Venetian Galley, in the Turks country, in the Archipelago, this is a fairy girl, supposed to be born of Hungarian parents, but changed in the nursery, aged about nine years, one foot and a half high. The legs, thighs, and arms, so very small, that they scarce exceed the bigness of a man's thumb, and the face no bigger than the palm of one's hand; and seems so grave and solid as if it were threescore years old. She is likewise a mere anatomy. Vivant Rex et Regina."

Another though not absolutely a changeling, has many of the characteristics distinguishing that race, and must assuredly be included in it. The handbill is without date.

"*Advertisement.*—In Bridges's-street, in Covent-Garden, over against the Rose Tavern, is to be seen a living fairy, supposed to be a hundred and fifty years old, his face being no bigger than a child's of a month; was found sixty years ago; looked as old as he does now. His head being a great piece of curiosity, having no scull, with several imperfections, worthy your observation." *Ret. Review.*

* Five a. m. Nov. 17, 1558.

## Science and Art.

### PRESERVING WINES IN DRAUGHT.

M. Imery, of Toulouse, has furnished the following simple means of preserving wines in draught for a considerable time: it is merely to pour a flask of fine olive oil into the cask. It is by a similar process that they preserve wine in Tuscany, which they are accustomed to keep in large bottles, the glass of which is too thin to resist the effect of corking them tight. The oil spread in a thin layer

upon the wine, hinders the evaporation of its alcoholic part, as well as prevents it from combining with the atmospheric air, which would not only turn the wine sour but also change its constituent parts.

CURE FOR THE SMALL POX.

At a meeting of the French Royal Academy of Medicine, Monsieur Valpean read an essay to prove, that if the pustules in this disease be cauterized within two days after their eruption, they die away entirely, and, if even later, their duration is abridged, and no traces of them are left. The caustic which he used was a solution of nitrate of silver, into which he dipped a probe, with which he pierced the centre of each pustule; this remedy he had tried in numerous cases with very good effect.

## Anecdotiana.

CAMILLUS AND THE GAULS.

The romantic story of Camillus coming up and defeating the Gauls, as they were receiving the ransom-gold of Rome, is now regarded as a tale void of foundation; but more modern times have seen a deed which strongly resembles and yet exceeds it. About the year 1000, Sixty Norman knights were on their return from a pilgrimage to St. Michael of Gargans, and they happened to arrive at Salerno just at the time when that town was closely pressed by an army of Arabs, had purchased their retreat with a sum of money. They found the inhabitants engaged in collecting the price of their ransom, and the army of the Mussulmans devoid of apprehension. This troop of knights, aided by the most courageous of the inhabitants, took advantage of the dark to fall on the camp of the enemy, and put to the route the 15,000 Arabs whom it contained. The Duke of Salerno wished to reward his deliverers, but they, magnanimous as brave, refused all honours and all recompense.—*Week. Rev*

POPE JULIUS III.

This pope gave a cardinal's hat to a servant that kept his monkey; and being asked the reason of so strange a favour, answered, "That he saw as much in his servant to make him a cardinal, as the Conclave saw in him to elect him pope."

SAMUEL BUTLER, THE AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

That great lover of learning and ingenuity, the Earl of Dorset, hearing the advantageous character of Mr. Butler, author of the excellent burlesque poem entitled Hudibras, ordered Mr. Fleetwood Sheppard to bring him into his lordship's company to empty a bottle of wine with him; which being done, Mr. Butler appeared, whilst the first bottle was drinking, very flat and heavy; at the second bottle, extremely brisk, vivacious, and full of wit and learning, and was very facetious company; but, at the third bottle, sunk again into phlegm and dulness, that none could have imagined him to be the author of Hudibras, whose every line is all wit, mirth and pleasantry. Next morning, Mr. Sheppard asked his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, 'He is like a Moorfield's nine-pin, little at both ends, but very great in the middle.' He knew much, but had not the art to show it.

THE STATUE OF MOSES AT ROME.

A French officer of dragoons, being at Rome, went to view the famous statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. The artist has conveyed into this master-piece, in the opinion of some, all the dignity which a human form and human features are capable of receiving. He has endeavoured to give this statue a countenance worthy of the great legislator of the Jews, the favorite of heaven, who had conversed face to face with the Deity. The officer happened to be acquainted with the history of Moses, but he laid no great stress on any of these circumstances. He admired him much more on account of one adventure, in which he imagined Moses had acquitted himself like a man of spirit, and as he himself would have done:—"Voilà qui est terrible! voilà qui est sublime!" cried he, at sight of the statue; and, after a little pause, he added:—"On voit là un drole qui a donné des coups de bâton en son tems, et qui a tué son homme!"

MY SHIRT.

As Bayes whose cup with poverty was dash'd,
Lay snug in bed, while his one shirt was wash'd;
The dame appeared, and holding it to view,
Said, 'If 'tis wash'd again, 'twill wash in two.'
'Indeed,' cried Bayes: 'then wash it, pray good cousin,
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen!'

EPITAPH.

Breath is a truant, all mankind can see:
"I caught a cold, then breath ran out of me."
P.

IMPROMPTU.

*To an Author on being asked how I liked his new work.*

My heart was o'ercharged with grief,
My eyes were red with weeping,
I took your book, I found relief,
It quickly sent me sleeping.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| June 4 | St. Quirinus. | June 4 | St, Quirinus was Bishop of Siseia, and is said to have suffered martyrdom, A. D. 303, or 304. He has been ranked by Fortunatus, as one of the most illustrious martyrs of the Church.<br>1738. Born on this day King George III, the father of our present most gracious sovereign. During the whole time of his sitting on the British throne, a period of sixty years, he was greatly beloved by his subjects, and died much lamented. |
| —— 5 | St. Boniface.<br>Corpus Christi. | —— 5 | This saint was a Saxon presbyter, and a native of Devonshire, he was murdered A. D. 755, in the seventy fifth year of his age, in a barbarous manner by the peasantry near Utretcht, while preaching the Christian Religion.<br>Corpus Christi. This festival was appointed by the Romish Church, in honour of the Eucharist, and falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It is called the *Fete Dieu*, and is one of the most remarkable festivals of the above Church. It begins on Trinity Sunday, and terminates on the following Sunday.<br>1771. Born on this day the brother of his Majesty, His Royal Highness, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. |
| —— 6 | St. Norbert. | —— 6 | St. Norbert was born at Santon, in the duchy of Cleves, he was chosen bishop of Magdeburgh, A. D. 1132, and died two years after. He was a man of great piety, and fulfilled the duties of his bishopric with the utmost zeal.<br>1606. The celebrated French Dramatist and Poet, Peter Corneille was born at Rouen, the most esteemed of his performances is that which bears the title of the Cid, produced in 1637.<br>1814. The allied sovereigns, the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, and suite land at Dover on this day in the evening, on a visit to the present King, then Prince Regent. |
| —— 7 | St. Paul. | —— 7 | St. Paul, native of Thessalonica, was elected bishop of Constantinople, A. D. 340, and in the same year was unjustly deposed by an assembly of Arian prelates. He suffered martyrdom at Accusus, a town on the borders of Cappadocia and Armenia, A. D. 350.<br>1815. On this day, Ferdinand IV. after the abdication of Joachim Murat, king of Naples, made his public entry into that capital, after an absence from it of nine years. |
| —— 8 | St. Medard. | —— 8 | St. Medard was a native of Salency in Picardy, he was consecrated bishop by Remigus, the baptizer of Clovis, King of France. He died A. D. 545, ÆT 88. Having fulfilled the duties of his pastoral charge with the greatest zeal and ability.<br>1376. Died of consumption, the hero of Poictiers and Crecy, Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward III, he was buried at Canterbury.<br>1695. Expired at his native place the Hague, Christian Huygens, the great Mathematician, ÆT 66. He was the first person that discovered that the planet Saturn had an attendant Satellite. |
| —— 9 | Sts. Primus & Felicianus. | —— 9 | These saints were brothers, and suffered martyrdom for not sacrificing to the false gods, A. D. 386<br>1760. Died at Chelsea, Nicholas Lewes, Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the religious society called Moravians. He was a native of Saxony. |
| —— 10 | St. Margaret of Scotland | —— 10 | St. Margaret was wife of Malcolm, and crowned queen 1070. She was a woman of great piety and benevolence. Pope Innocent IV. canonized her in 1251.<br>1735. Died at Oxford, ÆT 55, the learned antiquary Thomas Hearne. He was the publisher of a number of ancient MSS, and editions of old books, among which are Spelman's life of Alfred and Leland's Itinerary. |

The Combat between Harry Smith and Bonthron.

# Chronicles of the Canongate.

SECOND SERIES.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY; OR, THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

*(Continued from Page 342.)*

Our extracts from this admirable tale are now drawing to a close; but before we wind up the story of Henry Gow and the Fair maid, we must indulge our readers with the following scene between Oliver Proudfute, and Harry Gow, which in its spirit and humour approaches more nearly to the quaintness and racy humour of our immortal Shakspeare than modern writing has ever before approached.

We have let our readers know somewhat already of Mister Oliver Proudfute, the bonnet maker: of his ambition to distinguish himself in "arms," and of his pretensions to being "cunning at fence;" Oliver has been set upon by some uproarious spirits disguised as maskers, who force him to swallow a huge calabash of sack, which he gulps with many a wry face; they then bestow on him the honour of knighthood, but half fracture his shoulder-blade in laying on him the sword of honour The bonnet-maker's vaunted valour forsakes him, and finding himself thus at odds, he thinks it as well to follow after it; and, accelerated by the laugh and halloo behind him, arrives at the Smith's door before he stops, where he knocks loudly for admittance.

"No one answered to his first knock, and perhaps, as these recollections arose, in the momentary pause of recollection which circumstances permitted, the perplexed Bonnet-maker might have flinched from his purpose, and made his retreat to his own premises, without venturing upon the interview which he had purposed. But a distant strain of minstrelsy revived his apprehensions of falling once more into the hands of the gay maskers from whom he had escaped, and he renewed his summons on the door of the Smith's dwelling, with a hurried, though faltering hand. He was then appalled by the

deep, yet not unmusical voice of Henry Gow, who answered from within,—— "Who calls at this hour?—and what is it that you want?"

"'It is I—Oliver Proudfute,' replied the Bonnet-maker; 'I have a merry jest to tell you, gossip Henry.'

"'Carry thy foolery to some other market. I am in no jesting humour,' said Henry. 'Go hence—I will see no one to-night.'

"'But, gossip—good gossip,' answered the martialist without, 'I am beset with villains, and beg the shelter of your roof!'

"'Fool that thou art!' replied Henry; 'no dunghill cock, the most recreant that has fought this Fastern's Even, would ruffle his feathers at such a craven as thee!'

At this moment another strain of minstrelsy, and, as the Bonnet-maker conceited, one which approached much nearer, goaded his apprehensions to the uttermost; and in a voice, the tones of which expressed the undisguised extremity of instant fear, he exclaimed,——

"'For the sake of our old gossipred, and for the love of Our blessed Lady, admit me, Henry, if you would not have me found a bloody corpse at thy door, slain by the bloody-minded Douglasses!'

"'That would be a shame to me,' thought the good-natured Smith; 'and sooth to say, his peril may be real. There are roving hawks that will strike at a sparrow as soon as a heron.'

"With these reflections, half-muttered half-spoken, Henry undid his well-fastened door, proposing to reconnoitre the reality of the danger before he permitted his unwelcome guest to enter the house But as he looked abroad to ascertain how matters stood, Oliver bolted in like a scared deer into a thicket, and harboured himself by the Smith's kitchen-fire, before Henry could look up and down the lane, and satisfy himself there were no enemies in pursuit of the apprehensive fugitive. He secured his door, therefore, and returned into the kitchen, displeased that he had suffered his gloomy solitude to be intruded upon by sympathizing with apprehensions, which he thought he might have known were so easily excited as those of his timid townsman.'

" ' How now ?' he said coldly enough, when he saw the Bonnet-maker calmly seated by his hearth. ' What foolish revel is this, Master Oliver ?—I see no one near to harm you.'

" ' Give me a drink, kind gossip,' said Oliver ; ' I am choked with the haste I have made to come hither.'

" ' I have sworn,' said Henry, ' that this shall be no revel night in this house —I am in my work day clothes, as you see, and keep fast, as I have reason, instead of holiday. You have had wassail enough for the holiday evening, for you speak thick already—If you wish more ale or wine, you must go elsewhere.'

" ' I have had over much wassail already,' said poor Oliver, ' and have been wellnigh drowned in it.—That accursed calabash !—A draught of water, kind gossip—you will not surely let me ask for that in vain ? or, if it is your will, a cup of cold small ale.'

" ' Nay, if that be all,' said Henry, ' it shall not be lacking. But it must have been much which brought thee to the pass of asking for either.'

" So saying, he filled a quart flagon from a barrel that stood nigh, and presented it to his guest. Oliver eagerly accepted it, raised it to his head with a trembling hand, imbibed the contents with lips which quivered with emotion, and, though the potation was as thin as he had requested, so much was he exhausted with the combined fears of alarm and of former revelry, that when he placed the flagon on the oak table, he uttered a deep sigh of satisfaction, and remained silent.

" ' Well, now you have had your draught, gossip,' said the Smith, ' what is it you want ? Where are those that threatened you ? I could see no one.'

" ' No—but there were twenty chased me into the wynd,' said Oliver. ' But when they saw us together, you know they lost the courage that brought all of them upon one of us.'

" ' Nay, do not trifle, friend Oliver,' replied his host ; ' my mood lies not that way.'

" ' I jest not, by St. John of Perth. I have been stayed and foully outraged, (gliding his hand sensitively over the place affected) by mad Robin of Rothsay roaring Ramorny, and the rest of them. They made me drink a firkin of Malvoisie.'

" ' Thou speakest folly, man—Ramorny is sick nigh to death, as the potter-carrier every-where reports ; they and he cannot surely rise at midnight to do such frolics.'

" ' I cannot tell,' replied Oliver ; ' but the party by torch-light, and I can make bodily oath to the bonnets I made for them since last Innocent's. They are of a quaint device, and I should know my own stitch.'

" ' Well, thou mayst have had wrong,' answered Henry. ' If thou art in real danger, I will cause them get a bed for thee here. But you must fill it presently for I am not in the humour of talking.'

" ' Nay, I would thank thee for my quarters for a night, only my Maudie will be angry—that is, not angry, for that I care not for—but the truth is, she is over anxious on a revel night like this, knowing my humour is like thine, for a word and a blow.'

" ' Why, then, go home,' said the Smith, ' and show her that her treasure is in safety, Master Oliver—the streets are quiet—and, to speak a blunt word, I would be alone.'

" ' Nay, but I have things to speak with thee about of moment,' replied Oliver, who, afraid to stay, seemed yet unwilling to go. ' There has been a stir in our city council about the affair of St. Valentine's Even. The Provost told me not four hours since, that the Douglas and he had agreed that the feud should be decided by yeoman on either part, and that our acquaintance, the Devil's Dick was to waive his gentry, and take up the cause for Douglas and the nobles, and that you or I should fight for the Fair City. Now, though I am the elder burgess, yet I am willing, for the love and kindness we have always borne to each other, to give thee the precedence, and content myself with the humbler office of stickler.'

" Henry Smith, though angry, could scarce forbear a smile.

" ' If it is that which breaks thy quiet, and keeps thee out of thy bed at midnight I will make the matter easy. Thou shalt not lose the advantage offered thee. I have fought a score of duels, far, far too many. Thou hast I think, only encountered with thy wooden Soldan—it were unjust—unfair —unkind—in me to abuse thy friendly offer. So go home, good fellow, and let not the fear of losing honour disturb thy slumbers. Rest assured that thou shalt answer the challenge, as good right thou hast, having had injury from this rough rider.'

" ' Gramercy, and thank thee kindly,' said Oliver, much embarrassed by his friend's unexpected deference ; ' thou art the good friend I have always thought thee. But I have as much friendship for Henry Smith, as he for Oliver Proudfute. I swear by St. John, I will not fight in this quarrel to thy prejudice. So, having said so, I am beyond the reach of tempta-

tion, since thou wouldst not have me mansworn, though it were to fight twenty duels.

" ' Hark thee,' said the Smith, ' acknowledge thou art afraid Oliver, tell the honest truth at once, otherwise I leave thee to make the best of thy quarrel.'

" ' Nay, good gossip,' replied the Bonnet-maker, ' thou knowest I am never afraid. But, in sooth, this is a desperate ruffian; and as I have a wife——poor Maudie, thou knowest—and a small family, and thou——'

" ' And I,' interrupted Henry, hastily, ' have none, and never shall have.'

" ' Why, truly,—such being the case —I would rather thou fought'st this combat than I.'

" ' Now, by our holidame, gossip,' answered the Smith, ' thou art easily gulled. Know, thou silly fellow, that Sir Patrick Charteris, who is ever a merry man, hath but jested with thee. Dost thou think he would venture the honour of the city on thy head? or that I would yield thee the precedence in which such a matter was to be disputed? Lack-a-day, go home, let Maudie tie a warm night-cap on thy head; get thee a warm breakfast, and a cup of distilled waters, and thou wilt be in case to-morrow to fight with thy wooden dromond, or Soldan as thou call'st him, the only thing thou wilt ever lay downright blow upon.'

" ' Ay, say'st thou so, comrade?' answered Oliver, much relieved, yet deeming it necessary to seem in part offended. ' I care not for thy dogged humour; it is well for thee thou canst not wake my patience to the point of falling foul. Enough—we are gossips, and this house is thine. Why should the two best blades in Perth clash with each other? What! I know thy rugged humour, and can forgive it.—But is the feud really soldered up?'

" ' As completely as ever hammer fixed rivet,' said the Smith. ' The town hath given the Johnston a purse of gold, for not ridding them of a troublesome fellow called Oliver Proudfute, when he had him at his mercy; and this purse of gold buys for the Provost the Sleepless Isle, which the King grants him, for the King pays all in the long run. And thus Sir Patrick gets the comely Inch, which is opposite to his dwelling, and all honour is saved on both sides, for what is given to the Provost, is given, you understand, to the town. Besides all this, the Douglas has left Perth to march against the Southron, whom men say are called into the Marches by the false Earl of March. So the Fair City is quit of him and his cumber.

" ' But, in St. John's name, how came all that about?' said Oliver; ' and no one spoken to about it?'

" ' Why, look thee, friend Oliver, this I take to have been the case. The fellow whom I cropped of a hand, is now said to have been a servant of Sir John Ramorny's, who hath fled to his mother-land of Fife, to which Sir John himself is also to be banished, with full consent of every honest man. Now, anything which brings in Sir John Ramorny, touches a much greater man—I think Simon Glover told as much to Sir Patrick Charteris. If it be as I guess, I have reason to thank Heaven, and all the saints I stabbed him not upon the ladder when I made him prisoner.'

" ' And I too thank Heaven, and all the saints, most devoutly,' said Oliver. ' I was behind thee, thou knowest, and ——'

" ' No more of that, if thou be'st wise—There are laws against striking princes,' said the Smith, ' best not handle the horse-shoe till it cools. All is hushed up now.'

" ' If this be so,' said Oliver, partly disconcerted, but still more relieved, by the intelligence he received from his better informed friend, ' I have reason to complain of Sir Patrick Charteris for jesting with the honour of an honest burgess, being as he is, Provost of our town.'

" ' Do, Oliver; challenge him to the field, and he will bid his yeoman loose his dogs on thee.—But come, night wears apace, will you be shogging?'

" ' Nay, I had one word more to say to thee, good gossip. But first, another cup of your cold ale.'

" ' Pest on the, for a fool! Thou makest me wish thee where cold liquors are a scarce comodity.—There, swill the barrelful an thou wilt.'

" Oliver took the second flagon, but drank, or rather seemed to drink, very slowly in order to gain time for considering how he should introduce his second subject of conversation, which seemed rather delicate for the Smith's present state of irritability. At length, nothing better occurred to him than to plunge into the subject at once, with, ' I have seen Simon Glover to-day, gossip.'

" ' Well,' said the Smith, in a low, deep, and stern tone of voice, ' and if thou hast, what is that to me?'

" ' Nothing—nothing,' answered the appalled Bonnet-maker. ' Only I thought you might like to know that he questioned me close, if I had seen the on St. Valentine's day, after the uproar at the Dominicans', and in what company thou wert.'

" ' And I warrant thou told'st him that thou met'st me with a glee-woman, in the mirk loaning yonder?'

" ' Thou know'st, Henry, I have no gift at lying, but I made it all up with him.'

" ' As how, I pray you?' said the Smith.

" ' Marry, thus,—Father Simon, said I, you are an old man, and know not the quality of us, in whose veins, youth is like quicksilver. You think now, he cares about this girl, said I, and, perhaps, that he has her somewhere here in Perth, in a corner? No such matter; I know, said I, and I will make oath to it, that she left his house early next morning for Dundee. Ha! have I helped thee at need?'

" ' Truly, I think thou hast, and if anything could add to my grief and vexation at this moment, it is, that when I am so deep in the mire, an ass like thee should place his clumsy hoof on my head, to sink me entirely. Come, away with thee and mayst thou have such merit as thy meddling humour deserves, and then, I think, thou wilt be found with a broken neck in the next gutter—Come, get you out, or I will put you to the door with head and shoulders forward.'

" ' Ha, ha!' exclaimed Oliver, laughing with some constraint; ' thou art such a groom! But in sadness, gossip Henry, wilt thou not take a turn with me to my own house, in the Meal Vennal?'

" ' Curse thee, no,' answered the Smith.

" ' I will bestow the wine on thee, if thou wilt go,' said Oliver.

" ' I will bestow the cudgel on thee, if thou stay'st,' said Henry.

" ' Nay, then, I will don thy buff-coat and cap of steel, and walk with thy swashing step, and whistling thy pibroch of, ' Broken Bones at Loncarty;' and if they take me for thee, there dare not four of them come near me.'

" ' Take all, or any thing thou wilt, in the fiend's name! only be gone.'

" ' Well, well, Hal, we shall meet when thou art in better humour,' said Oliver, who had put on the dress.

" ' Go—and may I never see thy coxcombly face again.'

" Oliver at last relieved his host by swaggering off, imitating, as well as he could, the sturdy step and outward gesture of his redoubted companion, and whistling a pibroch, composed on the rout of the Danes at Loncarty, which he had picked up from its being a favourite of the Smith's, whom he made a point of imitating as far as he could. But as the innocent, though conceited fellow, stepped out from the entrance of the wynd, where it communicated with the High Street, he received a blow from behind, against which his head-piece was no defence, and he fell dead upon the spot; an attempt to utter the name of Henry, to whom he always looked for protection, quivering upon his dying tongue."

The accoutrements of war in which his body is found, give rise to a rumour throughout Perth, that it is Henry Smith who has come by " the death." Our readers are already acquainted with the incidents which follow upon this rumour.* At a convocation of the citizens, the death of Oliver is discussed, and the honour of the city is to be maintained against the villain who dealt the deadly blow, a ruffian named Bonthron, in the service of Ramorny. The widow of the bonnet-maker enters among the assembly, and after some points of ceremony are gone through, she is commanded to name her champion.

" All eyes were turned to Henry Smith whom the general voice had already pointed out as in every respect the fittest to act as champion on the occasion. But the widow waited not for the general prompting of their looks. As soon as Sir Patrick had spoken, she crossed the floor to the place where, near the bottom of the table, the armourer stood among the men of his degree, and took him by the hand:—

" ' Henry Gow, or Smith,' she said, ' good burgher and craftsman, my——my—'

" Husband, she would have said, but the word would not come forth; she was obliged to change the expression.

" ' He who is gone, loved and prized you over all men; therefore meet it is that thou shouldst follow out the quarrel of his widow and orphans.'

" If there had been a possibility, which in that age there was not, of Henry's rejecting or escaping from a trust for which all men seemed to destine him, every wish and idea of retreat was cut off, when the widow began to address him; and a command from Heaven could hardly have made a stronger impression than did the appeal of the unfortunate Magdalen. Her allusion to his intimacy with the deceased moved him to the soul. During Oliver's life, doubtless, there had been a strain of absurdity in his excessive predilection for Henry, which, considering how very different they were in character, had in it something ludicrous. But all this was now forgotten, and Henry, giving way

* See the illustrated article in our last.

to his natural ardour, only remembered that Oliver had been his friend and intimate; a man who had loved and honoured him as much as he was capable of entertaining such sentiments for any one; and above all, that there was much reason to suspect that the deceased had fallen victim to a blow meant for Henry himself.

"It was, therefore, with an alacrity which, the minute before, he could scarce have commanded, and which seemed to express a stern pleasure, that, having pressed his lips to the cold brow of the unhappy Magdalen, the armourer replied,—

"'I, Henry the Smith, dwelling in the Wynd of Perth, good man and true, and freely born, accept the office of champion to this widow Magdalen, and these orphans, and will do battle in their quarrel to the death, with any man whomsoever of my own degree, and that so long as I shall draw breath. So help me at my need God and good St. John!'

"There arose from the audience a half suppressed cry, expressing the interest which the persons present took in the prosecution of the quarrel, and their confidence in the issue.

The body of the murdered man is then taken to the church of St. John, where the ordeal of touching it is gone through by the persons suspected. Eviot, Sir Ramorney's page, first goes through the ordeal.

"He paused before the bier, and his voice faltered, as he swore by all that was created in seven days and seven nights, by heaven, by hell, by his part of paradise, and by the God and author of all, that he was free and sackless of the bloody deed done upon the corpse before which he stood, and on whose breast he made the sign of the cross, in evidence of the appeal. No consequences ensued. The body remained stiff as before; the curdled wounds gave no sign of blood.

"The citizens looked on each other with faces of blank disappointment. They had persuaded themselves of Eviot's guilt; and their suspicions had been confirmed by his irresolute manner. Their surprise at his escape was therefore extreme. The other followers of Ramorny took heart, and advanced to take the oath, with a boldness which increased, as one by one they performed the ordeal, and were declared, by the voice of the judges, free and innocent of every suspicion attaching to them on account of the death of Oliver Proudfute.

"But there was one individual, who did not partake that increasing confidence. The name of 'Bonthron——Bonthron!' sounded three times through the aisles of the church; but he who owned it acknowledged the call no otherwise than by a sort of shuffling motion with his feet, as if he had been suddenly affected with a fit of the palsy.

"'Speak dog,' whispered Eviot, 'or prepare for a dog's death!'

"But the murderer's brain was so much disturbed by the sight before him, that the judges, beholding his deportment, doubted whether to ordain him to be dragged before the bier, or to pronounce judgment in default; and it was not until he was asked for the last time, whether he would submit to the ordeal, that he answered; with his usual brevity,—

"'I will not,—what do I know what juggling tricks may be practised to take a poor man's life?—I offer the combat to any man who says I harmed that dead body.'

"And, according to usual form, he threw his glove upon the floor of the church.

"Henry Smith stepped forward, amidst the murmured applauses of his fellow citizens, which even the august presence could not entirely suppress; and lifting the ruffian's glove, which he placed in his bonnet, laid down his own in the usual form, as a gage of battle. But Bonthron raised it not.

"'He is no match for me,' growled the savage 'nor fit to lift my glove. I follow the Prince of Scotland, in attending on his Master of Horse. This fellow is a wretched mechanic.'

"Here the Prince interrupted him. 'Thou follow *me*, caitiff! I discharge thee from my service on the spot.—Take him in hand, Smith, and beat him as thou didst never thump anvil!—The villain is both guilty and recreant. It sickens me even to look at him; and if my royal father will be ruled by me, he will give the parties two handsome Scottish axes, and we will see which of them turns out the best fellow before the day is half an hour older.'

"This was readily assented to by the Earl of Crawford and Sir Patrick Chateris, the godfathers of the parties, who, as the combatants were men of inferior rank, agreed that they should fight in steel caps, buff jackets, and with axes; and that as soon as they could be prepared for the combat.

"The lists were appointed in the Skinner's Yards, a neighbouring space of ground, occupied by the corporation from which it had the name, and who quickly cleared a space of about thirty feet by twenty-five, for the combatants, and thither thronged the nobles, priests, and commons.

"When the combatants appeared in the lists, nothing could be more striking than the contrast betwixt the manly, cheerful countenance of the Smith, whose sparkling bright eye seemed already beaming with the victory he hoped for, and the sullen, downcast aspect of the brutal Bonthron, who looked as if he were some obscene bird, driven into sunshine out of the shelter of its darksome haunts. They made oath severally, each to the truth of his quarrel; a ceremony which Henry Gow performed with serene and manly confidence—Bonthron with a dogged resolution, which induced the Duke of Rothsay to say to the High Constable, 'Didst thou ever, my dear Errol, behold such a mixture of malignity, cruelty, and I think fear, as in that fellow's countenance?'

"'He is not comely,' said the Earl, 'but a powerful knave as I have seen.'

"'I'll gage a hogshead of wine with you, my good lord, that he loses the day. Henry the armourer is as strong as he, and much more active. And then look at his bold bearing! There is something in that other fellow that is loathsome to look upon. Let them yoke presently, my dear Constable, for I am sick of beholding him.'

"The high Constable then addressed the widow, who, in her deep weeds, and having her children still beside her, occupied a chair within the list:—'Woman, do you willingly accept of this man, Henry the Smith, to do battle as your champion in this cause?'

"'I do—I do, most willingly,' answered Magdalen Proudfute; 'and may the blessing of God and St. John give him strength and fortune, since he strikes for the orphan and fatherless!'

"'Then I pronounce this a fenced field of battle,' said the Constable aloud. 'Let no one dare, upon peril of his life, to interrupt this combat by word, speech, or look.—Sound trumpets, and fight, combatants!'

"The trumpets flourished, and the combatants, advancing from the opposite end of the lists, with a steady and even pace, looked at each other attentively, well skilled in judging from the motion of the eye, the direction in which a blow was meditated. They halted opposite to, and within reach of each other, and in turn made more than one feint to strike, in order to ascertain the activity and vigilance of the opponent. At length, whether weary of the manœuvres, or fearing lest in a contest so conducted, his unwieldy strength would be foiled by the activity of the Smith, Bonthron heaved up his axe for a downright blow, adding the whole strength of his sturdy arms to the weight of the weapon in its descent. The Smith, however, avoided the stroke by stepping aside; for it was too forcible to be controlled by any guard which he could have interposed. Ere Bonthron recovered guard, Henry struck him a sidelong blow on the steel head piece; which prostrated him on the ground.

"'Confess, or die,' said the victor, placing his foot on the body of the vanquished; and holding to his throat the point of the axe, which terminated in a spike or poniard.

"'I will confess,' said the villain, glaring wildly upward on the sky. 'Let me arise.'

"'Not till you have yielded,' said Harry Smith.

"'I do yield,' again murmured Bonthron, and Henry proclaimed aloud that his antagonist was defeated.

"The Dukes of Rothsay and Albany, the High Constable, and the Dominican Prior, now entered the lists, and addressing Bonthron, demanded if he acknowledged himself vanquished.

"'I do,' answered the miscreant.

"'And guilty of the murder of Oliver Proudfute?'

"'I am—but I mistook him for another.'

"'And whom didst thou intend to slay?" said the Prior. 'Confess, my son, and merit thy pardon in another world, for with this thou hast little more to do.'

"'I took the slain man,' answered the discomfited combatant, 'for him whose hand has struck me down, whose foot now presses me.'

"'Blessed be the saints!' said the Prior; 'now all those who doubt the virtue of the holy ordeal, may have their eyes opened to their error. Lo, he is trapped in the snare which he laid for the guiltless.'

The wretch Bonthron is then taken forth and hanged, whilst Harry Smith is feasted and flattered for his valour, by the magistrates and good citizens of Perth.

*(To be Concluded in our next.)*

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## THE EXECUTION.

The death-bell tolled more dismal than its wont;
And chilling horror left her gloomy bed,
And shook her hideous wings!—within a cell,
That sombre thoughts made dreary; pale and thin,
Sate, calmed by dread despondency, a youth:
No ruffian sneer was curling of his lip,
No frown of malice wrinkled on his brow;
But all his features, like some marble work,
Had one plain fix'd impression—hopeless woe!

With what unequal throbs his bosom heaved;
As though mad thoughts were wrestling within,
And trampling down his soul! what heart-born groans
Came on his hurried breath!—but, what he felt,—
Oh! that we scarce can think and cannot tell!
He sate, the wretched erring mortal, who
Was now to pay to men his forfeit life!

Now the stern jailors urge him through the drear,
Dark passages the prison-walls enclose;
And guide him thro' the door that leads to liberty,
To him the liberty of death!———a murmur'd buzz
Comes from the crowd beneath, and wakes him strait
From the half-sleep of fevered agony!——
Could justice now but look upon his face,
The picture of his soul, that seems to writhe
Upon a mental rack, as the cool breeze
Comes new upon his lungs, she would relent,
And stay the horrid doom! The morning sun
Makes Nature smile, as tho' to make life seem
Sweeter than ever to his last sad look!

And are they men who hasten him to death,—
And have they hearts to feel—and have they sinned,—
And have they children, who like he may err,—
And yet look ruthless on?———

But one, of serious cast and sombre dress,
Seems tending him with pity!—Hark! his voice
Tells themes of Heav'n, and of Heav'ns great love,
That has a mercy for the worst in store;
And bids him look above for that, which men,
Have stern denied to him!—Alas! that all
Should laud the mercy of their God above;
And yet not strive to imitate it here!

A moment's pause,
Of dire import, hushes the half-heard din;
And, lo! he's struggling with the dying pang!
The dreadful spectacle!—'Tis God's own image
That men have dared to marr! forgetful still,
That their own lives by many a sin are stain'd!

But hark!—a dying shriek
Startles the quiet air!—Oh! 'twas from one,
Who could not fly, yet could not bear the scene!—
That maiden, she had built her hopes of life
On him—the wretched victim of stern laws!
And to him still her heart had fondly clung,
And thought him still the purest of them all!
Far happier hours they once had known, nor thought
Of that as possible, which now—has been!
The pleasing thraldom of a first affection
Had bound their hearts in one; ere guilt had made
Havoc of his fresh fame, and marr'd their bliss.—
Poor hapless one! my tears shall dew thy fate;
Tho' thou art past the suff'rings of this world!
A God, who is not pitiless as Man,
Will recompense thee for the pangs thou'st felt;
And, in a land of joy, thou'lt meet thy love,
Made pure, immortal!

R. JARMAN.

## REMARKS ON THE SATIRE OF EMINENT ENGLISH AUTHORS.

What a noble Poem would that be which did justice to its name of "London a Satire!" The highest kind of satire belongs to the highest kind of poetry. Isaiah and Jeremiah were satirists—and is London not another Babylon? But those bards were prophets—the generations now are the uninspired sons of little men. Yet let no poet but of the highest order stir up with a long pole the wild beasts in that den of many cages, whether he desires to show up and off lions, bears, tigers, panthers, ounces, jaguars, hyenas, wolves, asleep or feeding—or desires, by some gentler touch, to exhibit in their natural attitudes and postures zebras, quagas, nylghaus, antelopes, kangaroos, opossums, apes, and monkeys———standing boldly or gracefully as if in their own African or Asiatic deserts, or sitting anomously on their hurdies, as if in New Holland or Van Diemen's Land, or swinging all a-grin and a-chatter over bar and to wire, as if gathering a "pretty considerable snatch of nuts, I guess," in the woods of the New World, "and then right slick away," in terror of Jonathan's rifle, paid for at five dollars a-day by a naturalist in Philadelphia.

Dr. Johnson's "London, a Satire," is a noble poem. But his great moral genius was constrained in composition by the perpetual parody on his powerful prototype Juvenal. To have shewn so much genius and so much ingenuity at one and the same time, to have been so original even in imitation, places him in the highest order of minds. But his range was here circumscribed; for he had to move parallel with the Roman,—finding out in every passage corresponding and kindred sins,—and in order to preserve—which he did wondrously—the similitude—

"To bridle in his struggling muse with pain,
Which long'd to launch into a nobler strain."

He had noble faculties and noble feelings—a hate high as heaven of wickedness, a scorn as high of all that was base or mean—wide knowledge of the World, of London, of Life—severe judgment—imagination not very various, perhaps, but very vivid, and, when conjoined with such an intellect, even wonder-working in realms that seemed scarcely of right to belong to the solemn sage—witness the Happy Valley of Rasselas, and indeed all that as yet unsurpassed Story, where, on the wings of fancy and feeling, you are wafted along over the earth, yet never lose sight of its flesh-and-blood inhabitants working and weeping, yet not unhappy still in

their toils and their tears, and dying but to live again in no cold, glittering, poetic heaven, but in the abodes of bliss, seen by the eyes of nature through the light of religion, builded in the skies.

Dryden was a fine, bold, stout, strong, and sweeping satirist; but, vacillating in his own principles and practice, in many of the highest affairs which a man has to discuss and settle with his own soul, "Glorious John," with the native strength of a giant, sometimes felt his own knees smiting against one another, his legs tottering, his footing unsure; and therefore he not unfrequently failed to pour out the whole force of his fury, often most wordy when weakest far—for surely, had it been otherwise, he needed not to have feared—or at least not to have fancied—such a sumph as Shadwell. Dryden seems to have been a man of wavering principles, but warm and generous feelings; so he had one of the best, and one of the worst qualities, which a satirist can possess. But then, what an ear for music!

> "The long resounding march, the energy divine!"

What clearness too of diction, through all his easy-flowing versification of various murmur! So that you are never wearied with the delight of listening to the voice of the stream on which you float down between majestic banks. Even when the satire languishes, the poetry is magnificent; and you are brought back, with a refreshed appetite, to devour the castigation of the knave or fool whom you and the poet had for a while forgotten. But we shall have an article ere long on Dryden, possibly, nay probably, not much inferior in talent, and most certainly greatly superior in truth, to that able and eloquent one in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review by Commissioner Macaulay.

Pope was an exquisite satirist—but it is not an exquisite satirist that is to show up such a City as London to scorn. His pigmy and puny body did somewhat affect the character of his mind. We fear that poor Pope was often ailing—that perhaps he never in all his life enjoyed one day of perfect health. This gave something, at times, touching to his character—and to his situation much that was even pathetic. In his serious poetry, sorrow is seen, we think, through many passages; and his mirth, which is rare, is seldom without a tinge—a dash of melancholy. It was only when he gave vent to love or indignation that he was a great writer. Witness his Eloisa to Abelard—and his Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady—and the glorious Dunciad. In the first of these poems, the Eloisa, Pope treated the bitterness of the passion of love, under circumstances so peculiar and strange, that none but such a man could ever have dreamt of meddling with them;—poor unfortunate little fellow! And in the Dunciad, when his ire was kindled, on a subject where he felt himself strong as on the other he was weak——his literary, not his amatory powers—how in mud he drowned the dunces!—His love for "the Blount" was tender, passionate, undeserved, and ill-requited, by an ordinary woman, who could never help despising the very being of whom she was nevertheless proud—for the contempt was the more natural emotion of the two to such a creature—the pride was secondary and acquired. How bitterly he calumniated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, for reasons plain enough—till her fair face grew as red as her petticoat, and as blue as her stockings. Then he became a courtier, in the feebleness of his person. He panegyrized such lords as Marchmont and Cobham, till they both must have blushed black;—but posterity heeds not their blushes, for posterity has forgotten them both, embalmed though they be in Epistles, which whether they be indeed poetry or not, you must consult the late Lord Byron and the present Mr. Bowles, the late Mr. Gilchrist and the present Mr. Roscoe—Mr. Campbell, whose opinion, even when wrong, is worth its weight in gold, and that immeasurable donkey, Mac Dermot on Taste and Tragedy, whose ears, "casting their shadows before," have been known to frighten out of their wits children at play in the churchyard, where he had chanced to be on the look-out for thistles, and who were thus saved—poor dear innocents—by insensibility, from the prolonged horrors of his super-asinine bray.

Talking of churchyards, old big-wigged Dr. Young, author of the Night Thoughts, a Poem which will always be read by thoughtful people who have but few books, are poor, and live in the country, was no small shakes in satire. He was himself the prey of his own epigrammatic genius, that would never let him rest in ordinary speech, but kept pointing every line as it came up, often at the wrong end, so that the careless reader is sometimes unexpectedly stung, and loses his temper, like an old woman taking up without due caution a needle by the sharp nose, instead of the blunt eye—or a pin out of her mouth in like predicament. Yet the doctor had a clear far-seeing eye to vice and folly. He did not, however, "shoot folly as it flies,"

for he was afraid of missing, but let bang at her in the seat, and it is funny to see her, like a hare shot in form, jumping up some six feet or so, and then down again to the ground with a thud, a quadrupedal sprawl, and then over on her back or side, stone-dead. The Doctor sometimes makes "much ado about nothing," and mouths as if in the pulpit. You always know that you are reading a satire written by a man in black, and with bands. He sometimes seems to be angry with sins solely because they insult him in his character of a clergyman, and have no respect for the cloth. He writes, at other times, like a disappointed man who had no hopes of ever becoming a bishop; and perhaps in lawn sleeves he had been less truculent about trifles, for spiritual peers are in general more pompous than savage. To cut up poor curates and such small deer would be monstrous in a mitre. Men of the world used, we believe, to laugh at the doctor's satire, but we suspect on the left side of their mouths; for instead of tickling, he stabbed them in the midriff, and the Lorenzo of his Night Thoughts, who is there always a gentleman, was transmogrified in his regular satires into a mere vile and vulgar sceptic. All his writings, however, want keeping—are distinguished by exaggeration and disproportion. He hammers vice well when laid on the anvil, but he is not expert at hitting the right nail on the head; and often, when wielding his mace against a fly sticking to the wall, merely shatters the wainscot. But Young was a poet, nevertheless, of a high order. He had a fine imagination, and deep sensibilities, and has produced single lines, and passages, seldom if ever excelled, and in their meaning perhaps more profound than the poet himself knew, for he was subject to fits of inspiration.

Churchill was a poor, low, unprincipled, vicious, coarse creature, with smartness that sometimes was almost strength; and what to us must in such a person always be a mystery, he had a command over the English language, as far as his mind enabled him to go in it, which made every thing he said tell, far beyond its native worth or power, and has secured him no contemptible place among English satirists. His style certainly is pure and idiomatic. He was the terror of pimps and players,—and his ghost probably haunted Garrick, although it was hardly worth its while to come up for such a purpose. Let a thing be but well executed,—poor, paltry, and pitiful, as in its own nature it may be,—and it lasts. It is so with the Rosciad. The splendour of that farthing candle burned bright during Garrick's life,—not only illuminating the green-room, but all London, all England; long after his decease, it continued to glimmer, away very respectably, and we have heard elderly gentlemen within these twenty years, (one of them lived in Ludlow,) belonging to the school whose day was just wearing out, quote the Rosciad by screeds; lines in it are still recognised when they meet the ear or the eye; and possibly the entire affair may never be, from beginning to end, utterly forgotten as long as there are theatres.

"That Davies has a very pretty wife."

was reckoned one of the severest and happiest lines ever written, and "ex uno disce omnes." Oh dear! but a little wit goes a long way in this stupid world. Then Churchill had much rancour, and a large spleen, which is always in an inverse ratio to the size of the heart. This gave him spirit for a spurt. But he had no bottom. He was also a coward; and like a coward, liked to frighten the feeble into fits of fear. Had Hogarth, instead of caricaturing him badly, floored him by a right-handed facer, or lunge in the kidneys,—John Bee is our authority for saying that Hogarth could spar a bit,—Churchill had been cowed, and bit his nail and pen in insolent malice. Why, Dr. Johnson, whom he libelled as Pomposo, did not break his bones, we cannot conjecture; perhaps because the scamp was a parson; and Samuel had such a respect for the Church, that he would not even inflict personal chastisement on a blackguard who had once preached from an Episcopalian pulpit. Yet we believe he once threatened to drub Churchill; and probably forbore carrying the threat into execution, because he had attacked Scotland. Some of the lines in his prophecy of famine, about the poverty of Scotland, are well turned; but the satire is common-place; and after the first pleasure of surprise arising from the image, images from natural history always please—

"Where half-starved spiders feed on half-starved flies,"

it is felt that such grotesque exaggerations are easy—for once pitch the key, and all the rest of the monotonous strain, called satire, follows of course. Severe as was the state of starvation in which Scotland then pined, the poorest cottar that dug in ditch was better, because more honestly fed, on meal and water, with no milk, and little salt, than this hungry knave bilking his bill in taverns, to day feasting on ortolans, yesterday

tearing tripe, and to morrow eyeing an empty trencher; but still, on Saturday and Sunday alike, no better than a thief. Scotland must have been very stupid in those days, not to have settled the hash of such a scribbler—for, after all, he was not much better; and had he lived now, we would have gagged him in a single number, and made him for life a dummy. If any one of his admirers scoff at us for thinking and saying so, why let him play a similar part—put himself into Churchill's shoes—publish a satire on Scotland—and await a month or six weeks for the result. We will so scourge his posteriors with the original of the pretty picture of the Scotch Thistle on the cover of the Magazine, that he shall not be able to take his seat among the satirists, though with a seven-fold shield of diaculum plaster. Tarring and feathering would be a joke to our pastime—to have no resting place for the sole of your foot must be very wearisome indeed; but oh! worse, many million times, to have chairs, and sofas, and ottomans, pressed upon you in all parties, in parlour and dining room; and yet not to dare to sit down for one moment, in fear of perishing of prickles! The very corpse of such a culprit would need to be laid out on its face. Such, as a satirist—and he was nothing else, was Churchill.

*(To be Continued.)*

## YEARNING FOR POPULARITY.

Could I in popular arts be skill'd,
Should I from care be free?
Would occupation, better fill'd,
Destroy the fiend Ennui?
Could I like Lindley, touch the Bass!
Like Cramer lead a Band!
Like Ling give Handel's solo's grace!
And grace Sir George Smart's stand!
Oh! it were vain, like Harper's shake,
To trumpet forth my fame,
So dull's my genius, scarce 'twill make
A printer's devil flame.

I cannot, like Curioni sing,
Or Porto's deep notes mutter;
Make wines like Wright with *apis* wing,
Or Liston's sermons utter:
I cannot drive my Lady's carriage
And slip in first to Court;
Nor make St. Alban's bright with marriage,
Nor get Old Ewart's Port:
Money makes wigs,—M'Alpine cues,
To warm the brain and pate,
I can make nought and want the *nous*,
To elevate my state.

McAdam, *Rhodes'* Colossus reigns,
Steam Engines sing in Kettles,
And Bishop sets to notes his brains
As Pontifex his metals:
*Aquæ puræ* is Cameron's Cure,
Lord Byron's scribe, Leigh Hunt;
And Tommy Moore to make more sure,
Re-lives him with affront:
Napoleon rules in Hazlitt's hands,
Hogarth in Haydon shines.
But I a wreck, in reckless sands,
Am cast down folly's mines.

Sir Thomas Lawrence makes a face,
Cruickshank distorts the limbs,
Denman describes a Serjeant's case
Hood 'Oddities and Whims:'
Colman clips authors plays to rags,
Brunel the Tunnel bores,
And lecturing Abernethy fags
To heal his patients sores:
But I despair, and Spurtzheim feeling
My scull for bumps, declares
"Lockshorn like Samson's, 'tis but ceiling
Of mortar, lime, and hairs." P.

## A SIMILE.

The leaf that falls in autumn hour,
The rose that fades upon the stem,
Are emblems of the silent hour,
Of time and change of us and them.

Yet happier is the roses fate,
For spring will other leaves restore;
And summer will new flowers create,
As bright as those which bloomed before.

But when life's morning dreams depart,
And grief succeeds to fancied bliss;
Oh! what shall cheer the lonely heart,
Or soften sorrow's bitterness?

Years will roll on and time will bring,
Its various changes but in vain:
There is in life but one short spring,
And that will ne'er return again.

C.

## THE GERMAN GIBBET.

*(Continued from page 348.)*

The stranger immediately began talking most fluently, but continually shifted the subject, and at length coming to a full stop, he suddenly asked me what was my opinion of all this? I, who had been dreadfully afflicted by the cold, so as to have been disabled from giving any attention, felt quite at a loss what to say:—at length, as well as I was able, (for my teeth chattered so much that I could scarcely speak plain), I stammered out, "whether he did not think it was very cold?" Immediately his dull eyes lighted up, and I shall never forget their fiery and unnatural light, as, turning suddenly round, he stared me full in the face, saying, in the most joyous, mild, and melodious tone of voice, "Perhaps you will accept of my cloak?" and adding, with peculiar emphasis, "he was sure I should be warm enough then," instantly began to unstrap it from behind him. In vain I declared I could not think of ac

cepting it, especially as he was more thinly clad than myself: he began to inform me, with the same peculiar expression, "that *he* never felt *cold*,"—and that he would be most happy if I would do him the honour to put it on. I kept refusing, and he persisting, till at last he became so importunate, that I rudely pushed it from me, saying, "that I would not accept of it." O! if you could have seen the change in his manner and appearance!—instead of the mild, placid look he had hitherto worn, his face was contracted by the strongest feelings of rage and disappointment; his eyes flashed fire from under his heavy knit brows; his mouth was curled with a kind of "sardonic" grin; and, hastily adjusting the cloak about him, he said with the most sinister expression, "Perhaps I would do him the honour *another* time?" Then dashing the spurs into his beast, he was out of sight in a moment.

I felt much relieved by his departure. he was no sooner gone, than I got by degrees warmer and warmer; even my horse appeared to feel a difference, for he pranced and neighed, as if freed from some restraint, and in a very little time was as warm as myself.

I began to think there was something—there was really something—horridly unnatural about the stranger;—his hollow voice, pale complexion, and heavy eye,—above all, the strange coldness that came over me! I felt rejoiced that I was thus rid of him; and that I had not accepted his offer of the cloak (as then, in all probability, we should not have parted so soon); and now, so little did I need it, that I was compelled to unbutton my coat, and take my thick lambs' wool comforter from my neck.

Who could the stranger be?

I remembered to have heard, that the German who was hung in chains, and whose gibbet I had passed, had suffered the sentence of the law, for having burnt a house, and murdered in the most cruel and shocking manner, a person, whom he strangled with his cloak. Now, it was also currently reported, (but only believed by the idle and superstitious,) that this man did not then die:—for it was said, that the devil, to whom after his condemnation, he had sold himself, had, while he was suspended, in some way or other, supported him; and had afterwards fed him on the gibbet in the form of a raven, until the fastenings decayed, so that he could release himself, when he substituted the body of a person whom he murdered for the purpose!

There were many persons now alive who had sworn to having seen the raven there, morning, noon, and to have heard its croaking even at midnight. Many accounted for this, by saying it came here to feed on the body; but one of the villagers, who was known to be a stout fellow, having occasion to go by the gibbet one twilight, declared, that he heard the man talking with the raven, but in a language he could not understand; that at first he supposed he was deceived by his own fancy, or the creaking of the iron fastenings, but on approaching nearer, he distinctly saw the eyes of the man looking intently at him; and he verily believed had he stopped he would have spoken to him, but that he was so alarmed he took to his heels, and never once looked behind or stopped to take breath, until he reached the end of the plain, a distance of above five miles. And it was further said, the German, when released from the gibbet, was obliged, in fulfilment of his vow, to do the devil's will on earth—that he was most dreadfully pale, owing to the blood never having flowed into his face since his strangulation, for the devil, it is said, had only just kept his word; that the German, as he was called, had since often been seen riding up and down the road, and that he entered very freely into conversation, and endeavoured to entrap the unwary to put them into the power of his master.

Could it be possible that this was the German? Tut! an idle thought; and yet—I remember there was something foreign in his accent;—then the paleness of his face,—the strange circumstances that accompanied his presence,——the pressing and extraordinary manner in which he offered his cloak, which might have been some device to get me within his power,—the extreme cold with which I was afflicted,—the ominous beckoning, too, of the figure on the gibbet;—each circumstance came forcibly before me; and were he the German or not, I more than ever rejoiced that I had thus easily got rid of him.

I now rode briskly on to a small inn, that was situated about half-way between the commencement and end of my journey and arrived there about half-past eight o'clock. On alighting, the host, a fat jolly fellow, with a perpetual smile on his face, came out and welcomed me. "Shew me into a private room," said I, "and bring me some refreshment;" the landlord replied he was very sorry his only room was at present occupied by a gentleman who had been there about ten minutes, but he was sure he would have no objection to my company. He departed to obtain his permission, and returned with the gentleman's compliments, and

that he would be most happy in my company: so I followed mine host to the room; but what was my confusion, when on opening the door, I discovered seated, the mysterious stranger, whose presence had before caused me such annoyance! A sort of chillness instantly came over me, and I would have retired, when the stranger got up, and bowing politely, said, "he was exceedingly happy to accede to my request of allowing him to occupy the same room," and at the same time handed me a chair. It was impossible for me now to refuse; so, thanking him for his offer, I seated myself, and, as I before said, being rather chilly, asked him if he had any objection to a fire? I immediately perceived a strong alteration in his features, but it was only momentary; he instantly recovered himself, and said, "that, for his part, his cloak, pointing to one which hung on the back of his chair, was quite enough for him, however cold the weather might be," and added, "if I would but put it on for one moment, he was sure I should be *warm enough then.*" I had a sort of instinctive dread of this cloak, and I determined not to put it on; so starting up, I rang the bell, and on the landlord's entering, asked his permission to have a fire. The stranger bowed his head, and fixing his eyes on the wall, remained quite silent. The landlord, I observed, rubbed his hands as he went out, saying, this was one of the coldest nights he had felt this year.

While they were about preparing to light the fire, the stranger sat quite silent; for my part I got colder and colder; a sort of melancholy chillness seemed to pervade the place; the large clock that was in the room had stopped, from some cause or other, about ten minutes before I arrived; and on the maid coming in, though before a merry, cheerful-looking damsel, she presently became as melancholy and as grave as either of us, especially as, after numerous attempts, she was obliged to confess her inability to light the fire. It was now very cold, so the landlady came and did her best endeavours to light a fire, but in vain; afterwards the landlord, boots, hostler, and the cook, who never having been out of a perspiration for the last ten years of her life, was nearly killed by the sudden effect of cold she experienced on coming into the room: last of all I myself tried, but unsuccessfully. They all looked surprised, and the landlord observed it was very strange—it was not so cold he was sure any where else. The stranger all this time remained as quiet and immoveable as before.

I now desired the landlord to bring in tea, hoping by that means to warm myself. When the tea things were brought, the stranger drew a chair for himself to the table, and requested I would make tea; I desired the maid to pour some water into the teapot, from a kettle which she held in her hand, apparently just from the fire: however, on pouring in some water no steam arose; far from it, the water appeared to be scarcely warm. I questioned her what she meant by it, and how she expected I could make tea with cold water? she declared that it boiled when it left the kitchen fire, and she did not know how it could get cold since. I then told her to take the teapot and fill it from the large kettle, which she assured me was boiling on the kitchen fire; she returned, and on my tilting it up to pour out the tea, it ran gently for a few moments, and then congealed into a long icicle! The maid looked first at me and then at the stranger, and then went quickly out of the room.

I remained some time sitting intently gazing on the stranger, who sat with his dull heavy eyes still intently fixed on the wall. I can scarcely describe what I felt, I shook so dreadfully both with fear and cold, that I could hardly keep my seat—my teeth chattered—my knees shook—in short, I began to fear that if I staid any longer, I should be frozen to death. At length he noticed my confusion, and starting up, he again said, "perhaps I would accept of his cloak." Now I was really dying with cold, and the cloak looked so warm and so tempting, that I could not help eyeing it wistfully; this the stranger perceived, and, opening it, shewed the lining, which was of the finest lambs' wool, looking infinitely warmer as well as softer, and more comfortable than anything I had ever seen. He then, in the most obliging manner, requested me to put it on, adding, in his own expressive way, he was sure I should be *warm enough then.* I felt myself wavering; but, summoning up my resolution, I determined I would not yield, so, quitting him abruptly, I ordered my horse, and being resolved, once and for ever, to rid myself of this odious stranger, I mounted as quickly as possible, and putting spurs to his side, for I heard the stranger calling loudly for his horse, I galloped the whole of the way home, and I can safely swear that nothing whatever passed me on the road.

Now, said I, at any rate I have distanced him: and knocking at the door, it was quickly opened by my wife, who had been anxiously expecting me. After our usual salutation, she informed me I should meet an old friend up stairs who

had been waiting my arrival "With an old friend, a good bottle of wine, and a warm fire," said I, "I can forget every thing;" and hastening up stairs—it would be impossible to describe my confusion—before me was seated the identical stranger, with the mysterious cloak hanging over the arm of the chair on which he sat!—He rose as I entered—rage prevented me from uttering a word. He bowed politely, saying, "that he hoped he was not an intruder; but, after our having passed some hours together on our journey, he thought he might make bold to beg a night's lodging, having found himself benighted, close to my house." I was so thunderstruck that I could not say a word in answer. My wife now entered the room, and complained of the cold. She said the fire had gone out soon after my friend arrived, "and, what is very strange," added she, "we were unable to light it again. I have been to order a bed to be made for your friend—and I have ordered the sheets to be aired, as the night is rather cold." "Oh!" said the stranger, "you need not mind that—*I always sleep warm enough!*" and pointing to his cloak, he gave a most expressive but sarcastic smile. This was almost too much; yet what could I do? I had no excuse to turn him out. Suppose it should be the German?—tush! nonsense!—but however I tried to rid myself of this thought, I never could entirely banish it; such strong hold has the idea of supernatural interference on a superstitious mind. I resolved, however, in mere contradiction to my opinion, to put up with his company this once;—and endeavouring to appear as unconcerned as possible, I made suitable acknowledgments in the best way I could.

After a painful silence, which was only disturbed by the chattering of our teeth, supper was announced, and hastily dispatched, for every thing was cold. Silence again ensued; till at length I caught up a candle, for I could bear it no longer and asked the stranger if I should show him his room; he consented, and bowing to my wife, took his cloak, and followed me.

When we came to his room, I observed the water was frozen in the ewer; "I will order the servant," said I, "to bring you some warm water in the morning to shave with." He replied, "that he had rather I would not give myself so much trouble, on his account, for that he could lather his face with snow!" He then asked me if I slept warm? "I am afraid," said I, "I shall not do so to-night." He placed his cloak in my hand, saying, with a chuckle, "I had only to throw it over me and my wife, and he was sure we should be *warm enough then!*"—I threw down the cloak, and rushed out of the room.

I joined my wife down stairs, who, on my upbraiding her with the folly of inviting a perfect stranger to sleep in the house, told me, that he had introduced himself as an old friend of mine, who wished to see me on particular business I then hinted my suspicions concerning him, and that I thought it was through him we were thus grievously tormented by the cold.

I went to bed,—but not to sleep,—not all the blankets in the world could ever have made me warm. I hesitated whether I should not go and turn the stranger out, thus late as it was;—but I might be mistaken, after all;—he was very gentlemanly, and behaved throughout with the greatest propriety, so that I could have no excuse for so doing. And though there were many strange circumstances attending his presence, still they might be accidental. I resolved, at least, to wait patiently for the morning, though I felt as if I was exposed to the air on a cold winters night; but I was doomed again to be disturbed. I had locked my room door (my constant custom upon going to bed), when about one o'clock, as I was lying, wide awake,—the stranger,—the German,—the fiend!—for I believe he was all three,—entered my room!—how, I know not,—I heard no noise. A horrid trembling immediately came over me,—my knees knocked together,—my teeth chattered,—my hair stood on end,—I could scarcely draw my breath. What could be his purpose? to murder me?—no—no, I see it all,—the cloak,—the mysterious cloak, the source of all my fears and apprehensions;—he thinks by that to gain his purpose, and fancying I am asleep, he comes no doubt, to cast that upon me, and thus give the fiend, his master, in some way or other, a power over me! He approached the bed;—my tongue clave to the roof of my parched mouth, and fear, an all absorbing fear, had nearly choaked me. He opened the cloak—another moment—and then——but rage, fear, and despair, gave me strength:—I started up;—"Villain!" said I, "I will not tamely bear it:" and grappling with him, I threw the cloak from me. I now cared not what I did or said. "Hence," roared I, and seek the fiend you serve!" and accidentally in the scuffle I caught hold of his long pointed nose;—he shrieked aloud with rage and pain. "My G—d, Mr. T———," said my wife, "what are you about?" I received a heavy fall:—immediately the whole was gone. I assist-

ed my wife into bed: for it seems that I had lain half the night with the clothes completely off me; which, as often as she had endeavoured to replace, I had resisted and on her persisting, I had eventually seized her by the nose, and we both tumbled out of bed together.—*Lon. Mag.*

### TO MARIANNE.

When first we met, tinged was thy cheek,
Thy heart beat high 'tween joy and sadness;
We gazed and sigh'd—we did not speak,
Ah me, how throbb'd my heart with gladness.

At length when love an utterance gave,
And thou didst plight thy troth to me,
That thou wouldst love me on the wave,
As true as woman's love could be.

I pressed thee—aye, and I believed
Thy heart did truly beat with mine;
But ah!—'twas mine to be deceived,
A woman's love—indeed was thine.

And Marianne, art thou happier now?
Is he who holds thee more sincere
Than I? ah no, that furrow'd brow
Betrays a mind of doubt and fear.

Yet think not I shall e'er forget
That spot where first thy glances darted;
That happy spot where first we met;
Where last with thee in grief I parted.

*E. B. Collins.*

### A WELCOME VISITRESS.

She is come from the chambers of beauty and Love,
She is come with her hair on the ray of the wind;
Her lips are as pure as the crystal above,
And her words as the May-drops, are gentle and kind;
Her eye is as true as the sunbeam of day
That elicits the orgies of sorrow away.

Not the hymn of the lark can be sweeter to hear,
Nor the sylph of the fountain more lovely to see;
For the wretched her spirit will circle a tear,
And her plaint at the shrine for their solace will be:
She is young and is new as the bud of the rose
That relies on the stamen and blushes repose.

P.

## Sketches of Orators, No. 2.

### GORGIAS.

Gorgias the Sophist was reputed the most eloquent man of his time. His elegant and florid diction, heightened by shining figures which he first employed, charmed the Athenians, who were prodigiously affected with the beauties and graces of eloquence. He was therefore sent deputy from the Leontines to Athens, to demand aid against the Syracusans. Being a Rhetor of Sicily, he was the disciple of Empedocles, the master of Isocrates and other orators It is asserted that as soon as he came forth into the Athenian Forum, he was want to say, 'propound to me what you please, and I will illustrate the proposition in the most lucid manner.' His oratory, indeed, was so highly esteemed, that the days in which he publicly appeared, were called days of golden fire. He acquired so much wealth by his talents, that he was the first of all other orators who placed a statue of beaten gold in the delphic temple of Apollo. Hence Plato, meeting him returning from Delphos, said, "Behold the fair and golden Gorgias!" The famous youths Critias and Alcibiades, and the aged Thucydides and Pericles, were so animated with the dulcedine attractions of Gorgias, that they were linked in his society, and valued him as an Orator and Rhetorician of the first class. P.

## Anecdotiana.

### THURSDAY FATAL TO MONARCHY.

It is rather singular, that Thursday has been a day fatal to the existence of several sovereigns who have held sway and masterdom over England, and especially to King Henry VIII., and all his posterity; for he himself died on Thursday, the 28th of January; King Edward the VI., on Thursday, the 9th of July; Queen Mary on Thursday, the 17th of November; and Queen Elizabeth on Thursday, the 24th of March.

### AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The temper of Zucchero the painter was strongly tinctured with resentment as will be seen by the following anecdote related of him.

Zucchero while employed by Pope Gregory XIII., to paint the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican, fell out with some of his Holiness's officers. To be revenged, he painted their portraits with ears of asses, and exposed the picture publicly over the gate of St. Luke's Church, on the festival of that Saint, the patron of painters. For this gross affront he was compelled to fly from Rome, and hide himself in obscurity, far beyond the reach of his indignant enemies.

### DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of a very small volume with a pompous title, replied, "That it was like placing an eight-and-forty pounder at the door of a pig-sty."

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| June 11 | St. Barnabas. | June 11 | Saint Barnabas was descended of the tribe of Levi, and born at Cyprus. He was stoned to death by the Jews in the 1st. century.<br>1574. Born at Westminster, Benjamin Jonson, one of the lights of the age in which he lived; he gained the appellation of *Rare Ben* for his then considered excellence as a dramatic writer. He was the friend and contemporary of the immortal Shakspeare. For an account of Ben Jonson, see No. 17 and 21 of this work.<br>1794. Died, in the 72nd year of his age, the learned divine and elegant historian, Dr. William Robertson. It is needless to enumerate here any of his masterly productions, as they are too well known to need comment from us. |
| —— 12 | St. John. | —— 12 | St. John was a native of Sahagun, in Spain. In the year A. D. 1463, he took the religious habit of the hermits of St. Austin, in Salamanca, and in 1471, the saint was chosen prior of his convent. St. John in his last sickness foretold the day on which he should die, which event took place accordingly.<br>1381. Killed in Smithfield, at the head of an immense band of rioters, the insurgent Wat Tyler, by William Walworth, the then Mayor of London, who was so incensed at his insolence to his sovereign, Richard II, that he struck him a blow with his mace which stunned him, while one of the knights rode up and dispatched him. The occasion of this rebellion was to resist an obnoxious poll tax then ordered to be levied. |
| —— 13 | St. Antony, of Padua. | —— 13 | This saint was born at Lisbon, in 1195; he received his surname of Padua, which city possesses his relicks. After a laborious and penitential life, he retired to Campietro, but finding himself ill, he desired to be brought back to Padua. He stopped in the suburbs, and there died A. D. 1231.<br>1483. Beheaded, William Lord Hastings, the Lord Chamberlain of Edward IV., through the machinations of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who perceiving him to obstruct his ambitious designs, procured his disgrace, and caused him to be executed without any form of trial. |
| —— 14 | St. Methodius. | —— 14 | St. Methodius I. was Patriarch of Constantinople. He is recorded to have been a zealous defender of Images; his enemies charged him with various acts of immorality, of which accusations he fully cleared himself. He died A. D 847.<br>1800. The battle of Marengo was fought on this day, between the forces of Bonaparte and the Austrians, when the former entirely routed the latter with the loss of seven generals, 400 officers, and 8000 men killed or wounded The French, when the battle was ended, were the possessors of 12 standards and 26 pieces of cannon that belonged to the Austrians. |
| —— 15 | St. Vitus. | —— 15 | St. Vitus was martyred at Lucania, during the Diocletian persecution.<br>1825. The first stone of the new London Bridge now erecting, was laid on this day, by John Garrett, Esq. then Lord Mayor of London, with great ceremony, attended by the late Duke of York, many noblemen, and members of the House of Commons. |
| —— 16 | Saints Julitta and Quiricus. | —— 16 | St. Julitta and her infant son, Quiricus, suffered martyrdom about the year 305, at Silencia.<br>172[illegible] Died, the hero of Blenheim, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, at Windsor Lodge, ÆT. 72, having survived his intellectual faculties. This great man was remarkable for his parsimony, avarice, and finesse. |
| —— 17 | Sts. Nicander & Marcian. | —— 17 | These saints were beheaded about the year A. D. 303, by order of Diocletian, for firmly resisting the sacrificing to idols. |

The Encounter between Harry Smith and Torquil of the Oak.

# Chronicles of the Canongate.

SECOND SERIES.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY; OR, THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

*(Concluded from Page 359.)*

"The course of true love never did run smooth," writes one who knew the human heart as well as Him who made it. Our last extracts left Henry Smith enjoying the hour and the honours of triumph; and the Fair Maid, we may imagine, a little less disinclined to listen to the pleadings of her father in his behalf.

But suddenly a cloud lowers over the humble house of the Glover. The success of the Smith in conquering the butcherly Bonthron, and the disclosures made by that wretched culprit, have raised up powerful enemies to the peace and prosperity of father, daughter, and lover. The two first are charged with suspicion of heresy; and are forewarned by Sir Patrick Charteris to fly for their lives. The Glover takes refuge in the highlands with young Conachar now received back to the bosom of his clan; the Fair Maid is, with the assistance of Sir Patrick, sent for safety to the Duchess of Rothsay, a proud daughter of the Douglas, whose character is beautifully sketched off by the inimitable pencil of the author. The Glover arrives in the Highlands just in time to hear of the recent death of the Chief to whom he had fled for succour, and to witness his funeral honours, and to see his apprentice Conachar assume his station as the legitimate Chieftain of the Clan Quhele, under the Gælic appellation of Eachin Maclan. He is hospitably received by the young prince; who, in an interview following the feasting, discloses to the Glover his passion for his daughter. The father, however, is not to be moved from his purpose,—that of making her the wife of Harry Gow. The conversation then takes a new turn; and Eachin, after much hesitation, discloses to his late master how uneasily his new honours sit upon him, and confesses with the heart-broken humility of self abasement that he is "a COWARD!" and

dreads the contest which is to take place between his own Clan and the Clan Chattan. The old man listens to this confession with astonishment and with pain; and advises him to take better courage, and fortify his mind against the worst; but he counsels and consoles the young Chieftain in vain. Perhaps this scene is the most pathetic in the work; exhibiting the minute knowledge the author has acquired of the strength and weakness of the human heart.

But we will leave the fortunes of the ill-fated Conachar, and will return to those of the Fair Catharine. She has arrived at the place of her destination in safety, but mischief is on foot to entrap her, when she deems she is most safe

"It was an hour before noon, when Catharine, escorted by old Henshaw and a groom of the Knight of Kinfauns, arrived before the lordly tower of Faulkland. The broad banner which was displayed from it bore the arms of Rothsay, the servants who appeared wore the colours of the Prince's household, all confirming the general belief that the Duchess still resided there. Catharine's heart throbbed, for she had heard that the Duchess had the pride as well as the high courage of the house of Douglas, and felt uncertain touching the reception she was to experience. On entering the Castle, she observed that the train was smaller than she had expected, but as the Duchess lived in close retirement, she was little surprised at this. In a species of anteroom she was met by a little old woman, who seemed bent double with age, and supported herself upon an ebony staff.

"'Truly thou art welcome, fair daughter,' said she, saluting Catharine, 'and, as I may say, to an afflicted house; and I trust (once more saluting her) thou wilt be a consolation to my precious and right royal daughter the Duchess. Sit thee down, my child, till I see whether my lady be at leisure to receive thee. Ah, my child, thou art very lovely indeed, if Our Lady hath given to thee a soul to match with so fair a body,'

"With that the counterfeit old woman crept into the next apartment, where she found Rothsay in the masquerading habit

he had prepared, and Ramorny, who had evaded taking part in the pageant, in his ordinary attire.

"'Thou art a precious rascal, Sir Doctor,' said the Prince; 'by my honour I think thou couldst find in thy heart to play out the whole play thyself, lover's part and all.'

"'If it were to save your highness trouble,' said the leech, with his usual subdued laugh.

"'No, no,' said Rothsay, 'I'll never need thy help, man—and tell me now, how look I, thus disposed on the couch—languishing and lady-like, ha?'

"'Something too fine complexioned and soft-featured for the Lady Marjory of Douglas, if I may presume to say so,' said the leech.

"'Away, villain, and marshall in this fair frost-piece—fear not she will complain of my effeminacy—and thou, Ramorny, away also.'

"As the knight left the apartment by one door, the fictitious old woman ushered in Catharine Glover by another. The room had been carefully darkened to twilight, so that Catharine saw the apparently female figure stretched on the couch without the least suspicion.

"'Is that the maiden?' asked Rothsay, in a voice naturally sweet, and now carefully modulated to a whispering tone—'Let her approach, Griselda, and kiss our hand.'

"The supposed nurse led the trembling maiden forward to the side of the couch, and signed to her to kneel. Catharine did so, and kissed with much devotion and simplicity the gloved hand which the counterfeit Duchess extended to her.

"'Be not afraid,' said the same musical voice; 'in me you only see a melancholy example of the vanity of human greatness—happy those, my child, whose rank places them beneath the storms of state.'

"While she spoke, she put her arms around Catherine's neck and drew her towards her, as if to salute her in token of welcome. But the kiss was bestowed with an earnestness which so much overacted the part of the fair patroness, that Catharine, concluding the Duchess had lost her senses, screamed aloud.

"'Peace, fool! it is I—Robert of Rothsay,' said the Prince.

"Catharine looked around her—the nurse was gone, and the Duke tearing off his veil, she saw herself in the power of a daring young libertine.

"'Now be present with me, Heaven!' she said; 'and thou wilt, if I forsake not myself.'

"As this resolution darted through her mind, she repressed her disposition to scream, and, as far as she might, strove to conceal her fear.

"'The jest hath been played,' she said, with as much firmness as she could assume; 'may I entreat that your Highness will now unhand me,' for he still kept hold of her arm.

"'Nay, my pretty captive, struggle not—why should you fear?'

"'I do not struggle, my lord. As you are pleased to detain me, I will not, by striving, provoke you to use me ill, and give pain to yourself, when you have time to think.'

"'Why, thou traitress, thou hast held me captive for months,' said the Prince; 'and wilt thou not let me hold thee for a moment?'

"'This were gallantry, my lord, were it in the streets of Perth, where I might listen or escape as I listed—it is tyranny here.'

"'And if I did let thee go, whither would'st thou fly?' said Rothsay. 'The bridges are up—the portcullis down—and the men who follow me are strangely deaf to a peevish maiden's squalls. Be kind, therefore, and you shall know what it is to oblige a Prince.'

"'Unloose me, then, my lord, and hear me appeal from thyself to thyself—from Rothsay to the Prince of Scotland.—I am the daughter of an humble but honest citizen. I am, I may well nigh say, the spouse of a brave and honest man. If I have given your Highness any encouragement for what you have done, it has been unintentional. Thus forewarned, I entreat you to forego your power over me, and suffer me to depart. Your Highness can obtain nothing from me, save by means equally unworthy of knighthood or manhood.'

"'You are bold, Catharine,' said the Prince; 'but neither as a knight nor a man can I avoid accepting a defiance. I must teach you the risk of such challenges.'

"While he spoke, he attempted to throw his arms again around her, but she eluded his grasp, and proceeded in the same tone of firm decision.

"'My strength, my lord, is as great to defend myself in an honourable strife, as yours can be to assail me with a most dishonourable purpose. Do not shame yourself and me by putting it to the combat. You may stun me with blows, or you may call aid to overpower me; but otherwise you will fail of your purpose.'

"'What a brute would you make me!' said the Prince. 'The force I would use is no more than excuses women in yielding to their own weakness.'

"He sat down in some emotion.

"'Then keep it,' said Catharine, 'for those women who desire such an excuse. My resistance is that of the most determined mind, which love of honour and fear of shame ever inspired. Alas! my lord, could you succeed, you would but break every bond between me and life—between yourself and honour. I have been trained fraudulently here, by what decoys I know not; but were I to go dishonoured hence, it would be to denounce the destroyer of my happiness to every quarter of Europe. I would take the palmer's staff in my hand, and wherever chivalry is honoured, or the word Scotland has been heard, I would proclaim the heir of a hundred kings, the son of the godly Robert Stewart, the Heir of the heroic Bruce—a truthless, faithless man, unworthy of the crown he expects, and of the spurs he wears. Every lady in wide Europe would hold your name too foul for her lips—every worthy knight would hold you a baffled, forsworn caitiff, false to the first vow of arms, the protection of woman, and the defence of the feeble.'

"Rothsay resumed his seat, and looked at her with a countenance in which resentment was mingled with admiration. 'You forget to whom you speak, maiden, Know, the distinction I have offered you is one for which hundreds, whose trains you are born to bear, would feel gratitude.'

"'Once more, my lord,' resumed Catharine, 'keep these favours for those by whom they are prized; or rather reserve your time and your health for other and nobler pursuits,—for the defence of your country and the happiness of your subjects. Alas! my lord! how willingly would an exulting people receive you for their chief!—How gladly would they close around you, did you show desire to head them against the oppression of the mighty, the violence of the lawless, the seduction of the vicious, and the tyranny of the hypocrite!'

"The Duke of Rothsay, whose virtuous feelings were as easily excited as they were evanescent, was affected by the enthusiasm with which she spoke. 'Forgive me, if I have alarmed you, maiden,' he said; 'thou art too noble-minded to be the toy of passing pleasure, for which my mistake destined thee; and I, even were thy birth worthy of thy noble spirit and transcendent beauty, have no heart to give thee; for by the homage of the heart only should such as thou be wooed.'

"'Oh, my lord!' exclaimed Catharine, with the enthusiasm which belonged to her character—'I will call you my dear lord,—for dear must the heir of Bruce be to every child of Scotland,—let me not, I pray, hear you speak thus! Your glorious ancestor endured exile, persecution, the night of famine, and the day of unequal combat, to free his country,—do you practice the like self-denial to free yourself. Tear yourself from those who find their own way to greatness smoothed by feeding your follies. Distrust yon dark Ramorny!—you know it not, I am sure—you could not know; but the wretch who could urge the daughter to courses of shame by threatening the life of the aged father, is capable of all that is vile—all that is treacherous!'

"'Did Ramorny do this?' said the Prince.

"'He did indeed, my lord, and he dares not deny it.'

"'It shall be looked to,' answered the Duke of Rothsay. 'I have ceased to love him; but he has suffered much for my sake, and I must see his services honourably requited.'

She is then entrusted to the Glee-Maiden, a character who performs a prominent part in the course of the story. While she is still held prisoner in the castle of Falkland, the life of the young Prince Rothsay is attempted; he is thrown into a dungeon, and left to perish, but is for some time supplied with food by Catherine and the Glee-Maiden, but their efforts to save him are unavailing. The murderers are, however, brought to light by their assistance; and the gentle Catherine is once more safe out of the toils of her enemies.

The eventful day now approaches which is to decide the courage or cowardice of young Conachar, or Eachin Mac Ian. On Palm Sunday, the respective Clans gather for the fray; and having performed the religious observances of the day, issue forth to the field where is to be decided whether Clan Quhele or Clan Chattan is to bear the supremacy. Their respective forces are marshalled, when it is discovered that Clan Chattan is *one* short of its number of combatants. Proclamation is made for a volunteer to fill the vacant place, when forth steps Henry of the Wynd, who, by this lucky opportunity, hopes to come face to face with his rival, the young Chieftain. He is accepted, takes his station, the combat commences, and the Clan Quhele loses its most staunch vindicators one by one, till there are but few combatants left on the field.

Among the most prominent of these is Torquil of the Oak, who guards and defends his foster-son. Torquil perceives the determination of Harry Smith to bring

the young Chieftain to a personal rencontre with himself, and trusts to prevent it by himself becoming the assailant of the gallant Harry. Having blessed Eachin, Torquil pushed on to the conflict, "and brandishing his sword, rushed forward with the same fatal war-cry, which had so often sounded over that bloody field, *Bas air son Eachin!*—The words rung three times in a voice of thunder; and each time that he cried his war-shout, he struck down one of the Clan Chattan, as he met them successively straggling towards him.—"Brave battle, hawk—well flown, falcon!' exclaimed the multitude, as they witnessed exertions which seemed, even at this last hour, to threaten a change of the fortunes of the day. Suddenly these cries were hushed into silence, and succeeded by a clashing of swords so dreadful as if the whole conflict had re-commenced in the person of Henry Wynd and Torquil of the Oak. They cut, foined, hewed and thrust, as if they had drawn their blades for the first time that day; and their inveteracy was mutual, for Torquil recognised the foul wizard, who, as he supposed, had cast a spell over his child; and Henry saw before him the giant, who, during the whole conflict, had interrupted the purpose for which alone he had joined the combatants. They fought with an equality which, perhaps, would not have existed, had not Henry, more wounded than his antagonist, been somewhat deprived of his usual agility.'

"Meanwhile Eachin, finding himself alone, after a disorderly and vain attempt to put on his foster brother's harness, became animated by an emotion of shame and despair, and hurried forward to support his foster-father in the terrible struggle, ere some other of the Clan Chattan should come up. When he was within five yards, and sternly determined to take his share in the death-fight, his foster father fell, cleft from the collar-bone well-nigh to the heart, and murmuring with his last breath, *Bas air son Eachin!*—The unfortunate youth saw the fall of his last friend, and at the same moment beheld the deadly enemy who had hunted him through the whole field, standing within sword's point of him, and brandishing the huge weapon which had hewed its way to his life through so many obstacles. Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point; or perhaps he recollected at the same moment that he was without defensive armour, and that a line of enemies, halting indeed and crippled, but eager for revenge and blood, were closely approaching. It is enough to say, that his heart sickened, his eyes darkened, his ears tingled, his brain turned giddy—all other considerations were lost in the apprehensions of instant death; and drawing one ineffectual blow at the Smith, he avoided that which was aimed at him in return, by bounding backward; and ere the former could recover his weapon, Eachin had plunged into the stream. A roar of contumely pursued him as he swam across the river, although, perhaps, not a dozen of those who joined in it would have behaved otherwise in the like circumstances. Henry looked after the fugitive in silence and surprise, but could not speculate on the consequences of his flight, on account of the faintness which seemed to overpower him as soon as the animation of the contest had subsided. He sat down on the grassy bank, and endeavoured to staunch such of his wounds as were pouring fastest."

The field is now cleared of all combatants save Harry and Conachar. The resolution of the latter, as he had foreboded, forsakes him, and he flies, followed by the execrations of the spectators; and thus disgracefully ends the feud between the rival clans; and thus does the hardy Harry triumph over his rival.

"We now return to the Fair Maid of Perth, who had been sent from the horrible scene at Falkland, by order of the Douglas, to be placed under the protection of his daughter, the now widowed Duchess of Rothsay. That lady's temporary residence was a religious house called Campsie, the ruins of which still occupy a striking situation on the Tay. It arose on the summit of a precipitous rock, which descends on the princely river, there rendered peculiarly remarkable by the cataract called Campsie Linn, where its waters rush tumultuously over a range of basaltic rock, which intercepts the current, like a dike erected by human hands. Delighted with a site so romantic, the monks of the Abbey of Cupar reared a structure there, dedicated to an obscure Saint, named St. Hunnand, and hither they were wont themselves to retire for pleasure or devotion. It had readily opened its gates to admit the noble lady who was its present inmate, as the country was under the influence of the powerful Lord Drummond, the ally of the Douglas. There the Earl's letters were presented to the Duchess by the leader of the escort which conducted Catharine and the glee maiden to Campsie. Whatever reason she might have to complain of Rothsay, his horrible and unexpected end greatly shocked the noble lady, and she

spent the greater part of the night in indulging her grief, and in devotional exercises.

"On the next morning, which was that of the memorable Palm Sunday, she ordered Catharine Glover and the minstrel into her presence. The spirits of both the young women had been much sunk and shaken by the dreadful scenes in which they had so lately been engaged and the outward appearance of the Duchess Majory was, like that of her father, more calculated to inspire awe than confidence. She spoke with kindness, however, though apparently in deep affliction, and learned from them all which they had to tell concerning the fate of her erring and inconsiderate husband. She appeared grateful for the efforts which Catharine and the glee maiden had made, at their own extreme peril, to save Rothsay from his horrible fate. She invited them to join in her devotions; and at the hour of dinner gave them her hand to kiss, and dismissed them to their own refection, assuring both, and Catharine in particular, of her efficient protection, which should include, she said, her father's, and be a wall around them both, so long as she herself lived.

"They retired from the presence of the widowed Princess, and partook of a repast with her duennas and ladies, all of whom, amid their profound sorrow, showed a character of stateliness, which chilled the light heart of the French-woman, and imposed constraint even on the more serious character of Catharine Glover. The friends, for so we may term them, were fain, therefore to escape from the society of these persons, all of them born gentlewomen, who thought themselves but ill-assorted with a burgher's daughter and a strolling glee maiden, and saw them with pleasure go out to walk in the neighbourhood of the convent. A little garden, with its bushes and fruit trees, advanced on one side of the convent, so as to skirt the precipice, from which it was only separated by a parapet built on the ledge of the rock, so low that the eye might easily measure the depth of the crag, and gaze on the conflicting waters which foamed, struggled, and chafed over the reef below.

"The Fair Maiden of Perth and her companion walked slowly on a path that ran within this parapet, looked at the romantic prospect, and judged what it must be when the advancing summer should clothe the grove with leaves. They observed for some time a deep silence. At length the gay and bold spirit of the glee maiden arose above the circumstances in which she had been and was now placed.

"Do the horrors of Falkland, fair May, still weigh down your spirits? Strive to forget them as I do; we cannot tread life's path lightly, if we shake not from our mantles the rain drops as they fall.'

"'These horrors are not to be forgotten,' answered Catharine. "Yet my mind is at present anxious respecting my father's safety, and I cannot but think how many brave men may be at this instant leaving the world, even within six miles of us, or little farther.'

"'You mean the combat betwixt sixty champions, of which the Douglas's equerry told us yesterday? It were a sight for a minstrel to witness. But out upon these womanish eyes of mine—they could never see swords cross each other without being dazzled. But see,—look yonder, May Catharine, look yonder! That flying messenger certainly brings news of the battle.'

"'Methinks I should know him who runs so wildly,' said Catharine—'But if it be he I think of, some wild thoughts are urging his speed.'

"As she spoke, the runner directed his course to the garden. The fugitive rushed into the garden at the same reckless pace. His head was bare, his hair dishevelled; his rich acton, and all his other vestments, looked as if they had been lately drenched in water. His leathern buskins were cut and torn, and his feet marked the sod with blood. His countenance was wild, haggard, and highly excited, or, as the Scottish phrase expresses it, much *raised*."

"'Conachar!' said Catharine, as he advanced, apparently without seeing what was before him, as hares are said to do when severely pressed by the greyhounds. But he stopped short when he heard his own name.

"'Conachar,' said Catharine, 'or rather Eachin MacIan—what means all this?—Have the Clan Quhele sustained a defeat!'

"'I *have* borne such names as this maiden gives me,' said the fugitive, after a moment's recollection. 'Yes, I was called Conachar when I was happy, and Eachin when I was powerful. But now I have no name, and there is no such clan as thou speak'st of; and thou art a foolish maid to speak of that which is not, to one who has no existence.'

"'Alas! unfortunate——'

"'And why unfortunate, I pray you?' exclaimed the youth. 'If I am coward and villain, have not villainy and cowardice command over the elements?—Have I not braved the water without its choking me, and trod the firm earth

without its opening to devour me! And shall a mortal oppose my purpose?'

"'He raves, alas!' said Catharine. 'Haste to call some help. He will not harm *me;* but I fear he will do evil to *himself*. See how he stares down on the roaring waterfall!'

"The glee-woman hastened to do as she was ordered; and Conachar's half frenzied spirit seemed relieved by her absence. "'Catharine,' he said, 'now she is gone, I will say I know thee—I know thy love of peace and hatred of war. But hearken—I have, rather than strike a blow at my enemy, given up all that a man calls dearest—I have lost honour, fame, and friends; and such friends! (he placed his hands before his face,) —Oh! their love surpassed the love of woman! Why should I hide my tears? —All know my shame—all should see my sorrow. Yes, all might see, but who would pity it? Catharine, as I ran like a madman down the strath, man and woman called shame on me!—The beggar to whom I flung an alms that I might purchase one blessing, threw it back in disgust, and with a curse upon the coward! Each bell that tolled rung out, Shame on the recreant caitiff! The brute beasts in their lowing and bleating—the wild winds in their rustling and howling—the hoarse waters in their dash and roar, cried, Out upon the dastard!'

"While the unhappy youth thus raved a rustling was heard in the bushes. "'There is but one way,' he exclaimed, springing upon the parapet, but with a terrified glance towards the thicket, through which one or two attendants were stealing, with the purpose of surprising him. But the instant he saw a human form emerge from the cover of the thicket, he waved his hands wildly over his head, and shrieking out '*Bas air Eachin!*' plunged down the precipice into the raging cataract beneath.

"It is needless to say, that aught save thistledown must have been dashed to pieces in such a fall. But the river was swelled, and the remains of the unhappy youth were never seen. A varying tradition has assigned more than one supplement to the history. It is said by one account, that the young captain of Clan Quhele swam safe to shore, far below the Linns of Campsie; and that, wandering disconsolately in the deserts of Rannoch, he met with Father Clement,, who had taken up his abode in the wilderness as a hermit, on the principle of the old Culdees. He converted, it is said, the heart-broken and penitent Conachar, who lived with him in his cell, sharing his devotion and privations, till death removed them in succession.

"Another wilder legend supposes that he was snatched from death by the *Daione Shie*, or fairy-folk, and that he continues to wander through wood and wild, armed like an ancient Highlander, but carrying his sword in his left hand. The phantom appears always in deep grief. Sometimes he seems about to attack the traveller, but, when resisted with courage, always flies. These legends are founded on two peculiar points in his story—his evincing timidity, and his committing suicide, both of them circumstances unexampled in the history of a Mountain Chief.

"When Simon Glover, having seen his friend Henry duly taken care of in his own house in Curfew Street, arrived that evening at the Place of Campsie, he found his daughter extremely ill of a fever, in consequence of the scenes to which she had lately been a witness, and particularly the catastrophe of her late playmate. The affection of the glee maiden rendered her so attentive and careful a nurse, that the Glover said it should not be his fault if she ever touched lute again, safe for her own amusement.

"It was some time here Simon ventured to tell his daughter of Henry's late exploits, and his severe wounds.

"Catharine sighed deeply, and shook her head at the history of bloody Palm Sunday on the North Inch. But apparently she had reflected that men rarely advance in civilization or refinement beyond the ideas of their own age, and that a headlong and exuberant courage, like that of Henry Smith, was, in the iron days in which they lived, preferable to the deficiency which had led to Conachar's catastrophe. If she had any doubts on the subject they were removed in due time by Henry's protestations, so soon as restored health enabled him to plead his own cause.

"'I should blush to say, Catharine, that I am even sick of the thoughts of doing battle. Yonder last field showed carnage enough to glut a tiger. I am therefore resolved to hang up my broad-sword, never to be drawn more unless against the enemies of Scotland!'

"'And should Scotland call for it,' said Catharine, 'I will buckle it round you.'

"'And, Catharine,' said the joyful Glover, 'we will pay largely for soul masses for those who have fallen by Henry's sword; and that will not only cure spiritual flaws, but make us friends with the Church again.

"Henry and Catharine were married within four months after the battle of the North Inch, and never did the corporations of the glovers and hammermen trip

their sword-dance so featly as at the wedding of the boldest burgess and brighest maiden in Perth. Ten months after a gallant infant filled the well-spread cradle, and was rocked by Louise to the tune of

Bold and True,
In bonnet blue.

The names of the boy's sponsors are recorded as "Ane Hie and Michty Lord, Archibald Erl of Douglas, ane Honorabil and gude Knight, Schir Patrick Charteris of Kinfaunr, and ane gracious Princess, Marjory Dowaire of his Serene Highness Robert umquhile Duke of Rothsay." Under such patronage, a family rises fast; and several of the most respected houses in Scotland, but especially in Perthshire, and many individuals, distinguished both in arts and arms, record with pride their descent from the *Gow Chrom* and the Fair Maid of Perth."

## DEATH.

——— What art thou Death!
That we should tremble as we hear thy name
Thrill on the ether; or that we, in haste,
Should shudder from the chamber of our thoughts
At thy bare mention? Why does the idea
Of thine extensive reign bring the long sigh
From off the burdened mind? or why do men
Deem thee their enemy?———

——— The infant grows,
Plies fast his powers, strengthens every nerve,
And, leaving far behind the childish lisp,
Enters on boyhood:—then, no tears are shed,
No moan of friends proclaims the wondrous change,
No sorrow fills the parent's breast with anguish!
The boy hastes onward with a firmer tread,
Up the steep hill of life; and, grasping fast
The hopes of coming manhood, stands, where youth
Greets him with laughter:—then, who weeps to find
Th' adventurer advanced upon his journey?
And when, more near the summit of the ascent,
Matured in body, and in mind renewed,
He starts—a Man!—for higher destination,
And hurries forward, with a bolder step,
Towards the villa of glad Happiness,
In nearer distance view'd:—who, then, begins
To lengthen out the woeful countenance,
And dim the eyes tears? None are so mad;
The veriest fool that vegetates on earth
Knows wisdom better than to fret at this;
And spies a pleasure in the alteration!
And, when Time leads him through th' estate of Age,
Where rugged paths through flow'rless meads appear,
And the poor mortal tired, and fatigued,
Fainting with langour, fears the wish'd for spot,
Far yet beyond him, 's farther than he'll reach
And sickens at the thought!—not, even then,
Do those we reckon of his near acquaintance,
Mourn for his fate, and, sighing, case their bodies
In the grim mockery of black exterior,
Which the heart owns not, and the judgment deems
A fancied refuge from a keener woe!
Nor do they, then, hide from the light of day
And melancholy court!———

In all these changes Nature seems to work
And she forbids the sigh, that will, perchance,
Strive t' escape its mental prison, and
Breathe forth its sorrowing tale! Each change but told—
A tale of grandeur, truth, and comfort joined,
Of one great progress, one continued chain,
Of all commencing, changing, and improving,
In the grand scheme of a benign existence!
Death adds another link, which joins short time
To long eternity; for Death is nought
But one step further in a man's existence!
Were it, indeed, complete annihilation
From off creation's page, or endless sleep;
Then, with some show of reason, we might grieve,
When we found those we lived but for to love
Sinking from our embrace: though, scarcely then,
Seeing that life is granted for a space,
A little space of time, and not for ever;
Scarce, even then, would reason tolerate
A useless grief:—but while we have the blest,
The full assurance of a brighter morn,
Rising when Death's dark night is past and o'er;
And know, for certain, that the dying pang,
The parting anguish, that the trav'ller feels,
Is but the fare he pays for a conveyance,
That will conduct him to the realms of joy,
Content and Peace, which all his life he sought.
There is no greater cause to grieve the mind
When each one dies, than when he wanders on
To boyhood, youth, to manhood, or to age!

R. JARMAN.

## REMARKS ON THE SATIRE OF EMINENT ENGLISH AUTHORS.

Savage was a man of a superior class,—but he was a villain. He was made so either by nature or his stars. Yet he must have had a strong semblance of some virtue, since Samuel Johnson loved him—for Samuel would not have loved a man merely on account of his talents. There was, however, a sympathy of situation and condition; for they were both poor, and necessity, as often and as much as choice, made them stroll together—moralizing and philosophizing,—yet, we fear, not always so—up and down the midnight streets and lanes, and alleys of London. It was just as well that the Lexicographer was not with Savage in that house of ill-fame, when, in a doubtful brawl, he became a stabber, afterwards condemned to die on the scaffold. Savage showed the blackness of his heart in his conduct to the Countess of Mac

clesfield, whom, if he indeed believed her to be his mother, he treated as unnaturally as he accused her of treating himself; and in that case like mother like son. But though Savage was no doubt somebody's bastard, he was not the bastard of that lady, as Boswell has proved; and we hope, for his own sake, that he never thought he was; in which case, he was not an unnatural monster, but merely an audacious swindler. A swindler he certainly was; and his insolent ingratitude to Pope, who either relieved him in prison, or kept him out of it—we forget which—the detail, we think, is in one of our friend D'Israeli's admirable books—was of itself quite enough to show his character in its real and odious light. Such a man could never have been a great satirist. His own conscience could never have been sufficiently at ease to allow him to chastise the crimes or vices of others; for it may be laid down as a general rule, admitting no exceptions, that a great satirist must be a good man. Yet there are admirable lines in Savage, as—

"Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot."

And,

"No tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

You think you see the young Esquire—and his long line of ancestors—and his posterity too, for the Face will continue to be handed down, depend upon it, till death destroys a direct descendant before he has had time to propagate; and a nephew or cousin steps in to vary a little the physiognomy at the Hall, though the same dull, dead, large, grey goggle eye, remains ungouged; and in a few descents the Face will to a moral certainty re-appear in its pristine foolishness. Savage, besides, was probably something of a scholar, though Johnson's fine philosophical biography of him must be read with many salvoes; for nothing is more common than for men of great acquirements to transfer, in a fit of enthusiasm for some unworthy associate, the glory that is in themselves alone, to one whose endowments may be considerable, but who, on the whole, is but a very inferior character. Yet Savage is a sort of name in English literature; and the Wanderer is a vigorous, and, had he been an honest man, would have been a pathetic composition.

Different from Savage as light from darkness was Cowper as a moral creature, and as an intellectual one so infinitely his superior, that by the side of the immortal author of the Task, the transitory writer of the Wanderer sinks down dwarfed into the obscurest name. Cowper was a man, not only of the finest and profoundest sensibilities, but of very strong passions, which, cruelly thwarted and disappointed, and defrauded of their just joy in very early youth, shook the whole constitution of his being, and tainted it with melancholy and with madness, or aggravated and brought out the hereditary disease. His later life—indeed almost all his life, after he had reached the prime of manhood—was so calm and quiet in its ongoings to the outward eye, and for the most part was really so indeed;—The hearth, at which he and Mrs. Unwin sat—the Mary, whose tender affection and its uncommon ties his genius has consecrated and immortalized—burned with such a seemingly cheerful and tender uniformity except when disturbed by thoughts for which at times there was no relief, not even the voice from Heaven;—The Poet was so devoted to his flowers, and his hot-house plants, and his pigeons and his rabbits,—that is, to everything fair or harmless in animate or inanimate nature;—His intercourse with the world was so small, it being like that of some benevolent hermit who had sought refuge in retirement from the troubles that beset him in society, without being in the least an ascetic, or his sympathies being either deadened or narrowed with the human beings living in another sphere;—All his more serious studies, (we make no allusion to his religion, which was more than serious, always solemn, and too often dreadful,) were of a kind so remote from the every-day interests of the passing time and even from the intellectual pursuits most popular and most powerful, for good or for evil, in the world which he had so nearly forsaken;—His ambition and love of fame, which though deep, and strong, and pure, and high, because they were born and sustained by the consciousness of genius, that, beyond all things else, rejoiced in interpreting the word of God, as it is written in the fair volume of nature, and in the book which reveals what in nature is hidden, and beyond all finding out, were so linked with holy undertakings and achievements in which God alone should be glorified, that they seem to be hardly compatible with any permanent design of busying himself with drawing pictures of passions rife in common existence, so as to embody moral instruction in a satirical form;—Altogether there seems something so soft, so sweet, so delicate, so tender, almost so fragile in the peculiar structure of his bodily frame,—a spirit of cohesion among all his faculties both of thought and feeling so very un-

worldly—and such a refinement of manners about him as may not be called fastidiousness, but rather a shrinking timidity, so that, like the sensitive plant, he was as it were, paralized by the least touch of rudeness, and, perhaps unknown to his own heart, courted retirement the more to escape the chance of such shocks as carelessness or coarseness often unintentionally inflict;——That we are not prepared to think of such a being, if such Cowper were, standing forth a satirist of the follies and absurdities of his kind, no less than their worst and most flagrant delinquencies, and to see him with a bold grasp shaking the blossom of the full-blown sins of the People. Yet this Cowper did; and his satire is sublime. There is not anywhere that we know of in the language such satires as his Table Talk, Progress of Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, Conversation, Retirement. Perhaps we ought to call those compositions by some other name, for they are full of almost all kinds of the noblest poetry. Never were the principles of the real wealth of nations more grandly expounded, illustrated, and enforced—— national honour, faith, freedom, patriotism, independence, religion, all sung in magnificent strains, kindled alternately by the pride and indignation of a Briton, exulting in, or ashamed of, the land of saints and heroes. No want of individual portraits of fools, knaves, and even ruffians. The same man, who was well satisfied to sit day after day beside an elderly lady, sewing caps and tippets, except when he was obliged to go and water the flowers, or feed the rabbits, rose up, when Poetry came upon him, sinewy and muscular as a mailed man dallying for a while with a two-edged sword, as if to try its weight and temper, when about to shear down the Philistines. Cowper goes forth in his holy ire like a man inspired and commissioned. You see his soul glowing and burning with fires kindled on the altar of religion. He comes strong from the study of the old prophets. And in some of his most magnificent marches, you think that you hear the Bible transformed into another shape of poetry, the essence being the same, nor are the sacred strains profaned by being sounded to a lyre smote by such a hand —a hand uplifted duly, many times and oft, besides night and morn, in prayer, and ever "open as day to melting charity." How he sheds sudden day into the midnight darkness of London, lying bare with all her sins and iniquities! The dark City quakes as she is suddenly brightened, and stands confessed in all her guilt, in which she dares not to glory, now that the hand of heaven seems stretched forth to avenge and destroy. There is nothing in Byron of such sustained majesty as Cowper's Expostulation with this Queen of the Cities of the earth—nor even in Wordsworth. In a comparison or parallel between these two great bards, Cowper and Wordsworth, which we intend ere long to attempt, we shall venture on some quotations even from the poetry of the author of the Task, for we believe that by the Task he is chiefly known; nor is it wrong, or wonderful, that he should be—but assuredly in his earlier poems, there is more of the *vivida vis animæ*, even of the *Mens Divinior*, although for reasons that will be afterwards given to those who wish or want them, they never can be so incorporated with the *read* poetry of England. Even as a personal satirist—that is the satirist of particular vices, as they are exhibited in individual characters whose portraits are unsparingly drawn, we know of nobody with whom Cowper may not take rank, while, as a general satirist of that mysterious compound of good and evil, Man, we know nobody who may take rank with him,—for spleen, rancour, bile, in his loftiest moods, he has none,—there is a profound melancholy often mingling with his ire, for he knows that he too is of the same blind race, whom he upbraids with their folly and their wickedness; he hates sin, but he loves and pities the sinner;—his is not the railing of sanctimonious pride, but as a Christian, he feels that he "does well to be angry;"—his Morality is always pure and high, but his Religion is a power purer and higher far—its denunciations are altogether of a different nature, appealing to other fears, and other hopes, and other sanctions; and in the spirit of religion alone will any satire ever be poured from the lips of man, which, because of its influence on human happiness and virtue, may be named sacred, holy, divine, and enrolled among the other records of Immortal Song.

To Cowper, Byron, as a satirist, was far inferior in divine energy. Indeed his energy in that department, so far from being divine, was intensely human, and in that intensity lay its power, often great and triumphant, but irregular and misdirected, and just as often defeating itself—the chief emotions produced in our mind being pain to see such noble gifts abused —indignation at the recklessness of his injustice,—and in some striking instances, a high sympathy with the scorn of the men vainly imagined by him to be his victims—but, in truth, unscathed, in their genius and virtue, by the charges that, though launched in lightning, either fall

harmless at their feet, and expire in smoke, or recoil dangerously on him from whose unhallowed hand they had been let loose, and bring the hurt and ignominy which were designed for theirs, on his own head —to the entire satisfaction of the world looking on the unprovoked assault, and for a while fearful of the issue. It is a numbling—a shocking—a revolting sight —to see a man of transcendent endowments, like Byron, vulgarly abusing the genius from which, in the highest inspiration of his poetry, he delights to borrow; to hear him expressing hatred and scorn of those men who had taught him so much of what was wise, and good, and great, in his own thoughts and feelings; and but for whom his own works, glorious as they are, had been less glorious; the wanderings of the "Noble Childe" himself, "musing by flood and fell," had been less sublime; and Nature herself, to his eyes, as a poet, in a great measure, a sealed book. But the soul within him was easily disturbed and distracted, and his ear had been poisoned. Left to his own natural thoughts and feelings, which, in his solemn hours, were always great, or akin to greatness, Byron would have worshipped the genius of the living with much of the religion with which he worshipped the genius of the dead. But his moral being was assailed from many quarters—and nature's best affections and passions, by his own fault, by the fault of another, by the fault of the world, and by evil fortune, seemed at last to be turned against him,—so that Byron, in the blaze of fame, and all the glory of genius, did feel,—he has himself confessed it,—as if excommunicated! No wonder, then, perhaps, that his satire was reckless and bitter—his merriment often outrageous—because that of an unhappy man. But his genius seldom, though sometimes, deserted him, to whatever unworthy tasks it might be reduced. It remained faithful with him to the last; nor was its power or inspiration abated, but with the dying struggles of the poor expatriated poet, closing his eyes afar off from friendship and love—from all kindred, and from the face of the young vision—

"Ada, sole daughter of his house and heart!"

Gifford, we suppose, was not a bad satirist; but of his powers it is hard to judge, for we know not how to distinguish between his own gall, his own bile, his own spleen, and those same charming commodities furnished to him by others—by choice contributors to the Quarterly. Few satirical articles in the Quarterly have been of much merit—bitter bigotry is not keen wit—and it requires original genius to render tolerable intolerance. Of fine, free, flowing, fearless, joyous, extravagant, horse-playing, horse-laughing, horse-funking, insane and senseless mad humour, not one single drop, not one single gleam, not one single "nicher," ever moistened, or irradiated, or shook the pages of that staid, sober, solemn, stately, King—Church—and Constitution Periodical. The ghastly editor grinned as he cut up the grubs, like a grim insect-butcher, instead of smiling like a suave entomologist. Your true naturalist, having first smoked his beetle to death, pins him down in the glass case with a pleasant countenance, a preparation undisfigured, though pierced through the spine by a small thin, sharp, bright, polished spear, labelled with the creature's scientific name. O bright blue sunny spring and summer skies, why hunt butterflies with the same truculent physiognomy, the same sly stealth, and the same bold leap, with which, in the deserts of Africa, you would attack a tiger roaring against you with a tufted tail, some ten or twenty feet high? Why treat an ass as if he were a lion? A dragon-fly is not a dragon. Mr. Merry was not an Avatar, descending in his Tenth Incarnation to destroy the world—Mrs. Mary Robinson though certainly not the thing, was yet not the Lady of Babylon, with her hell-red petticoat and cap of abominations, in her sinful and city-sinking hand. Yet the crabbed, elderly, retired little studious gentleman, was as proud of his Bæviad and Mæviad, as if, like another Hercules, he had scoured of robbers the inside and the outside of the whole world. Then it is one thing, we shrewdly suspect, to be the translator of Juvenal and Persius, and another thing to be those gentlemen themselves—just, too, as it is one thing for a true poet of the olden time to have composed, in a fit of inspiration of passion, that elegiac song of almost unendurable pathos,

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Day and night on me she cries,"

and another thing for a false poetaster of the new time to have scribbled in a sort of waspish grief, very like anger, an imitation thereof, as inferior in beauty to the original, as William Gifford's housekeeper, no doubt a worthy woman in her way, inclined to corpulency, and with hair too, too red, was inferior to Adam Fleming's Lady-Love, the Flower of Kirk-Connel, tall and graceful as the lily or the hare-bell, the blue-bell of Scotland, that on its airy stalk is beloved

of the sun, who fears with his kisses to melt the dew-drops on its heavenly blossoms. Mr. Lockhart is another guess kind of man. We say to all blockheads, in the words of one of his own Spanish Ballads,

"Hurra, hurra! avoid the way of the avenging Childe!"

while the grief and the joy of his poetry, as it is the grief and the joy that has passed through his own generous heart, unborrowing and unborrowed, speaks the original language of the passions, a language always true to nature, and triumphant in her power. How from the fanners of his genius would the cock-chaffers of Cockneys fly like ver chaff indeed!

(*To be Continued.*)

## CHURCH-YARD RECURRENCES.

*(For the Olio.)*

When the bloomy hue of youth hath past,
And budding hopes have met their sear,
And sunny smiles are changed at last,
By lowering fate, to regnant care.
And forms that flickered in the break
Of op'ning life, and memory's goal,
Are gone, but never will forsake
The imagery of the soul.

'Tis then we ween that solitude
Not wanting is of tinted gloom,
Or in the purlieus of the wood,
Or city's maze, she builds her home.
We roam right on through turmoiled street,
Nor heed the noisy passing throng,
We banish these, and lonesome greet
The thought in other scenes among.

And when perchance that years have ran
Their changing round, and fate again
Shall cast us there, where erst began
The course of life, from sorrow twain;
Again, we dote in childhood's reign,
And drown intruding nearer hours,
Again we trip the well-known plain,
While fancy strews her new blown flowers.

We climb the tree, each branch we know
An old acquaintance, and the road
We whilom trod to church; we go
Again, o'er memory's lore to brood.
We mount again the throne of death,
The tomb, the wanderers resting place,
And solitudes last home, beneath
All else when she hath run her race.

We muse—when lo! the treacherous eye
Doth rest upon some moss clad stone,
Teeming with kindreds last good bye,
And all the pictured zest is gone.
There some sweet coz. doth claim a tear
Beneath her gleby canopy,
Where both have romped, and exiled care,
And little recked time's dynasty.

The eye is flooded in heartfelt springs,
While gazing round, we recognize
Each dear amission, memory's wings
Ascend, and greet them in the skies.

Then solitude we feel thee near,
(The grave, the grave is thy true home)
And ask ourselves what do we here
Alienèd the quiet tristing tomb.

W. MORLEY.

## SONNET.

How lovely it is to stand on yon cliff,
Or to sail o'er the lake in my light little skiff,
On the calm summer night, when the pale moon-beams
With silvery radiance tinges the streams:
When the splash of my oars, or the soft zephyrs break
The silence alone that hangs over the lake:
When clear and calm is the deep blue sky,
As the breast of a saint when his death hour is nigh:
And unbroken the lake's glassy smoothness by wave,
As in dangerous hour is the heart of the brave:
When the air is all odour, and balm, and perfume,
And the earth is all flowers, and blossom, and bloom,
'Tis lovely, 'tis lovely, to see such a night,
Oh! would that my hopes were as shining and bright.

K.

## ACCOUNT OF THE BHATS, OR BARDS OF INDIA.

The Bhâts are a sacred order all through Rajpootana. Their race was especially created by Mahadeo, for the purpose of guarding his sacred bull, but they lost this honourable office through their cowardice. The god had a pet lion also, and as the favourite animals were kept in the same apartment, the bull was eaten almost every day, in spite of all the noise which the Bhâts could make, greatly to the grief of Siva, and to the increase of his trouble, since he had to create a new bull in the room of every one which fell a victim to the ferocity of his companion. Under these circumstances, the deity formed a new race of men, the Charuns of equal piety and tuneful powers, but more courageous than the Bhâts, and made them the wardens of his menagerie. The Bhâts, however, still retained their functions of singing the praises of gods and heroes; and, as the hereditary guardians of history and pedigree, are held in higher estimation than even the Brahmins themselves, amongst the haughty and fierce nobles of Rajpootana. In the yet wilder districts to the south west, the more warlike Charuns, however, take their place in popular reverence. A few years back, it was usual for merchants or travellers going through Malwah and Guzerat, to hire a Charun to protect them, and the sanctity of his name was gene-

rally sufficient. If robbers appeared, he stepped forward, waving his long white garments, and denouncing in verse, infamy, and disgrace on all who should injure travellers, under the protection of the holy minstrels of Siva. If this failed, he stabbed himself with his dagger, generally in the left arm, declaring that his blood was on their heads; and if all failed he was bound in honour to stab himself to the heart,—a catastrophe of which there was little danger, since the violent death of such a person was enough to devote the whole land to barrenness, and all who occasioned it to an everlasting abode in Padolon. The Bhâts protect nobody; but to kill or beat one of them would be regarded as very disgraceful and ill-omened; and presuming on this immunity, and on the importance attached to that sort of renown which it confers, they are said often to extort money from their wealthy neighbours, by promises of spreading their great name, and threats of making them infamous, and even of blasting their prospects. A wealthy merchant of Indore, some years since, had a quarrel with one of these men, who made a clay image, which he called after the merchant's name, and, daily in the bazar, and in the different temples, addressed it with bitter and reproachful language, intermixed with the most frightful curses, which an angry poet could invent. There was no redress; and the merchant though a man of great power and influence at court, was advised to bribe him into silence, this he refused to do, and the matter went on for several months, till a number of the merchant's friends subscribed a considerable sum, of which, with much submission, and joined hands, they entreated the Bhât to accept. "Alas!" was his answer, "why was not this done before? Had I been conciliated in time, your friend might yet have prospered. But now, though I shall be silent henceforth, I have already said too much against him; and when did the imprecations of a bard, so long persisted in, fall to the ground unaccomplished?" The merchant, as it happened, was really overtaken by some severe calamities, and the popular faith in the powers of the minstrel character, is now more than ever confirmed.—*Bishop Heber's India.*

## Eccentric Biography.

JEFFERY, THE COURT DWARF.

This singular personage, who figures so conspicuously in one of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, and whose life was full of events, first saw the light at Oakham in Rutlandshire in 1619, and about the age of seven or eight, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I, the King and Queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up to table in a cold-pie, and presented by the Duchess to the Queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age to thirty he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court, Sir William Davenant wrote a poem Jeffreidos, on a battle between him and a turkey cock, and in 1638, was published a very small book called the New Year's Gift, presented at court from the Lady Parvalu to the Lord Minimus, (commonly called little Jeffery) her Majesty's servant, &c., written by Microphilus, with a little print of Jeffery prefixed. Before this period Jeffery was employed in a negociation of great importance, he was sent to France to fetch a midwife for the Queen, and on his return with this gentlewoman, and her Majesty's dancing master, and many rich presents to the Queen from her mother Mary de Medici, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffery thus made of consequence, grew to think himself really so. He had borne with little temper the teazing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the King's gigantic porter, at last, being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued, and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged that a real duel ensued, and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them more on a level, Jeffery with the first fire shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles. He was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. He probably did not long remain in slavery, for at the beginning of the civil war he was made a captain in the Royal Army, and in 1644 attended the Queen to France, where he remained till the restoration. At last upon suspicion of his being privy to the Popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gate House, Westminster, where he ended his life in the sixty third year of his age.—*Dallaway's Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*

### VENERATION OF THE ANCIENTS FOR THEIR BEARDS.

THE most celebrated ancient writers, as well as those of latter times, have made honourable mention of the beards of antiquity. Homer speaks highly of the white beard of the venerable Nestor, and that of Priam King of Troy. Virgil describes Mezentius's to us as being so thick and long as to cover all his breast, Chrysippus, the stoic philosopher praises in his writings the noble beard of Timothy, a famous flute player of his time. Pliny the younger tells us of the white beard of Euphrates, a Syrian Philosopher; and he takes pleasure in relating the respect mixed with fear with which it inspired the people. Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, being asked why he let it grow so, replied "*'Tis that seeing continually my white beard, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness,*" Strabo relates that the Indian philosophers, the Gymnosophists, were particularly attentive to make the length of their beards contribute to captivate the veneration of the people, Diodorus Siculus after him in his writings, gives a particular and circumstantial history of the beards of the Indians. Juvenal the satirist does not forget that of Antilochus, the son of Nestor. Fenelon the author of Telemachus in describing a priest of Apollo in all his magnificence tells us, that he had a white beard down to his girdle. But Perseus seems to out-do all these authors, this poet was so convinced that a beard was the symbol of wisdom, that he thought he could not bestow a greater encomium on the divine Socrates, than by calling him the bearded master —*Magistrum Barbatum.*

## Sketches of Orators, No. 3.

### ISOCRATES.

ISOCRATES, the son of Theodorus, was born at Athens, 436, A. C. Defective in his pronunciation, he came not into the Forum to plead causes, yet he reconciled Philip by his letters to the Athenians, and in his excellent panegyric, he stirred up the Greeks against Asia, and intimated that Athens, if it would be happy, and in tranquility, ought to confine her dominions within just bounds, not to affect the empire of the sea, for the sake of lording it over all other states; but to conclude a peace, whereby every city and people should be left to the full enjoyment of their liberty, and declare herself the irreconcilable enemy of those who should presume to disturb their peace, or contravene such measures. He is called by Cicero the father of eloquence, and a singular good doctor. Tully commends the subtlety of Lycias, the acuteness of Hiperides, the sound of Aeschines, the force of Demosthenes, but the sweetness of Isocrates. And Philostrates denominates him as the Athenian Syren, telling us that the syren was placed on his sepulchre, as it were, singing. In the Greek Anthology, he is called the Light of Rhetoric. The Roman orator compares his school to the Trojan Horse, out of which most eminent rhetoricians came forth. Isocrates, who loved his country with the utmost tenderness, could not survive the loss and ignominy with which it was covered by the event of the battle of Chœronea. The instant he received the news of it, being uncertain what use Philip would make of his victory, and determined to die a freeman, he hastened his end by abstaining from food. He was 98 years of age. His writings were so precious that he sold only one oration for 20 talents. P.

## DISTINCTIONS OF PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

THERE is little doubt but what many of our readers who hear or read of various appellations that are applied to the different grades of negroes, people of colour, &c., are quite ignorant as to the comprehending fully what is meant by the various names by which the different races are distinguished; to such, we think the following information will not be unacceptable:—

A Samboe is the highest remove from black, being the child of a Mulattoe father, and Negro woman, or *vice versâ.* A Mulattoe is the child of a white man by a Negress. A Quadroon is the child of a Mulattoe mother, by a white father. The child of a Quadroon by a white man, is a Mustee. The child of a white man by a Mustee woman, is a Mustiphini. The child of a Mustiphini, by a white father, is a Quintroon; and the child of a Quintroon woman by a white, is free by law. Some authors who have treated on the West Indies, do not count so far; whilst others state the having seen more than one family of Quintroons by Mustiphini mothers in a state of slavery; which of course would not have been the case, had they been those persons called white by law.

# Anecdotiana.

### LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

Some courtiers in the presence of Louis the fourteenth, who was then only fifteen, conversed on the absolute power of the Turkish Sultans, and gave many instances of their uncontrolled conduct; "That" said the young Prince, is really being a king." The Cardinal de Estrée, who was present, and desirous to check these dangerous notions of his youthful sovereign, replied gravely, "Sire, two or three of those Emperors you approve have been put to the bow-string in my memory."

### LORD SANDWICH.

This nobleman, when dressed, had a dignified appearance, but to see him in the street, he had an awkward careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him when at Leicester, one of them remarked, "I think it is Lord Sandwich coming;" the other replied that he thought he was mistaken. "Nay," says the gentleman, "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once."

But Lord Sandwich gave a better anecdote of himself:—"When I was at Paris, I had a dancing master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him, I offered him any service in London." "Then," said the man, bowing, "I should take it as a particular favour, if your Lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance."

### SINGULAR SUBJECT.

The following curious return was made to the Commissioners of the Income Tax in the year 1801, at Shrewsbury.

I A. B. do declare
I have but little money to spare.
I have
1 little house,
1 little maid,
2 little boys,
2 little trade,
2 little land,
2 do. money at command;
By this you see,
I have children three,
Depend on me, A. B.—F. C. S.

### FRENCH TREATMENT OF CAPTIVES.

During the late war with France, when so many English prisoners were confined in the different French towns, the bread served out to them was of so bad a quality, and so gritty, that it was supposed that sand was mixed with the flour, to swell the bulk, and render it more heavy.

An English officer, whilst making his breakfast one morning from this horrid trash, took up a pencil, and wrote the following lines on the subject:—

Say, why with sand instead of wheat,
France kneeds her captives' crust?
Why, but to make her threat complete,
My foes shall bite the dust.

### COURTS OF FAT KING'S WHY THOUGHTLESS.

A thoughtless court, devoid of brains,
At all abuses winking,
We must have, where a fat king reigns,
For their none value *thin-king*. J. W. B.

### SHARP RETORT.

A shallow and conceited nobleman observing one day at dinner, a person eminent for his philosophical talents, intent on choosing the delicacies of the table, said to him. "What! do philosophers love dainties?"—"Why not?" returned the scholar. "Do you think my lord, that the good things of this world were made only for blockheads?"

### EPIGRAM.

Jack, tired of work, to play his shop shuts up;
And at his ease, works harder with his cup.
P.

### RAIN.

"What good does rain!" the poor man cries,
"To make the bread the cheaper?"
"Much! for it makes the corn to rise
And fall before the reaper." P.

### MEN IN DEBT.

A modern man of letters used to say, that a man in debt reminded him of Gray's lines:—

"Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy!"

### TO A POOR FRIEND.

Rich in thy friendship though in pocket poor;
The miser's poor in friendship,—rich in store:
Thou soothest by thine affluent words which roll;
He lives and dies a poor, unpitied soul!
When thou art gone, thy kindness, like the ray
Will shed its beauty long in 'Memory's Day.'
P.

### AN EPITAPH ON A BAD WIFE.

*By her Husband.*

Ah! once dear partner of my days,
Willing to thee this tomb I raise
My grateful thoughts your shade pursue,
In this small gift so justly due.
No envious tongue, with clamours rude,
Arraign'd this act of gratitude;
For all must know, that, with my wife,
I lost each hour of care and strife.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| June 18 | Sts. Marcus and Marcellianus. | June 18 | St. Marcus and Marcellianus; these saints were twin brothers, and born of an illustrious family in Rome. They suffered martyrdom by order of Fabian, who condemned them to be bound to two pillars, with their feet nailed to the same; in this posture they were stabbed with lances. |
| | | | 1483.—The youthful King Edward V. Deposed by his ambitious uncle Richard, Duke of Gloster. |
| | | | 1815.—Fought on this day, the glorious and decisive Battle of Waterloo, which ended the personal power of Napoleon, the loss sustained in killed and wounded on both sides in this victory has been computed at 60,000. |
| | | | 1827.—Died on this day Lord de Tabley, the liberal patron of literature and the fine arts. The death of this nobleman is deeply regretted by almost every English artist. |
| —— 19 | Sts. Gervasius & Protasius. | —— '9 | These two saints were termed the Protomartyrs of Milan, and are supposed to have suffered in the first persecution under Nero. |
| | | | 1215.—The bulwark of English liberty, *Magna Charta* was confirmed by King John on this day. The performance of this act was effected by compulsion, the Barons being all in arms against the king. |
| | | | 1565· Mary Queen of Scots, was delivered on this day of a son, afterwards our James I. |
| —— 20 | St. Silverius. | —— 20 | St. Silverius was the son of Pope Hormisdas, he succeeded Agapetus I, in the papacy, he was deposed by Belisarius, by order of the Empress Theodora, for refusing to acknowledge an heretical bishop, he died during his banishment in the Island of Pontia, A. D 538. |
| | | | 1814. Anniversary of the grand review of troops, which took place in Hyde Park. The troops were reviewed by the present King, then Prince Regent. The Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, and the foreign Generals then here on a visit to the Prince Regent. |
| —— 21 | St. Eusebius. Longest day. | —— 21 | St. Eusebius, bishop of Samosata, was banished by the Emperor Valens. After whose death he was ordered by the Council of Antiochia, to visit the churches of Mesopotamia, upon arriving at Dolichæ to fulfil his mission, he was killed by a woman of the Arian persuasion, A. D. 378. |
| | | | 1377. Expired at Richmond, King Edward III, ÆT 64, in the 53rd year of an eventful reign, during which was fought the memorable battles of Cressy and Poictiers. |
| | | | 1813. Victory of Vittoria was obtained on this day. When the French army under Joseph Buonaparte and Marshal Jourdan, were signally defeated by the army of Lord Wellington. The valor and well concerted operations of Lord Hill, and that brave general Sir Thomas Picton, principally effected the discomfiture of the French upon this occasion. |
| 2 | | —— 22 | St. Paulinus was born at Bourdeaux, A. D. 358. He was chosen bishop of Nola in the year 409. His death happened in 431, when many miracles are said to have happened. |
| | St. Paulinus Nola. | | 1679. The battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought on this day, when the Duke of Monmouth, dispersed the rebellious covenanters, upwards of 700 fell by the effective execution of the Duke's cannon, whilst pursuing them, and 1200 were taken prisoners, unto whom this generous nobleman behaved with the greatest humanity. |
| —— 23 | St. Etheldrida. | —— 23 | St. Etheldrida, this saint was a daughter of Annasor Anna, the holy King of the East Angles, she was married to Toubercht, who settled upon her the Isle of Ely for her dowry, at which place she founded a monastery, and ended her pious and exemplary life, A. D. 179. |

Marian Godfrey at the Feet of Oliver Cromwell.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE

### MARIAN GODFREY; A SKETCH OF 1651.

"Why, how now, son? Is there any news stirring, that thou hast thus hurried hither?—or have any of our ships foundered in the late gale?" were the questions asked by Matthew Godfrey, of his son, as the latter entered the usual sitting room of the family, seemingly fraught with some momentous intelligence.

"No, no, father! the ships are safe, as yet, for aught I know to the contrary," he replied; "but I hastened from the city to tell you the glorious news; praised be God! the Lord General Cromwell has gained a great and a decisive victory over the Royalists at Worcester; a victory which will strike terror into the hearts of the disaffected, and completely overthrow the hopes entertained by Charles Stewart of wearing the crown of these kingdoms."

"Truly this *is* important news," said the elder Godfrey; "and much does it behove the nation to lift up the voice of thanksgiving on the occasion. But how fares it with the Lord General, who has been made the blessed instrument of effecting this deliverance?"

"He has been protected from the arrows of the ungodly, and is in good health. He is marching with his victorious army towards London; and it is the intention of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, with the Council of State, to meet the Lord General to morrow, at Acton, and enter London with him in becoming order."

"I am right glad to hear it," said his father: "it is fitting that the citizens should show General Cromwell the respect which they entertain for his character, and the gratitude they feel for the services which he has rendered the state."

"Are there many wounded, in the battle you speak of, Philip?" inquired his sister, in a tremulous voice, who was sitting at an embroidery frame at the farther end of the apartment, an unnoticed, but not an inattentive hearer of their discourse. Her brother turned towards her at the sound of her voice,—"Good Marian," he said, "trouble not thyself concerning this matter: suffice,

that the loss which the Lord General has sustained is very small; but the enemy suffered dreadfully; and the number of prisoners taken is considerable. Why, how now, what ails the foolish girl?" he said, as he observed that tears were in his sister's eyes; "art thou ready to weep for tidings which should make England raise a joyful cry unto God for her final deliverance from the yoke of the oppressor?—I had well nigh forgotten to tell you," continued Philip, turning to his father, "that young Herbert Lisle, the son of Sir Thomas Lisle, whom we have formerly seen at our kinswoman, Mistress Moreton's, is among the number of the prisoners."

A convulsive sob here arrested his attention; and, turning round, he beheld his sister, pale as death, attempting to leave the room; but her strength failed her, and she would have fallen, had not Philip hastened towards her, and supported her with his arm.

"What has thus moved you, Marian?" he said

"A sudden giddiness," she replied; "I shall be better anon—'tis nothing—it has already passed!" and she attempted to smile, but there was anguish in her smile; and her brother led her to her apartment, and, tenderly kissing her, bade her try to gain a little repose.

Matthew Godfrey was a merchant of great respectability in the city of London. He was a stern republican, but a conscientious one; and, in the wars between the unfortunate Charles and his Parliaments, he had constantly taken part with the latter, because he believed their cause to be just and right, and their taking up arms for the sole purpose of delivering the nation from tyranny and injustice. He was a Puritan: but he did not carry his religious zeal to the extent practised by many of that sect: his piety was without hypocrisy.—Matthew Godfrey had been many years a widower, with two children; and his son had, for the last two or three years, principally managed his mercantile concerns; and for some little time previously to the commencement of this narrative, he had been left by his father in the House in Aldersgate Street, as he had a perfect reliance upon his skill and prudence to manage

his affairs, while he himself occupied a house in Holborn, which had been lent him by a friend, and which, being more cheerful and airy, would, he hoped, restore Marian's health, that had seemed sadly drooping of late, while its vicinity to the city enabled him to see his son daily, and to render his assistance in any affair of moment should it be requisite.

Marian Godfrey was in her nineteenth year. She had passed much of her time with Mistress Moreton, who was a half sister of her still fondly remembered mother. That lady's husband had espoused the cause of King Charles, and had fallen fighting for that cause in the civil wars. At her house Marian was thrown much into the society of the gallant and devoted chevaliers of the Royalist party; and, while she listened to their polite conversation, and witnessed their generous self-devotion, and the privations which they underwent rather than forsake the interest which they had espoused, her republican principles were gradually undermined, and she deplored in secret the tragical death of her sovereign, and the extinction of royalty in England. The change which had taken place in her sentiments she carefully abstained from speaking of, as she knew her father's inflexibility too well to believe that he could be brought to approve of it; and she loved him too tenderly to grieve him by open opposition. With respect to her brother, it was still worse: he was a relentless persecutor of the Royalists, and was wholly destitute of his father's moderation in party matters. Matthew Godfrey had tenderly loved his wife, and for her sake he respected Mistress Moreton, and saw no impropriety in permitting his daughter to visit her frequently. As to the unfortunate adherents of the Stewart party, whom she might there meet with, he believed her early education had fortified her against imbibing their principles; and, while he condemned their conduct and opinions, he himself pitied their misfortunes. Marian had thus an opportunity at her aunt's, of frequently meeting the young and accomplished Herbert Lisle. Insensibly they became attached to each other. Marian wept over his ruined fortunes, and the perils to which he was exposed; and he loved to look on her beautiful countenance, and listen to her gentle voice; yet even more than that did he love her purity of heart, her simplicity of soul, and her noble and confiding disposition. In the first dawn of their attachment, they remembered not the perils by which they was surrounded, nor how eventually hopeless their love might prove. Soon, however, they were awakened from their dream of bliss, and the young soldier was obliged to follow the fortunes of his royal master. Yet he went secure in the possession of Marian's faithful and unchanging love When he left her, though Marian had fears for him, she had none for herself: she had bestowed her affection on Herbert Lisle, and she was resolved that no earthly power should compel her to abandon him. When the young king marched into England, after the unfortunate battle of Dunbar, Herbert Lisle obtained a short leave of absence; and, disguised, he reached London, where he again beheld his beloved Marian. But a thousand fears for his safety tormented her, and she urged his immediate departure. Herbert, however, refused to leave her: he might never see her more, or her friends would oblige her to forsake him. He tormented her and himself with a thousand groundless suspicions and harassing thoughts (for man knows not the unchanging nature of woman's true affection) and he eloquently urged that nothing short of her consenting to a private marriage would satisfy him, or calm his melancholy forebodings.

It were vain to dwell on his affectionate entreaties. Marian, overpowered by his distress, and by her desire of hastening his departure from the metropolis, ultimately consented; and, in the presence of Mistress Moreton and the old nurse of her childhood, who had also been a faithful attendant upon her mother, did Marian become the wife of Herbert Lisle. On the bridal day they separated, and, as Herbert pressed her with rapture to his heart, and imprinted a farewell kiss on her lips, Marian seemed oppressed with a fearful presentiment that her happiness had vanished, and she trembled to think of the dangers to which her beloved Herbert was about to be exposed.

From the day of their parting, Marian's health declined, and her depression of spirits became evident to every one. Indeed, for some time, she scarcely dared raise her eyes to her father's face, lest he should discover her secret; and her brother evidently seemed to suspect that she had some cause for her unhappiness. Marian, however, soon had ostensible reason for her melancholy, in the death of Mistress Moreton, which took place suddenly, about a week after Herbert's departure and her father readily accepted, on her account, the offer which was made to him of taking up his abode for a short time in Holborn. The house which he inhabited had, at the back of it, an uninterrupted view of fields, meadows, and pasture lands, with pleasant shady lanes and humble cottages, a space of ground

now occupied by Red Lion Square, and the streets adjacent and beyond. Marian loved her new abode, as her dear old nurse lived only about two or three fields off, and she could therefore visit her frequently, and talk to her of her gallant husband.

After the battle of Worcester, when Marian was made acquainted with the dreadful tidings that her husband was a prisoner, and that in all probability his life would be sacrificed, from the known stern devotion and unbending loyalty, both of himself and his father, her distress was nearly insupportable. She resolved, however, that, if she could not save him, she would die with him; and, comforting herself with this assurance, she calmly prepared to make the only effort in her power on his behalf, *viz.* that of a personal appeal to General Cromwell. This was a bold step for one so young, but Marian stopped not to weigh either the peril or the possible consequences of the undertaking. She imparted her determination to no one but her nurse. "God will be my guide," she said to the old woman, who would fain have dissuaded her from the attempt; "but give thou to me that trinket of my mother's—the watch she gave thee—I may need it."

"Well, but you know not, perhaps, the tale that belongs to it," said the old woman.

"Yes, yes!" said Marian; "I know it all; I have heard it many times."

Thus admonished, the nurse unlocked a small drawer, and drew forth a small watch hanging to a steel chain, which was partly rusted. The case of the watch was of gold; it had small steel beads around it, and a raised border of flowers of the same metal on the back. Exactly in the centre was a small painting of a female head, exquisite in expression and beauty. The dark raven hair parted on the forehead, the eyes full of tenderness, and the faint blush just tinging the fair cheek, made Marian weep as she gazed on it; and, pressing the trinket to her lips, she exchanged an affectionate farewell with her nurse, and hastened homewards.

In honour of the victory which General Cromwell had obtained at Worcester, the citizens of London resolved on giving a grand entertainment. Great preparations were made on the occasion, and he was to be feasted in Guildhall. Matthew Godfrey intended to be present at the civic festival, and the day before it was to take place he went to his house in Aldersgate Street, from which he did not intend to return until the day after the dinner given to General Cromwell and his officers. This was the time which Marian judged as most favourable for her purpose; and, soon after her father had left Holborn, she, with a beating heart, and in her most simple apparel, with her lovely countenance shrouded in a black silk hood, set off for the palace at Whitehall, where she had been informed the General then was.

On making known her desire to the attendants, she was told that the Lord General had been occupied nearly all the day with business of importance, and that it was not likely she would be able to see him, but that she could wait if she pleased. Marian accordingly sat down on a bench in a corridor leading to the principal apartments. Here she waited in agonizing suspense; persons passed to and fro, but none seemed to notice her, and she thought with bitterness of the precious moments thus passing away, which might probably be fraught with danger to her beloved Herbert. An elderly man, in the garb of a puritan minister, entered the gallery; his look seemed benevolent, and Marian resolved to address him, and request his assistance. At first he looked at her suspectingly; but a second glance at her noble brow and modest countenance reassured him. He saw that her distress was real, and, certain that her object could be one of no common interest, he promised, if possible, to obtain her an interview with the Lord General.

This person, who was the celebrated Hugh Peters, was as good as his word. In a few moments he again approached her, and, taking her hand, he led her to the door of an apartment, and whispering —"The Lord prosper thy petition," the door was thrown open, and Marian found herself in the presence of General Cromwell.

The room into which Marian was ushered was a high and noble apartment, commanding a spacious view of the Thames, with all the varied and bustling scenery constantly observable thereon. Three sides of the room were occupied by book-shelves, filled with large and seemingly ponderous volumes; at the upper end stood a table, covered with a Turkey carpet, on which lay numerous papers; and, in a plain high-backed chair, covered with black leather, sat the man who was soon to be raised to the supreme power in these kingdoms, —Oliver Cromwell. He was plainly dressed, in a suit of mulberry colour, with a short cloak of the same. His hat lay beside him on the table. His hair was partially grey, and his whole countenance spoke the decision and quick

penetration that belonged to his character, though, at times, there was a softening expression in the eyes which moderated the effect his stern features would otherwise have produced. At first he looked harshly at Marian; but when he saw that her whole frame trembled with agitation, he said, mildly—"Maiden, what is thine errand?"

"I would implore your aid," replied Marian—"Your powerful assistance in the case of Herbert Lisle, an unhappy prisoner in the late battle."

"Herbert Lisle! sayest thou?" replied Cromwell; "thou speakest vain words, and knowest not what thou askest. Is he not an avowed enemy to the good cause? And has not the Lord delivered him into our hands, that we should deal with him even as it shall seem good in our eyes?"

"O, Sir, speak not thus, I beseech you," said Marian, "have mercy on his youth; it may be that the persuations of others have led him to oppose the government; give him then time for repentance!"

"It were more fitting, maiden, for thee," said Cromwell, "to meddle not with this matter: it is not seemly for a young maiden to plead thus earnestly for a stranger youth, betake thee to thine home."

The blood rushed into Marian's cheeks and forehead, and she replied hastily—"Is it then, a crime for woman to plead for mercy? Be it so! Yet the laws, both of God and man, are on my side, when I would ask your aid for my unhappy husband."

"Ha!" he said, "I looked not for this, but thine appeal is vain," and he glanced pityingly on her.—"In these stirring times domestic ties must be rent asunder, when the glory of the Lord and the welfare of the state require it."

"Alas! alas!" cried Marian, "and will you consign my husband to perish? What is his crime? He did but follow a kind master, and fight in support of his cause, as he was bound by his oath of loyalty. Thou thyself hast done as much; but, alas! thou hast chosen a more fortunate path."

Cromwell's brow darkened: "Say rather," he added, "that the Lord hath guided me to choose light rather than darkness. But, touching this matter of thine, Herbert Lisle will be dealt with as the state shall think fit; and, if his life be forfeited, pray thou unto the Lord, and he will comfort thee in thine affliction."

"Not so," said Marian eagerly; "I know thou art all powerful, and that a word from thee could save him. Mercy, then, mercy! Bethink thee how this gracious act would gladden thy dying hour, and rob death of its bitterness."

Cromwell shook his head, and Marian, in the energy of her supplication, dropped on her knees, and held up with both her hands, the watch she had received from her nurse, and which she had kept till now concealed in her bosom.

The moment Cromwell's eyes rested upon it, he started from his seat, and advanced towards Marian. "Where got ye this?" he said; while his strong frame trembled with emotion; and he snatched the trinket from her hands, and as he gazed on the sweet face painted thereon, he turned aside, and Marian saw the big drops of sorrow fall on his weather-beaten cheek.

"Know ye whose watch this once was?" he said, as he turned to Marian.

"It was my mother's, who has been dead many years," she replied; "and my father is Matthew Godfrey, citizen of London."

Cromwell started. He approached Marian, who was still on her knees, and, pushing aside her brown hair, which had fallen over her white forehead, he paused a minute, then added—"Thine is a face fair to look upon; and ye have your mother's noble brow, but not her raven hair and eye. In days long past, when I was a student at the Inns of Court, I loved your mother fondly and truly; but her parents suffered her not to listen to my words. Perchance they acted wisely, for mine has been a stormy course;" and he sighed. "The Lord's will be done!"

Marian saw that Cromwell's spirit was softened; and she resumed her pleadings for her husband; and she called on him, in remembrance of her mother, to be merciful.

"Thou hast touched a tender string," he said; "and for thy mother's sake, if I have any influence, thy husband shall depart harmless."

Marian sprung on her feet, and began pouring out her thanks. "Nay!" said the General, "if the life and liberty of Herbert Lisle be granted, it will be on the sole condition that he leave England immediately, and make no further attempt to subvert the present government of these kingdoms."

"May God reward you for this!" said Marian; and she folded her cloak around her, and prepared to depart.

"Rest in peace," said Cromwell; "and when thine husband is set at liberty, ye shall hear from him. Take this with thee;" and he held out to her her mother's watch. "It has stirred sad thoughts within me; and the memory of thy mo-

tner, as I last saw her, comes over me as a pleasant dream." He looked on the picture, and sighed as he put it into her hands. "Farewell," he said, "all I can do for thee I will, and God's blessing be ever with thee!" He pressed her hand kindly. Marian's heart was full, and she could but weep her thanks, as the General touched a small silver bell, when the door was opened, and she passed forth from the presence of General Cromwell with renewed hopes and a thankful spirit.

Not many days after this interview, Marian's nurse came to her, and informed her that Herbert Lisle, her beloved husband; was at liberty, that he had been with her, and desired her to tell Marian he was impatient to behold her once more, and to bid her farewell, as he had given his promise to the State to depart forthwith, and his steps were therefore watched by their emissaries. She added, that he would expect Marian at her cottage, at the close of that same evening.

It were needless to speak of Marian's gratitude, when she heard that Herbert was really at liberty,—of the many affectionate messages to him with which she charged her nurse—of the trembling impatience with which she awaited the appointed hour to behold him.

Evening came, at length, and the darkening clouds, and the moaning of the wind, seemed to portend a storm; but Marian heeded not these gloomy appearances. She had kept aloof in her chamber from the family all that day, under the plea of indisposition, and it was quite dusk, and all was still in the house, ere she ventured forth. With noiseless steps she passed down the garden at the back of the house, and unfastened the door at the extremity of it, which led into the fields, and hastened onwards, as she believed, unheard and unobserved.—Once or twice, as Marian proceeded through the lane which led to the cottage of her nurse, she thought she heard a footstep behind her. She stopped, and listened intensely, but all was perfectly still and she felt certain that she had been deceived,—that the sound had been merely the rustling of the wind through the hedge.

In a few minutes she gained the cottage, and, hastily unfastening the latch, she entered. There was a light in the room, but Marian saw no one but her nurse. "Where is he?" she exclaimed. The old woman pointed to an inner apartment; but Herbert had heard the sound of her voice, and he rushed forth, and caught Marian in his arms. "Beloved of my soul!" said the young Cavalier, as he tenderly bent over his weeping wife. "what a debt of gratitude do I owe thee! Alas! must the joy with which I now enfold thee so soon pass away? And must I be banished from thy dear presence? Cruel, cruel fate!"

"Nay, dear Herbert?" replied Marian, "let us not embitter the few moments which remain to us by useless repinings; let us feel grateful that thy life is spared!"

"Banishment from thee is worse than death!" said Herbert.

"When thou art abroad, and in safety, I may find means to join thee," replied Marian. "Happy hours may yet be in store for us."

"Bless thee, dearest!" said her husband, as he passed his arm around her waist, and her head reclined on his shoulder.

They had stood thus for a few seconds, beside the window, when Herbert quitted his position, and advanced towards the inner apartment, whither a sudden call from the nurse invited him. Marian had taken but a single step to follow him, when the report of a pistol was heard, and Marian, with a deep groan, sunk on the cottage floor.

Herbert flew towards her: he raised her in his arms: but the ball had entered her side, and the blood flowed freely. Herbert bent over her in indescribable agony. Her face was deathly pale; but her eyes turned with fondness on her husband, as, with difficulty, she articulated—"This stroke was doubtless meant for thee. Oh, the bliss that thou art safe, and that I may die for thee? My poor father!" she murmured faintly, as her head dropped exhausted on his shoulder.

"Help! instant aid, in the name of God!" wildly cried Herbert; and the nurse, scarcely less distracted, hastened to obtain assistance.

"Help is vain," said Marian; "I feel it here;" and she pressed her chilly hand on her side. The dews of death were on her forehead; but her arms were clasped firmly around her husband's neck.

"It is a bitter pang to leave thee!" sighed Marian; "but a few more years, and thou wilt be with me, free from sorrow, and from suffering."

The last word was scarcely distinguishable. She sighed heavily: Herbert felt the arms which were around him relax in their grasp—her gentle soul had fled—it was only the lifeless corse of his beloved Marian which he pressed distractedly to his bosom, and gazed on in mute but unutterable despair.

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It was Philip Godfrey who had followed Marian on that fatal night. He had watched her into the cottage—he

saw her in the arms of a young cavalier, though he distinguished not that it was Herbert Lisle,— he witnessed their endearments, and fraught with madness at the disgrace which he imagined had been thus brought upon his family, he drew forth his pistol and aimed it at Herbert. But Marian, his sister, was fated to be the unhappy sufferer from his deadly purpose. He stayed not to know the event; as fearful of pursuit, he hastened immediately from the spot. Bitter was his repentance, when he found that he had sacrificed his beloved sister; and when the true circumstances of the case were made known to him, he was unable to bear his reflections, and sailed soon after for America, where he died at the close of a few years.

From the moment of Marian's death, Herbert Lisle was a melancholy man; and though Matthew Godfrey, softened and almost broken hearted by the misfortune which had befallen his family, blessed and forgave him ere he left England, he moved no more in scenes of gaiety, for the light of his existence had passed away for ever; and, soon after the restoration of King Charles the Second, he died at his paternal mansion, in Kent, young in years, but willingly resigning the load of life which had pressed heavily upon him since the death of his ever fondly-remembered Marian.

*La Belle Assem.*

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## LOVERS MEETINGS.

They met!— twas in the busy scene
Where bustling commerce reigns,
Where all her courtiers round her throng,
And press their petty gains.—
And many a mingled crowd was there,
And many a face between;
But their young eyes met in one glance,
As though none else had been!

In that one look, what years of speech
Came trembling to their hearts,
Sweet as the silent rich perfume
The new blown rose imparts?
And, as they slowly lingered past,
Fond thoughts spread o'er their minds
A mystic haze, like summer's dew,
That o'er the warm scene climbs:
That look, like sailors' silent words
That flutter in the air,
Had meaning in it, and it told,
That love had sent it there?

Days, weeks, and months went slowly on,
Went sad as well as slow;
And Fate seem'd bidding each, the hope
Of meeting to forego:
Sadly each counted o'er the hours,
That weaken'd, as they fell,
Hope's heav'nly nectar, with the drops
From disappointment's well!—

They met!—how kind the chance that led
Them both to Thespia's shrine!
They heard!—but poor to them, I ween,
The poet's words divine!
For words they had themselves, and these
Weighed all the poet's tale;
And, ere they parted, asked and gave
A meeting in the vale!

They met!—the evening breeze was there,
Singing its love-spun lay;
The twilight smiled a blessing down—
Fair substitute for day!—
While heav'ns white lamps their soft beams gave
To cheer th' enchanting hour,
But not so bright as might disclose
To vulgar eyes love's bower!

They met!—What moments of delight
Flew rapidly along;
Unmark'd, unthought of, till the lark
Woke morning by his song!—
How often did they strive to part!
But still the fond "adieu!"
Brought new-born kisses to their lips,
The parting to renew!

With many a vow of endless truth,
Each sought a lonely home,
Where social pleasures could not break
The depth of sorrow's gloom!
Their happiest hours were gone, and poor
The chance that might again
Give love so blest a time as that,
Spent on the night-dew'd plain;
For friends were stern, and cruel pride
Forbade love's hopes to shine,
Because the youth was poor, and rich
The maid of heart divine!—

The fair one felt the deadly dart
Of hopeless grief strike deep:—
To see her lie, Death's speedy prey,
Parents, relenting, weep:—
But useless came the proffered grace;
Too late the lingering boon;
She now but hoped to see her love,
Ere Death had closed her doom!

They met!—Her pallid cheek was flush'd
With fond affection's fire!—
But one embrace!—her lover saw
The murder'd maid expire!
Grief had gnaw'd deep into his heart,
And, when this blow was given,
It burst!—he sank with her in death;
To meet, we hope, in heaven!

R. JARMAN.

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# Recollections of Books and their Authors.—No. 6.

## JOHN KEATS, THE POET.

I NEVER think of John Keats, but I regret that I knew him, for if I had not known him, the sorrow that I feel for his death would be less, and perhaps little more than that felt for the loss of any young man of genius, who did not live to complete the glorious task set down for him.

John Keats was handsome, indeed his face might be termed intellectually beautiful; it expressed more of poetry than even his poetry does, beautiful as it is, with all its faults, and these are not few. It was such a face as I never saw before nor since. Any one who had looked on it would have said "That is no common man." There was a lustre in his look which gave you the idea of a mind of exquisite refinement, and high imagination; yet, to an observing eye, the seeds of early death were sown there; it was impossible to look at him, and think him long-lived. Jeremy Taylor says, in one of his admirable sermons, that "there are but few persons upon whose foreheads every man can read the sentence of death, written in the lines of a lingering sickness;" but on his forehead it was written sufficiently palpable for some to read it as they ran.

These signs were somewhat contradicted by a look of strength and durability about his chest and shoulders, which might have deceived a casual looker-on; but he who could perceive the inner-workings, who could estimate the wear and wasting which an ardent, ambitious, and restless intellect makes in the "human form divine," must have felt persuaded that the flame burning within would shortly consume the outward shell. His spirit was like burning oil in a vessel of some precious and costly wood, which when the flame has consumed its nutriment, will then burn that which contained it. Unlike the pyre that consumes the devoted widow of the Hindoo husband, where we may see the fire but not the victim, in him we saw the fire and the victim too. *He*, however, was a self-devoted martyr to intellect, and not to a senseless and brutal custom; and if literature had its army of martyrs, as Religion gloriously has, his name would not be forgotten in its calends.

Poor fellow, I shall never forget him; those who did not know him, and who have only read his too early productions may; but those who knew him well never can, if there be any fellowship in man, and human kindness be anything more than a word. He was kind, affectionate, a delightful friend, an excellent companion, a young man wiser than his years, a true and tender brother (this affection it was that sacrificed his life,) a boy in ook, but a man in mind, a mortal in seeming, but a spirit in spirit. Shelley, who with all his liberal opinions, was at heart an aristocrat (and I speak this not offensively) slighted him till he knew his worth, but knew it too late. He afterwards made some amends in his "*Adonais*," an extravagant rhapsody; and yet there is in it a true portrait of that young man of genius, who, if he had lived, would have proved himself the only mind worthy to be placed side by side with Milton in blank verse and epic genius.

His fragment called "*Hyperion*" is the noblest piece of blank verse that has appeared since Milton's. It would be difficult to produce a passage of equal length from Young, or from Blair's Grave, or from Cumberland's Calvary, or Townsend's Armageddon (which is a fine and undeservedly neglected work), or from Wordsworth's Excursion, that might compete with it. It was an overpowering avalanche from the very mountain of the Muses, which ought to have crushed and buried those poor blind moles and miners who are still uselessly labouring to underwork his fame. It was fortunate for his reputation that his booksellers persuaded him to publish it, for there were but two or three pieces in his last volume (*Isabel*, the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and one of his *Odes*) which could have added to his reputation. His publishers, however, should have spared such a silly excuse for the fragment-like appearance of *Hyperion:* the poet who could write so noble a fragment ought to have been above the idle criticism of the day: he should have finished what he had so nobly began, though a million of reviewers had cried "hold!" Would Shakspeare, had he lived in these days, have cared to please such never-pleasable cynicks? Would Milton? The only poet of this time who has placed himself with those great names, set himself above criticism, and then criticism, instead of trampling him under foot, as it would have done, had he been humble, seeing that his spirit would not bow to it, bowed even to prostration to him. This was what John Keats should have done, and he might have lived.

There are few errors in Hyperion. I do not like this simile in it:—

"For as in crowded theatres of men
Hubbubi ncreases more they call out 'Hush!'

It is a very poor anachronism, and what is worse, has in it an air of vulgarity: to come back to earth from the "highest heaven of invention," for such a simile, was as illustrative of sinking as it would have been in Michael Angelo to leave working out his sublime and colossal Moses to carve a cherry-stone. It may be excuse enough for so young a poet, that Milton has sinned in the same manner; though some may say that the error

of a great, will not warrant the error of a lesser, poet. It is, of course, inevitable and unavoidable, that we should describe things with which we are not familiar by things with which we are. But what is classical should only be illustrated by classical comparisons; or else should be left alone.

"Hyperion" will do more, in more candid times, to preserve his name, than all the rest of his poetry. It is, to be sure, but a fragment; so is the Theseus among the Elgin marbles; but we may judge by that portion what the entire work must have been. Would to heaven that he had been urged by some one who had influence over his mind to finish it: he should have left the pretty and the fantastic to others he had sublimer powers, which should not have been wasted in minor efforts.—But it is now too late to accuse him of the error of neglecting his own reputation. A certain crew among critics did their best to nip his genius in the bud, and it is but justice to them to say that they succeeded.

When we think of the abused and ferocious power which those canker-worms of literature exert upon authors, it makes one envy the good old writers. Then if a man had merit in his works he was read for that merit, and praised without fear and without deduction; he was not damned and made a bye-word of reproach, for scorn to point his filthy finger at, because he was unfortunate enough to know a brother author, who was hostile in taste or politics to the self-created critic; nor was he excommunicated because he was guilty of the literary heterodoxy of publishing in the city instead of Albemarle-street, or in London instead of Edinburgh.

We cannot deprecate this cruel and unjust kind of criticism better than in the indignant and forcible language of a writer who has had much more to do with political than poetical criticism, since he wrote this stirring appeal to the common sense of the reading public, and the common candour of critics. The remarks we quote are from a work very little known, entitled "The Contemplatist; a Series of Essays upon Morals and Literature. By William Mudford." He is defending bad authors from the persecution and insult which follow them after their first false step in literature; what we are about to quote may consequently be considered as in some measure inapplicable to the case of John Keats, who, whatever faults he might have as a poet, was certainly not wanting in genius, and a highly poetic mind and imagination; but the passage is so eloquent a deprecation of the spirit of literary persecution under which he suffered, that we shall insert it.

"It seems to have passed into an established maxim," says the Contemplatist, "that to write badly is a crime of such magnitude, as admits of no atonement: it so thoroughly strips the delinquent of all social rights, it casts him forth from the hospitable circle of his fellow-creatures with such marks of disgrace and infamy, that humanity itself forbears to appear in *his* behalf whom all have doomed to relentless persecution. Nothing that is vented against him; no reproach, however bitter; no lampoon, however malignant; no satire, however false, and therefore the more poignant; no ridicule, however intolerable; no contempt, however blasting; in short, not the most savage ferocity which can come into action under the veil of literary rancour, is thought to be misapplied when directed against him who has written without excellence. Common malefactors, for the most infamous crimes, find compassion in some breast; but the *bad* author none. *His* miseries are sport; *his* sorrows are festivity to the literary blood-hounds engaged in the pursuit. The murderer is treated with decency and feeling; and brutality itself disdains, wantonly, to probe the sores of a corrupted heart. But let an author publish a work that is deficient in excellence, who is there that does not think he has a right to lay the feelings of that author at his feet, with all the insulting mockery of derision? Is he not marked out for acrimonious ridicule or lordly contempt? Is not even his moral character often implicated by some ungenerous sarcasm, or by some facetious parallel? Is he not derided as a dunce, or despised as an idiot? Is not his name mercilessly sported with? And whence is all this? What offence has been committed? What violation of public or private welfare has been attempted? What injury has been, or can be, committed by the publication of a work not just so good as it might be, that it should be thought a fit plea for over-stepping every boundary of feeling and humanity every limit of justice and liberality? . . . . . But let us pause for a moment, and consider under what conplicated pain a delicate and apprehensive mind must labour, who sees every art employed to render him an object of ridicule and contempt—the public called upon to feast at a banquet, where his heart and mind are served up for the repast? Think how contracted is the circle of human happiness; why, then, delight so much in the production of human misery, that you can, unprovoked, fix a sting in the bosom

of an unoffending individual, whose only crime is, that his talents are beneath perfection? Prove that the want of ability, that the mere publication of an indifferent book is a crime, and one that entitles its perpetrator to malignant aspersion and unfeeling scorn, and then I consent that, as a crime, it meets its due punishment: but, until that be done, I must ever consider the wanton abuse of such writers among those actions which a wise and feeling mind should blush to remember."

With every sentence of this eloquent appeal to the better feelings of critics in general we most cordially agree: the entire paper, indeed, should be framed and hung up as a sort of homily, in the closets of all critics, to teach them two moral lessons which they are too prone to forget,—humanity and humility.

ILUSCENOR.

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TO MISS S—— G———D.

*On the Death of Mr.* ——

Nay tho' the wave closed o'er thy love,
Mourn not, he left a world of woe;
And thou indeed, didst truly prove,
How deeply rankling was the blow.

Oh! weep not, that he left a scene
But seldom free from toil and care;
Save, when thy form would intervene
For all was gay when thou wert there.

Did he not love? methinks a sound
Comes gurgling from the limpid wave;
Methinks he wildly looks around,
Alas, no friendly hand to save.

He thinks on thee—it is a spell
He struggles hard with angry death
Exhausted, murmurs 'love farewell!'
And gives to thee his latest breath.

'Tis ever thus when true hearts meet
'Tis ever thus with holy love;
Its halo is too pure and sweet;
Love's only native sphere 's above.

Then mourn not—dry that tearful eye,
For, oh! to thee it still is given,
That thou, dear girl—wilt surely die,
And meet—to part no more—in heaven.

Farewell!—farewell!—thou wilt refuse,
To weep at heav'ns supreme decree;
Farewell! sweet maid—forgive the muse,
The stranger muse—who thinks of thee.

EB. COLLINS.

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## THE DEATH AND CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

THE account of the last moments and character of the gallant but ill-fated hero of Corunna here inserted, we extract from Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, who states by way of giving additional value to his work, one of great interest, that many of the transactions he has therein related, he was an eye witness to, and as we are well aware that all narrations that are founded upon fact, are valued highly, and read with intense interest, we cannot refrain from giving the following:—

"From the spot where he fell, the general who had conducted the attack was carried mortally wounded to the town by a party of soldiers. The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No; I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeon examined his wound, but there was no hope; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals, he asked if the French were beaten; and addressing his old friend Colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated; and being told they were, observed, "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. He inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength was failing fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied, I hope my country will do me justice?*" The battle was scarcely ended, when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and, Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism

more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, adorned by a subtle playful wit, gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he could well preserve by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for while he lived, he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base. and, with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, he thirsted for the honours of his profession, and feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. The stream of time passed rapidly, and the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained; with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate, and confiding in the strength of his genius, disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance, opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted a long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude. No insult could disturb, no falsehood deceive him, no remonstrance shake his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy, death struck, and the spirit of man remained unbroken, when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation.

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## RUSTICATING AND GYPSYING
PREFERABLE TO
## CIVIC REVELRY.

I DO not agree with several periodical writers who can see nothing in the country worth admiring, and who, while they disdain to taste a draught of water at a spring, extol the vinous and spirituous notion which is mixed with critical avidity and drunk with rapture by *bons vivants* beyond measure. I would rather this were a sober essay to invite my friends (and with whom am I not friendly?) to the true enjoyment of life which is so precious, by the looking out a day, and giving them a ramble with me "over the hills and far away" from the gaseous effluvia and prison smelling streets of London; rather than, as an essayist in the New Monthly, or a bacchanalian coterie in Blackwood, endeavour to persuade readers, that nothing short of living in the oversized Babel, like its exclusive and repleted Aldermen and cooks, as brawny as their annual prize cattle, is worthy of attention; and, that the continuity of gustation kept in bachelor parties, and carried by them into the *noctes ambrosianæ*, is of infinite more value than the vivid gusto of nature's creative loveliness and beautiful pictures whose colours decay not, and whose canvas is the sky in light and shade of fire, air, and water, and tone, and illustrated by the very exquisite abundance of animal, vegetable, and etherial matter and motion.

Not that I am an enemy to good living; but, as a creature with rational existence, it behoves me to use it temperately and to diffuse the same feeling far and wide; for of all seasons, to the Lover of Nature, more than the lover of gourmanderie, and gold, and riotous brawls, clouded in tobacco fumes, and full of fermenting and acetous liquors, the Summer is the most inviting. 'The sky is in the dress of lightness, like that of Ladies, the ground stocked with ripe grass and ripening corn the water clear and rippling,—' the sycamore oft musical with bees'—the sun converging his rays every where, and warming every nook, calling out new life every moment, and giving red hues to the cheek as well as the rose, brightness to the eye as well as the star. The Shepherd

'Dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds—'

And the labourers, like Time, cutting down the plenteous produce, the haymakers turning it on the air like smoke from busy chimneys, but scented with sickly sweetness which increases as the evening advances, (to say nothing of a toss in the hay, or a roll on the grass,) and the dell,

'Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate;'

and the waggons laden with the treasure of hope's fruition, passing homeward to the yard and winter storehouse, as the reward of toil by which men like ants gather into compass and use. The farmer that rides over his meadows and hears the scythe chime, as its edge, like hungry death, is sharpening, must be dispossessed of that kind feeling which it is his duty to

exercise, if he does not quench the thirst of his people and reanimate their spirits with the wholesome beverage of his pantry and cellar.

At the foot of the lane, which leads to a bridge, and over which passengers must go, is fixed the tilt-looking camp. It catches the eye of every pleasure-taker, and turns the feet into a romantic scene. Not far hence, rather branched from the open roadway, are four females sitting in the form of a crescent, and a little old shrewd gipsy woman is on her knees facing them. She is pleading severally the prescient knowledge she possesses, or professes to be gifted with, respecting with what they are to blessed, and who are to claim the especial indulgence of their hearts. Though the secrets she imparts are in the cauldron of fate, and disclosed by her only, yet as they are worth knowing, the females in pleased anticipation, titter at each other's folly, and jog their sides in ecstacies which they only know and appreciate. Stretched in a ditch beside his dog and the braying ass, the masculine owner of the camp wastes his hours. If he sleeps it is sweet, if he wakes, it is like that of his animals, to protect his family. The daughter, a true gypsy girl, slim, sleek and tricksome, about fifteen years of age, sits at the mouth of the camp, and she lifts her tongue with her bewitching eyes, and points her tawny finger, indicating to the gazer on her own fatality, that she, like her mother, can unravel the mysteries of palmistry and occult science, with a pretty behaviour, and fluent colloquy, touched with the concord of sweet sounds. Over the hedges and farther in the fields, the cattle are gazing at ease, and like happy sailors, chewing the cud; and the roads which are good, and the rivers which are calm, enable Gipseying parties to attain their welcome homes, and make their accepted visits, journeyings, and rambles, in woods and vales, the forest, Richmond eyots, punting and heart catching.

But a Sunday evening is proof of cockneys' pleasures. Whether they are viewed by the ingress or egress through suburban avenues, the spirit of Liberty is joyously and generously evinced—though limbs are tired, children drowsy, pockets emptied, and fine clothes are tinged, yet the return to labour and peace enables thousands to repeat their enjoyments ere the summer is over.

Where the scenes make pictures with the materials of nature, and such as vary yet are ever new, they never fail to charm the poet, the painter, the time-taker, health-seeker, health-keeper, and every person that reads "sermons in stones and good in every thing." P.

## Sketches of Orators, No. 4

### DEMOSTHENES.

This orator and statesman, the son of a cutler at Athens, was born two years after Philip, and 280 before Cicero. Although his father left him considerable property, yet by the dishonesty of his guardians, his circumstances were much reduced, and with difficulty he obtained the means of instruction, being only seven years old when his father died. He found means, however, to be taught rhetoric by Isocrates; but Plato in reality contributed the most to form Demosthenes; he read his works with great application and even received lessons from him, and it is easy to distinguish in the writings of the disciple, the noble and sublime air of the master, by whom he attained to such perfection in Oratory, that he became the only maintainer of the liberties of Greece, making Philip odious by his orations, for his endeavouring the infringement of them. Aristides, Thucydides, and Demosthenes, were called the three stars of rhetoric. He had a weak voice, an impediment in his speech, and a very short breath. He stammered to such a degree, that he could not pronounce some letters, this he overcame by retirement and perseverance, by which means, he was enabled to appear effectively before the public. His declamation is compared to an eloquent trumpet. Sallust learned by heart all his speeches and Nonnus read them six times. When he was asked three several times, which quality he thought most necessary in an orator, he gave no other answer than Pronunciation. By the light of a small lamp, his orations were composed, which were said to smell of oil. He was an early riser. He copied the History by Thucydides eight times, to acquire his manner and perfection. His harangues were like machines of war, and batteries, which overthrew all that opposed them. To prove that he was perfectly acquainted with the disposition of Philip, and was very far from praising him like the generality of orators.—Two colleagues with whom he had been associated in an embassy to that great prince, were continually praising the King of Macedonia, at their return, and saying, that he was a very eloquent and handsome Prince, and a most extraordinary drinker. "What strange commendations are these!" replied Demosthenes. "The first is the accomplishment of a Rhetorician; the second of a woman; and the third of a sponge, but none of them the qualifications of a king."

The Athenians erected a statue of brass to his memory, on the foot of which they

engraved this inscription in two elegiac verses: "Demosthenes, if thy power had been equal to thy wisdom, the Macedonian Mars would never have triumphed over Greece. He died by poison, B. C. 322. P.

## REMARKS ON THE SATIRE OF EMINENT ENGLISH AUTHORS.

*(Continued from page* 348.*)*

The satire of the Anti-Jacobin was often fine and good. What else could it be when Ellis, and Frere, and Smith, and CANNING, were triumphing in the "noble rage" of their youthful genius! It stung the Whigs into the impotence of palsy—to drivelling death. But "'tis pitiful, 'tis wond'rous pitiful," to think how politics do so soon all pass away! How is it possible to remember satires on forgotten fools—knaves buried in oblivion?

"Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go;
And for your pains get pelted,—praise *Lepaux!*"

Who was Thelwall—who Lepaux? "The one was a tailor, the other a butcher," some reader, with a historical memory for small facts, replies, and

"*Sic transit gloria Mundi.*"

"So fades, so flourishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world was proud of."

And the two-guinea quarto edition of the poetry of those true wits—and true wits they were—sells on the stalls at the reduced price of six and eight-pence, a pettifogger's fee!

Of the once famous Rolliad—the celebrated Probationary Odes—what man under fifty can recite a line? Yet they were chiefly the work of a man of great talents, learning, almost genius—Lawrence——assisted by the ingenious, the graceful, the classical, and the romantic George Ellis, from whose pen, and from whose tongue, and from whose eyes, everything fell in power and beauty, for he was one of England's rarest spirits—witness the immortal Specimens, immortal because true Poetry is so, and kind and congenial and erudite criticism, devoted to the elucidation of her darkness, shares in her immortality.

Old Mathias is not yet dead—and may he breathe the air of Italy till he is a century old, for he is a scholar, and therefore we shall say no severe thing of the "Pursuits of Literature." But, our dear ancient sir, is it not a little feeble or so—dealing too much with the illustrious obscure? Yet, in as far as literature, and poetry, and philosophy, are by their nature higher than politics, and more enduring, even in their least divine spirit and most perishable form, so have the "Pursuits" a glimmering existence, while those others have nearly or wholly ceased to be. The text is still occasionally quotable—there are things in the notes not yet extinguished in the dark. The eulogy on

"The self-secluded melancholy Gray."

we for one have by heart; and we can say what few can, that by working in the gloom and the glimmer,

"Hunting half a day for a forgotten dream."

we could pierce together his affectionate tribute of admiration to the learning, the wisdom, and the genius of Glynn, (who, asks our gentle reader, was he?) the mild Japus of the Cam, Poet and Physician, and in both capacities not unbeloved by Apollo.

Mercy on us! we have forgotten Junius——good, stupid, old, gray-headed Taylor and Hessey's darling pet, Sir Philip Francis! Ay, he was indeed a satirist—spirited and splendid ever—and it is only wonderful how he should have been so written about by blockheads. But his winged words were not in verse, for the "Vices," we hope, he never even saw—and therefore for the present we leave him to the fondling of his last discoverer and dry-nurse, and the rest of the old women.

What shall we say of the Edinburgh Review?—Least said is soonest mended. Jeffrey is at once a deep and delicate cutter-up; and nature made him, in his amiability, almost—perhaps entirely—a first rate satirist. He often touches you, by a seemingly careless pass, with equal dexterity, when you are off and on your guard; but prefers disabling your sword-arm to pinking you through the body. When he does deal a mortal blow, it is always on the right side, never on the left; he seems to think it cruel to pierce your heart, and therefore contents himself with spitting your liver. The old Fencers were fond of the eye, as you may see from the pictures in that curious and scientific old folio on the Art, in the possession of our sound-hearted, nimble-wristed Signior Francalanza, whom, without any disparagement to the illustrious Roland, we delight to honour as a master, and as a man. Jeffrey is up to this trick, and pokes his point—better for the blockhead if it be of foil than of rapier—into the great staring goggle eye of his antagonist, till, blind as a bat, the bully cuts and runs, in plight of Polyphemus or Cacus of old, and is hissed off the stage.

His light play is beautiful—and his own guard close, compact, and firm; so that it requires an Admirable Crichton to touch him on a vital part. But he is rather out of practice—rests on his former fame—and is careless about accepting the challenge of a clever Tyro. About the year 1804, or 1805, or 1806, he won the prize-sword, at a public exhibition, from a crowd of no contemptible competitors—and whoever taught him fence, has endless honour in his scholar—for, as our worthy and ingenious friend, Pierce Egan, would say, "Jack's as good as his master."

Brougham is but an indifferent and awkward hand at the small-sword—the deadliest by far of all weapons—and prides himself in his use of the sabre, the broad-sword, or claymore. He is an ugly customer. Nor should we at all relish having our head broken by such a player at single-stick. But he has a loose hanging guard—nor is it difficult, as we opine, for a clever and active antagonist in no long encounter, to make the blood trickle an inch down his formidable forehead. He blusters and bullies too much during the set-to—is not particularly conscientious about a foul blow—and it is acknowledged on all hands, that he is too much given to *ruffianing it*. It will be in the recollection of all our sporting readers, that he once suddenly attacked George Canning, that most skilful small-swordsman,—unawares, and out of the ring—and for his pains, got punished by a thrust in the mouth, that almost cut his tongue in two, the point coming out at the cheek, a rueful and ghastly wound that left a scar. He flies at high game. Once on a day, when the "Great Lord" was in Spain, he challenged Wellington himself—but now he wears his arm in a sling, and seems in no mood for fighting. The King of Prussia, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia, has he also roared on to enter the lists—and indeed all the members—either one after another, or all at once—of that invisible, and hitherto apparently pacific body—the Holy Alliance. But fretting and fuming, and foaming, is not fighting and though we grant that the odds would be on his head at Tattersall's and Brookes', if matched against old Fred—or the Austrian—we back Nicholas against him at six to four — who, we understand, has threatened to take the shine out of him, were it only to revenge the insult offered of old to his late brother Sandy, who was not a man, had he come to the scratch, to have let Brougham off without a bellyful

As for Sydney Smith, to him fighting is fun, and he cuts as many capers in the ring as young Spring, the Conqueror. But he is formidable in his frolic—though rather too showy, yet a clean, straight, and even heavy hitter; and most of his antagonists, though heavier men than himself, and deficient in neither science nor bottom, have, after a few rounds, in which their gravity was most amusingly, and to the infinite mirth of all beholders, contrasted with the antics of the Parson, who kept hopping about like a mountebank, yet all the while dealing out right and left-handers like lightning, been carried out of the ring deaf as a house, and blind as the pier of Leith, or the mole of Tyre. He has fought one or two drawn battles, especially one with the best man then in the ring, under the *nomme de guerre* of Peter Plymley, which was brought to a wrangle, and ended in a draw—but he has never yet been fairly defeated; and to accomplish that, will require an out-and-outer.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

## JULY.

This month the seventh of the year was ordered by Marc Anthony to be so called in compliment to the Mighty Julius who reformed the old Roman calendar established by Romulus, by whom the month was termed *Quintilis*, and accounted the fifth of the year which begun with March. The word July is derived from the Latin Julius, the surname of Caius Cesar the dictator, who was born this month. Our Saxon ancestors gave it the name of Heu-monat, or Hey-monat, from its being the month "therein they usually mowed and made their hay-harvest." July by the Romans was considered as under the protection of Jupiter, and during its progress they kept the following festivals and ceremonies.

On the first day of this month the leases of the houses in Rome generally expired, and were renewed. And on the fifth or the third before the *Nones* was celebrated the festival of the Poplifugia, in memory of the retreat of the people to the Aventine hill when Romulus was killed. The festival of Fortuna muliebris was held on the sixth. This holiday was established by the mother and wife of Coriolanus to commemorate their obtaining peace from him for their country. On this day also commenced the Ludi Appollinaris which lasted eight days in honour of Apollo, these games were under the direction of the prætor, and were celebrated in the great circus. The seventh or day of the *Nones*, a festival called Caprotinæ Nonæ was celebrated in honour of June,

.nis feast was held in remembrance of a female servant or slave called *Tutola*, having climbed a wild-fig-tree with a burning torch which she held in her hand as a sign to the Romans to surprise the army of the Latins. On the day succeeding this feast was another rejoicing day termed Vitulatio in honour of Vitula, the goddess of rejoicing. The twelfth was kept holy from the circumstance of its being the day on which Julius Cæsar was born. The Mercuriales or feast of the Mercantile people kept in honour of Mercury, began on the fourteenth and lasted for six days. On the fifteenth or day of the Ides the Tranvectio or general muster of the Roman Knights took place, on which occasion the Knights adorned with coronets made with branches of the olive-tree rode in procession from the temple of Honour to the Capitol, the Censors being present at the ceremony And on the same day was kept the feast of Castor and Pollux in the temple, built by the son of Aulus Posthumius in the great place of Rome, because they had fought for the Romans against the Latins, who attempted to restore Tarquinus Superbus to Rome, when solemn sports and combats took place. The seventeenth was accounted fatal from the battle of Allia being lost thereon. On the nineteenth the games called Lucaria commenced and lasted for four days, these games derived their name from a sacred wood *Lucus*, situated between the Tiber and the Salarian Way, and were celebrated in this place to commemorate the Romans, having sought refuge in the sacred wood after having been defeated by the Gauls. Sports were held in honour of Neptune on the twenty-second. And on the twenty-third pregnant women offered sacrifices to the Goddess Opigena, (another name for Juno,) when they carried small wax figures to her temple, and offered up prayers to her to propitiate their deliverance. On the twenty-fourth the feasts of the Pontiffs were held. The twenty-fifth was devoted to the Furinalia and the Ambarvalia, the former feast was kept in honour of Furina, the Goddess of Robbers, sometimes called Laverna, by some of the ancients, among whom is Cicero, she is considered as being the same with the furies, be this as it may, she had a wood consecrated to her, and a temple, with a priest of her own. The latter was called the feast of Perambulation, when it was usual for the citizens who had lands and vineyards, without the city to go in procession crowned with oak leaves, preceeded by twelve priests three times round the ground, chanting hymns in honour of Mars, and Ceres. The intent of this ceremony was to obtain a plentiful harvest from the gods. On the twenty-eighth sacrifices of wine and honey were offered to Ceres; and at the end of the month red haired dogs was sacrificed to the dog-star to moderate the excessive heat of the season.

The month of July may be viewed as the reverse of January, for as the one is considered the coldest, the other may be looked on the hottest, for, though the direct influence of the sun diminishes after the summer solstice, yet the earth and air has been heated to such excess, that the warmth which they retain, more than compensates, for a time, the diminution of the sun's rays. Summer may be reckoned this month, as being fully with us, apparelled in her gayest attire, revelling in all the varied colours of the rainbow, for now "the Woods and Groves, the Hills and Plains have put off the bright green livery of Spring; but, unlike them, they have changed it for one dyed in as many colours as a harlequin's coat. The Rye is yellow, and almost ripe for the sickle. The Wheat and Barley are of a dull green, from their swelling ears being alone visible, as they bow before every breeze that blows on them. The Oats are ripening apace, and quivering on their fragile stems, as they hang like rain drops in the air," waiting the gathering hand of the husbandmen. Let the eye of the admirer of nature be directed which way it may, whether to the garden, the orchard, or the open field, it meets with something picturesque and beautiful, that affects the beholder with pleasure unspeakable, and fills his mind with vast and wondering ideas of his great creators munificent bounty and infinite wisdom.

This subject would admit of our being more diffuse, were we not confined by the limits of space. Therefore we must forego speaking of the feathered tenantry of the groves, and the insect tribe now in their full vigour, myriads of which haunt the air and take full possession of the leaf, the trees antique branches and their covering rind, the blossom and bud, the mossy bank made brilliant by the sun's bright beam, the bare earth, the pool, the ditch, all of which may be seen teeming with animal life, affording to the enquiring entomologist, food for his contemplative mind. Having presented our readers with a slight sketch of this glowing and beautiful month, we shall here conclude with a brief and striking picture of this season by a poet of no common ability, though but little known :—

Now glowing in full summer's heat,
The sun pours down his genial rays;
Yet rip'ning crops the traveller greet,
And cooling fruit his thirst allays,
Thus, like the sun in splendid might,
On man celestial glory shines;
Still ripening to perfection bright,
Eternal Bounty's vast designs

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| June 24 | St. John the Baptist. | June 24 | The nativity of St. John the baptist is kept on this day, because he was the forerunner of our Saviour, and, by preaching the doctrine of repentance, prepared the way for the gospel. It is usual for the church to celebrate the festival of saints on the day of their death, but the feast of St. John is an exception to the rule, from the saint's having been sanctified in his mother's womb.<br>1497.—John Sebastian Cabot, the navigator, made the discovery of Newfoundland on this day. On his return from this voyage, finding himself neglected by Henry VII. he went to Spain, where he was furnished with ships and stores, and thereby enabled to effect the discovery of the Brazilian coast, and the river La Plata. |
| — 25 | St. Prosper. | — 25 | St. Prosper, of Aquitain, was the Secretary of Pope Leo I. by whom he was employed in the most important affairs of the church. He was a vigorous defender of the writings of St. Augustin, and is said to have died A. D. 465.<br>1314.—This day is the anniversary of the fight of Bannockburn, when Robert Bruce signally defeated the English army in the presence of Edward II. The glorious termination of this battle secured the throne to Robert Bruce, and the independence of Scotland. |
| — 26 | St. Vigilius. | — 26 | St. Vigilius was bishop of Trent. He was stoned to death by idolaters for destroying an idol which they worshipped. His death took place during the consulship of Stilicon, A. D. 400 or 405. |
| — 27 | St. Ladislas. | — 27 | St. Ladislas was the son of Bela, king of Hungary. He succeeded to the throne in 1080. He died A. D. 1095, when about to take the command as general in chief of the great expedition of the Christians against the Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land.<br>1775.—The severe fight of Bunkers Hill took place on this day, when the Americans were compelled to abandon their fortifications. In this disputed contest the English suffered considerable loss, without reaping any vast advantage over their enemies.<br>1820.—Died, J. Von Hager, the eminent professor of the Orieatal languages, at Pavia. He was well known by his writings on the literature and language of the Chinese. |
| — 28 | St. Irenaeus. | — 28 | St. Irenaeus, bishop of Lyons, was martyred, and with him were massacred all the Christians of Lyons, A. D. 202, the beginning of the persecution under Severus.<br>1811.—The surrender of the Spanish sea-port Tarragona, after enduring the utmost hardships, took place on this day, when marshal Suchet dishonourably suffered his army to sack and plunder the town and distressed inhabitants. |
| — 29 | St. Peter the Apostle. | — 29 | This saint was the first consecrated bishop of the Catholic church in the cathedral of Rome.<br>1190.—On this day Richard Cœur de Lion joined Philip Augustus, King of France, with his army on the plains of Vezelay. The forces of the two monarchs amounted to 100,000 men, who followed their leaders to the Holy Land, to assist Frederick Barbarossa in the third crusade against the Infidels. |
| — 30 | St. Paul. | — 30 | St. Paul was not one of the twelve, yet says Butler he is entitled to the honour of an apostle, from his conversion, great learning, and piety. He was beheaded A. D. 66. St. Paul is denominated as the apostle of the Gentiles.<br>1825.—Unfortunately drowned by venturing out of his depth, the Rev. Henry Kett, ÆT. 64. He was the author of the Elements of Useful Knowledge a work which has passed through nine or ten editions, as well as several others of interest. |

The Christian Magician entertaining Ubald and Charles the Dane.

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE SUBJECT OF THE EMBELLISHMENT

Is the entertainment given by the Christian Magician in his sumptuous rocky caverns at Ascalon, to Ubald, and Charles the Dane, leaders of note in the Christian Army, when on their mission to effect the recovery of the lost knight, Rinaldo, who for a long period of time has been considered murdered, from the circumstance of his habiliments having been found pierced, rent, and bloody, by some of the soldiers when his loss to the camp was first made known, but who really had been seduced from the Christians by the ensnaring wiles of the powerful enchantress Armida. In the above design, the magician is supposed to be unfolding the practices resorted to by Armida, with regard to the lost Rinaldo

Thus spoke the sire; and now the knights he show'd
Where in the lonely rock he made abode:
The mansion like an ample cave was seen,
And halls and stately rooms appeared within.
There shone whate'er th' all-breeding earth contains
Of riches nourished in her fruitful veins.
There native splendor dwells in every part,
And nature rises o'er the works of art!
An hundred duteous slaves obsequious stand
T' attend the guests, and wait their lord's command;
Magnificent the plenteous board is plac'd,
With vases huge of gold and crystal grac'd.
At length the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
The wise magician to the warriors said,
'Tis time, what most imports should now be shown;
To you in part Armida's arts are known:
How to the camp she came, and thence convey'd
The bravest champions, by her wiles betray'd.
Full well you know that these, in bonds restrain'd
Th' insidious dame within her tower detain'd;
And sent them guarded thence to Gaza's land,
When fortune, in the way, releas'd their band.
It now remains for me th' events to tell
(As yet unknown) which since that time befell.

*Book* XIV.

## THE INQUISITIVE GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Jedediah Eversearch lost his left eye in gratifying an excessive and unwearied thirst for information. It was sacrificed upon the shrine of knowledge. Other acts of self devotion are upon record, of other great men, who have im-

isolated themselves to further the advance of science. Guyon, of Marseilles, dissected and examined the body of a person who had died of the plague, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the disease; he purchased success with his life. A late French philosopher stifled himself with the fumes of charcoal, to learn the effect upon the human system, and the eye of Mr. Jedediah Eversearch was pricked out by a needle, as it was applied to the key-hole of a buttery door, to discover the number of pies that had been baked for the New Year's Saturnalia. The house-maid heard his breathings at the aperture, and imagined he was listening to her culinary consultations with a fellow-servant. She stabbed at the ear, but extinguished the left eye of Jedediah for ever.

His parents, after mourning a due season for the loss of the darkened optic, consoled themselves with hoping that this accident would put a period to the troublesome inquisitiveness of their son. Futile anticipation! Jedediah was no sooner able to resume his peripatetic occupations. than he adorned his nasal protuberance with a pair of green spectacles, to conceal the deformity in his visage, and returned to the charge with redoubled fury. It seemed as if his thirst for seeing every thing, and every body, had increased with the loss of the left window of his brain. No hole or corner of the house escaped him. He was as well acquainted with every nook in the family mansion, as a rat with its hole. This acquaintance once attained, might be supposed to have satisfied the most curious inquirer But not so; Jedediah made his rounds as regularly each day, as do the gnomons of a town clock: searching drawers, trunks, and bandboxes; crevices, corners, and loop-holes, and more than once has he been nipped in the garret by the snap-trap, which lay in waiting, with its scraggy jaws, for the rats that caprioled about the attic of the old homestead in great numbers. Upon one occasion, he crept into a large butt, wherein was deposited the stock of potatoes, and was confined therein for four and twenty hours, by the servant's closing the lid, (which he supposed had been left open by mistake,) and securing it in the usual manner by a

padlock Jedediah asserted upon his egression thence, that he merely wished to count the farinaceous vegetables, to ascertain how much time would elapse before their consumption.

The amusements of this fated being were in strict conformity with his unhappy propensity. He usually took his station, at a very early hour, near the head of State-street, and watched for every gentleman who wore green spectacles. These persons he pursued indefatigably, until he could compass their acquaintance and discover the origin of the defect in their visual organs; probably hoping to find some one who had suffered in the same cause with himself. At last, he became a perfect pest to all persons in green glasses; and a very general dispersion of them might be seen on 'Change, whenever Jedediah's uncouth figure presented itself. Indeed, it is a well-attested fact, that several wearers of those "blessings for the aged," abandoned them entirely, and carried pocket telescopes, to avoid his unremitted persecutions. But all was in vain; for Jedediah continually pursued these afflicted people, requesting the loan of a spy-glass, to discern some distant object, which his single organ could not compass without the aid of it. One little man, in a dreadnought coat and cocked hat, with a mouth like a rent in an oyster-man's lantern, and a nose resembling a seed cucumber, could alone bid defiance to the tormentor; and he glared so fiercely upon Jedediah, over his spectacles, from a pair of carnation eyes, that all attempts upon his privacy were completely baffled by the pugnacity of his physiognomy.

Jedediah Eversearch had attained the age of thirty, without entering into hymeneal blessedness. He had, it is true, been several times "engaged;" but his predilection for the contents of work-bags, indispensables, and other little articles pertaining to a lady's paraphernalia, proved an insuperable bar to an union. It is well known, that ladies' have an invincible objection to a curious man; consequently, poor Jedediah was thrown out of "Cupid's calendar," to make room for fragments of humanity, possessing a less ardent thirst for information. Repeated disappointments were severe blows to him, for he had a longing desire to become acquainted with the mysteries of the marriage state, but he bore the frustration of his hopes like a philosopher, returning after each successive dismissal, to his inquisitive researches with unabated eagerness.

At last, however, he had the good fortune to encounter a lady, whose charms were rather "in the yellow leaf;" and who, preferring even the prying Mr. Eversearch to a longer search, consented to become his bride. It required all the art of an accomplished spinster of forty, to parry the questions of her intended spouse, touching her age. He considered his character at stake on the result, and made use of all the stratagie of a veteran in the inquiry, becoming quite fierce at each successive repulse. Finally, she satisfied him by pleading to thirty-five; and the delighted Jedediah, at the age of thirty-two, was buckled to the fascinating Miss Belinda Bendthebow. Amiable woman! let me here pay a passing tribute to another victim of "fatal curiosity."

"Thine was the smile, and thine the bloom,
Where hope might fancy ripened charms."

But thou art no more; yet the willow and the wailing Eversearch nightly bend over thy resting place.

As an impartial historian, I must allow that Jedediah was the "death of his wife." Like most ladies who have advanced in life previously to yielding to the gentle chains of Hymen, she had her "little peculiarities." The unfortunate husband was for ever transgressing. He cut off the tail of her lap-dog, to discover if the component parts were bone or cartilage; plucked and singed her favourite parrot, to compare the skin and pin-feathers with those of a chicken; and finally, filled her snuff-box with ground coffee, to learn what might be its effects upon the nasal organs. These and many similar experiments, embittered the union of Jedediah and Belinda, and she soon sunk under her troubles. The husband was quite disconsolate at her loss, and wondered what could have carried her off so soon.

Mr. Eversearch is now thirty-eight years of age, and as industrious and pertinacious as in his youthful days. I perceived him a few weeks since dodging an elderly gentleman in Washington-street, who wore a pair of antique silver buckles upon the knees of his velvet breeches; these symbols of the olden time had attracted the falcon glance of Jedediah, who doubtless, had determined to ascertain their antiquity; and I left him in full chase after their owner, whose uncomfortable elongation of countenance too plainly betrayed his suspicion that his pursuer had a design upon him.

Perhaps it may be a philanthropic act to describe the apparel of this person, that the community may not be alarmed at any demonstration he may make to-

wards their pockets; as he frequently endeavours to ascertain the name of a passenger who interests him, by abstracting the corner of a handkerchief from its resting-place, that he may obtain a glimpse of the mark upon its corner.

His hat is of a very dubious and suspicious character, varying between the Jackson broad brim, and the English conical; and proving a complete pozer to the prying politician. Its crown is low, and bears indubitable marks of having seen hard service; the rim is of the width of an apple-peel, and is worn down in front nearly to the crown, which defect was caused by the laborious burrowing of its owner into odd holes and corners.

The body of his coat is of faded blue broadcloth; but the arms have been so often worn out by a thrusting into deep crevices, and so often replaced by new ones, that there is no congruity in colour between them, and the main part aforesaid. Most of the buttons upon this garment are wanting, Jedediah having twisted them off, to ascertain the name of the maker; consequently, the coat continually flies open, disclosing a vest resembling a patchwork bed-quilt. This article he succeeded in rescuing from his irreconcileable enemies, the rats, after a long and dubious struggle with them in their very dens. It was immediately repaired with great care, and it is now worn by him as a memento of a great and glorious victory.

The small clothes of this eccentric gentleman are of the stoutest buckskin, and have suffered great and frequent decay at the knees, from the crawling habits of their owner, they are now patched and stuffed, and covered over with jointed copper plates, which Jedediah has informed me effectually resist friction.

In direct opposition to the fashion of the times, Mr. Eversearch indulges in long boots and tassels. The threads of these ornamental appendages, he takes much delight in counting daily; indeed it is his favourite amusement, save that of enumerating the hairs upon the back of a dingy cat, which prowls about his paternal dwelling. The accomplishment of this latter feat appeared to me incredible; but he assured me, that by perseverance he had accomplished it several times; twice having shaved the back of the veteran mouser, to ascertain if the hairs would be renewed in equal number.

I have thus endeavoured to give a feeble delineation of the exterior of this inquisitive gentleman. His moral and intellectual qualifications entitle him to the sincere good will of his fellow-sinners, but his prying propensity renders him a bugbear and a nuisance

I know, indeed, of no greater pest, except it be a person I meet at a certain literary institution in this city, who reads one morning paper with his eyes, a second with his elbows, holding a third in his hand, to the utter discomfiture and perplexity of his civil co-frequenters.

*Whimwhams, &c.*

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## GOG AND MAGOG; OR, THE PROPHECY.

"From Bank, Change, Mansion-house, Guildhall.
Throgmorton, and Threadneedle,
From London-stone, and London-wall,
When City housewives wheedle
To Brunswick, Russell, Bedford Squares,
And Portland-place, their spouses,
Anxious to give themselves great airs,
Of fashion in great houses,
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal."

"When merchant, banker, broker, shake
In Crockford's club their elbow
And for St. James's clock forsake
The chiming of thy bell, Bow;
When Batson's, Garraway's, and John's,
At night show empty boxes,
While cits are playing dice with dons,
Or ogling opera doxies;
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal."

"When City dames give routs and reels,
And ape high-titled prancers,
When City misses dance quadrilles,
Or waltz with whisker'd Lancers;
When City gold is quickly spent
In trinkets, feasts, and raiment,
And none suspend their merriment
Until they all stop payment,
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal." *New Monthly.*

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## TWILIGHT.

Yes, there's a spell in twilight's hour,
Of mystic, of resistless power;
Through the mind its magic charm
Sheds a soft a soothing balm;
O'er the soul it flings a chain,
Bringing in review again,
Thoughts and scenes we deemed had fled,
O'er which perchance our hearts have bled;
Yet through mem'ry's glass now viewed,
And twilight's hour of solitude,
In more soft and mellow light,
They cross our spell-bound memory's sight.

Strange and mystic twilight, thou
Cool'st the poet's parched brow:
In thy shade he pondering sits,
Through his mind a strange dream flits,
Of the world's contempt and woe,
And he feels the keenest throe,
Of disappointment—then anon
Wanders he in Helicon;

In fancy grasps his lyre, and wooes
Once again the truant muse,
Twilight soothes his feverish brain,
And hope resumes her sway again.

Mystic twilight! in thy beam
Much I love to sit, and dream,
To muse on all the hopes and fears,
Which have cross'd my by-gone years;
Or with hope's fond earnest eye,
Dart into futurity!
Giving to the forms of air,
Which in dim and gloom are there,
Forms of beauty—minds of fire,
While my bursting hearts desire
Is to pierce the murky gloom,
And to know my future doom!

E. F.

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## CALAMITIES OF A CLERK;
### *Communicated by Himself.*

"By the world, I recount no fable!"—
SHAKSPEARE.

UNACCUSTOMED as I am to public writing, and to any other arts of composition than those by which the phraseology of a day-book or a ledger is got up, I still cannot refrain from trying my pen at a piece of description which ought long ago to have been furnished by some of my equally distressed and more gifted fellow-sufferers, the extensive class of persons distinguished by the name (itself, alas, most undistinguished!) of clerks. It is my object to recount, in my own individual, but far from peculiar case, some of the hardships and annoyances to which we prisoners of the counting house are constantly exposed. I would exhibit to the public a bill of lading, as it were, of our heavy grievances, and an invoice of the amount of our complaint—such an invoice too, as shall not be liable to *discount* from being *overcharged*. I am encouraged in this task, by the hope that "principals" may be urged to soften, in some degree, the rigours of employment; though I am duly sensible that this hope may be fated to prove as vain as that which I once entertained, for six years together, of a trifling advance of salary.

By way of being sufficiently methodical, I will go so far back as to state that I was born in London, of respectable parents, and a feeble constitution. My education, received at a well frequented though cheap academy, was rather limited in quantity, and not so well directed as it might have been. My father, a substantial small tradesman in the grocery line, and a very plain sort of man in most matters, had the mistaken, but not uncommon notion, that his children should have "a finished education." Mine was very soon finished, in one sense, for I was taken away from school at thirteen, crammed, as I was, with a chaotic mass of Latin accidence and syntax (which my memory and inclination speedily got rid of,) and tolerably conversant with cyphering up to the rule of three inverse, besides being possessed of a smattering of bad French. Beyond this amount, I knew nothing; in truth, the Latin and French, as is usual, had absorbed by far the greater portion of the time. But these, if they were little understood at home, were very much admired; and my father, in particular, thought me as refined as his own best lump sugar. The paleness of my face, and that proneness to a sitting posture, that I shewed in common with other boys of weak health, had often occasioned him jocularly to say, "that I was cut out for a clerk;" and he now seriously proceeded, but no doubt with the best intentions, to make me a partaker in that deplorable destiny.

My father, among other things which he had no idea of, had none of "boys being idle;" and I was therefore hardly permitted to taste the *sweets* of that liberty, which consisted in what was called the *run of the shop*. Here I was fated to make, not a figure, but figures, in the capacity of junior clerk. The nature and limits of my office were no further defined than by the vague understanding that I was "to make myself useful." The first week convinced me abundantly that those were not wanting who would make me so, whether I did it myself, or not. It will, perhaps convey no unlively idea of the multifarious nature of my daily engagements at that time, if I say that I positively cannot reckon up their number, in spite of the force of annoyance with which many of them severally impressed me. Among those which dwell most pertinaciously in my remembrance, is the process of copying. It was part of my business to transcribe nearly all that of the house. Letters, invoices, accounts current, accounts of sales, *pro-formâ* statements, and many matters else, were all to be copied, and Jones (for so I was familiarly distinguished by my surname) was alone expected to do them. I was thus, alternately, either a "copying machine," myself, or the animal that worked the machine. It should be observed also, that part of the correspondence to be copied (for our firm had an extensive foreign business as agents) consisted of illegible Dutch and German letters. Mr. Gladwin, the senior partner, wrote a hand past all understanding, but was not a whit the less astonished at the blunders in my conjectural transcriptions. He could not at all bring himself to ima-

gine how so plain a thing as a letter of business could be mistaken. Then, as for the engagement of mind promoted by such a use of the pen, take the following as a sample :—" Molasses are heavy, but rums are looking up. In ashes, little has been done ; pot are stationery, and pearl are of small value. Very considerable sales both of Irish and India pork are reported. In beef some transactions have transpired, and bacon is much sought after. Butters are nominal." The checking of calculations, as it was called, was another labour, that contributed materially to check my own growth. Every clerk in the office required his arithmetical processes to be gone into over again, and Jones was of course to work them out. Many a column of figures was my jaded eye obliged to ascend and descend half-a-dozen times, owing to my having made the amount greater by my own headache—and in many a subtraction did I fail, from being unable to take away from the operation the dizziness of my feelings.

Such were, in part, my tribulations as an in-door clerk—but I was likewise at the same time an out-of-door one—because I was called neither. Among other perambulating pursuits of a like interest, I was invited to make myself the " circulating medium" for distributing letters of routine among dealers and middlemen, and in general, all those matters which might be called the " unclaimed dividends" of employment, fell to my share. Was an errand to be run upon ? Was a broker to be gone after ? Was the price given for a lot of indigo, or a parcel of tobacco to be got at ? Was a circular to be distributed over the metropolis ? Jones was in requisition, and Jones was expected to be always at hand.

It happened to be the season of winter when I commenced my official martyrdom at Messrs. Gladwin and Co's, and my arrival there was marked by that of a cargo of Virginia tobacco in the London Docks, consigned to their house. I was despatched, accordingly to deliver the manifest, as it is termed, at the Excise Office and Custom House, and to *check* the weights of the several hogsheads taken at the king's scales in the tobacco warehouse at the docks. In the performance of this latter duty, I had to stand, during every day of a tedious frosty week, from ten o'clock till four, on the benumbing stones, among an assemblage of blackguards, under the divers names of tide-surveyors, scale-men, foremen, and labourers, whose conversation was far too low and ribaldrous to be fitted for the ears of any youth decently brought up, and whose callous jests, during their intervals of beer and cheese, were occasionally directed against my parchment face, or ink-tipped fingers.

Whilst alluding to the London Docks, I cannot resist making a little digression, which may beguile for a moment both the reader's tedium and my own pains of memory. Some years after the time of which I speak, many and loud complaints were made by commercial people of the exorbitant shipping charges, or dues, extorted by the company owning those docks. One of our clerks, during a few minutes of unaccountable leisure, produced a scrap of counting-house wit in the following :—

## EPIGRAM

### ON THE LONDON DOCK COMPANY.

" Oh ! how that name befits my composition."—SHAKSPEARE.

" Dock Company !" choice name ! and best
Of characteristic off-hits !
For merchants, by its dues opprest,
Are *docked* of half their profits.

But to return to my sad story. Harassing as were the details of my employment during the other four days of the commercial six, they were actually light in comparison with what I had to struggle and perspire through on the two foreign post-days, Tuesday and Friday. At these times, the Messieurs Gladwin were more than usually surly, and Mr. Makeweight more than usually bustling and directive ; while I, after such a merciless fatigue of copying by candle-light, as must have made me look like a false copy, as it were, of myself, was posted off to the Post Office, frequently at the hour of midnight, *minus* three minutes, which three minutes were to suffice for the transit from our counting house in Crutched Friars, to Lombard-street. I was thus required to unite the qualification of running legs to that of a running hand, and if sometimes I failed to buffet through the opposing crowd before the fatal exclusive chime of the official dial, my return with the heap of letters was sure to be met with a still greater heap of reproofs.

*To be Continued*

## TO A WORM KILLING DOCTOR.

' Tread on a worm and it will turn.'

Hail, thou Long Acre Gard'ner, destroyer of worms !
Who from Shoreditch art famed to thine other famed firms :

Oh! give ear to the call, for the worms of *thy* race,
Are increasing too fast and keep fast in their pace!

The ladies complain that the 'Bookworm's' are fed
With the brains of all authors bnt Chesterfield, dead;
That they wind to the shelves and from beauty depart,
While that 'Hungry worm,' Time, sucks the flood of the heart.

Do the ladies forget they are 'Ringworms' in kind,
Lovely 'Silkworms and glowworms,' to earth-worm, consign'd;
Do they think not, the worm in the bud of their cheek,
Spreads the canker of years in the skin that was sleek?

And the Fop, what is he? from the Chrysalis grown,—
How he flatters and sips the fair flowers of the town!
He's the 'Mothworm' full dress'd with the mummy shell'd train,
And his pride and his glory quiescent remain.

And the Blockhead, a 'Sloeworm,' creeps into thy shops,
And he takes and he swallows thy powders and drops;
But that 'Muckworm,' the Miser, in spite of thy skill,
Alchymetic, thou neither canst vomit nor kill.

At the Gin Vaults the 'Tapeworms' are manifold found,
And in *pieces* the ladies they daily surround:
On the turf, in reg'mentals, preserves, and in power,
Knots of 'Bloodworms' appear for the harvest and shower

And the 'Mawworms' are fed at Parochial feasts,
And they glut in the stomachs of human shaped beasts,
And grubs, earwigs, and maggots all over the world,
Are with variform bodies in embryo curled.

And the Lawyer's a 'Bagworm' soliciting courts,
And his client the 'Blindworm,' who sees not his sports:
A Deathwatch, the Physician, that ticks after gold,
Till the Graveworm cries "Doctor, you're wanted in mould."

The 'Rake's Progress' control—dose his vices when young,
Lest he get a Distiller's worm under his tongue:
Search the Slimeworms in ambush,—death's wormwood to thee
That will feed in mute love in the shroud of Life's tree.

By thy poems and puffs!—By the fame thou hast won!
By the yards in thy bottles and glasses we shun
Oh! thou gravest of Sextons? continue thy terms
Then thy scull shall be Head of the Diet of Worms. P.

## Recollections of the Bar.

Shortly after Sir James Mansfield was made Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he was offered a peerage by Government; but, although there were those attached to him whose advancement he was naturally not indifferent, could it have been legimitately obtained, and to whose interests he was anything but callous, he was induced to decline the proffered honour. Off the Bench he showed himself a fine, hale hearty old man; and when he put on his buckskins and other Nimrod attributes of dress, verily he might have been taken for some ancient and long practised huntsman, for he was powerful of make, strong of limb, of active habits, bluff, bold, and somewhat uncourteous when he would. Lord Kenyon used to eye his Prestons with ineffable contempt, as he reflected upon the improvidency of his brother judge; and regard his own interminable doeskins, on which age had bestowed a hue scarcely less sombre than the silken robe that hid them, and to which long rubbing (a practice he had when he charged the Jury) gave a gloss that any polisher of mahogany might have envied.

"It was, as I remember, on a fine summer morn, (if such a thing be among the other fine things of London,) that returning to town through the fields north of the metropolis, at an unusual early hour, I observed before me one whose strange movements and unaccountable gestures led me at first to the belief of his being deranged; for as, with form as upright as Lord Tenterden's conduct, he paced nervously and manfully along, he threw aloft as he went a ponderous cudgel, which, having performed the requisite number of evolutions in upper air, was caught in his powerful grasp as it fell, and again expedited on high, with as much energy as it was caught in its descent, with ease. Long he pursued this violent exercise, with a degree of perseverance and exertion that would have exhausted a round dozen of the dandies of this day, and, while he thus gave play to his muscles, trod lightly and firmly; his figure was, as I said, strong and not inelegant; he was habited in black, and with the utmost care and neatness, and my curiosity was awakened to ascertain who might be this matinal *athléte*. As I approached him, he turned suddenly without discontinuing his gymnastics, or evincing the slightest embarrassment at being observed; and to my low and reverent courtesy, the cudgel-playing Chief Justice removed his beaver and replaced it, while yet his far-sent Djerrid was somer-

setting above, and, clutching it again, pursued his homeward course to breakfast, and then to law. I am morally certain that he often wished in Court that he had but that vivacious shilelah in his grasp when as some brother in a moment of brief excitement——I know not how it is, but no sooner has some dull, long-plodding jurisconsult, by the especial compassion of the Chancellor for his age or infirmities, been vested with the coif, than all his homelier and quiescent ideas become active, deranged, and unsettled; and the black patch on his wig has the immediate effect of a blister on the head, without the beneficial results of that vesicatory application in regard to the fever of the brain. There may be some secret with the craft or brotherhood; but the comparison is unfair, as there is no unanimity in their association; it is rather a Carbonari meeting, where all are couzins and all cozening, where their language and manners are scarcely less common than their pleas. Sir James was learned as a lawyer, and a sound judge, with some trifling bias, it may be (haply to himself unknown) towards the 'powers that be;' his feelings were warm and readily excited, but without irritability, although his voice and manner might often induce the idea that his passions had been effectually aroused. I never beheld him more earnest and energetic than on occasion of charging the jury in an action tried before him between the late John Kemble, as proprietor of Covent-garden Theatre, and Henry Clifford the barrister, when the merits of the celebrated O. P. Row came under discussion, and Clifford stood the advocate of popular rights (more fitly termed popular wrongs,) as the tragedian the defender of his interests and property. The opinion of the Chief Justice was warmly and decidedly expressed in favour of the latter, and in prejudice of the 'honest counsellor,' and his exposition of the law of the case was so forcibly opposed to the legality of the proceedings of the *Pitt* party, that, relying upon its effect on the twelve 'good men and true,' he hesitated not, on their retiring—(it was untimely certainly; for a verdict, if it be reversible, should never be anticipated)—to address the people, in endeavouring to impress on their minds the impropriety of the conduct pursued towards the theatrical manager, and in cautioning them against the recurrence of scenes tending to the disturbance of the public peace, and which 'would be now pronounced, by the decision of a just, impartial, and enlightened jury, equally unjustifiable, and subjected to correction of no trifling character, which would, on any future occasion, be as strictly as decidedly enforced.' He had scarcely ended his address ere the twelve matter-of-fact judges appeared in the box, and at once gave an unanimous and unqualified verdict in favour of Clifford, with damages against Kemble (trifling in amount, it is true,) in direct contradiction to to the directions of the Judge and as much to his amazement and disappointment as to the high delight of the assembled million, which filled the Hall in eager and anxious expectation of the event. One involuntary shout of ecstacy, prolonged and forceful as the well expressed aspirations of Donnybrook fair—as a gentle difference of opinion at a female Bible Society,—as the simultaneous burst of a Drury-Lane chorus in the Coronation Anthem—as the war-cry of fifty men or two women in a fight—rang through the Hall, startled Lord Ellenborough in his distant den, threw Lord Eldon's nerves into Chancery, and excited many a quickly successive pinch of snuff from Sir Archibald Macdonald in his hold, completely exchequering his ideas. I never saw a man so thoroughly posed as Sir James; he stood aghast, thunderstruck, and confounded; for when moved he always got upon his feet:—he cast one glance of fear and distrust at the rebellious dozen, and with a wrathful shake of head, which drew down clouds of powder from his perruque, left the court hastily, and in silence.

"I remember Lord Cochrane passing through the Hall at the moment his newfound constituents were indulging their vocal propensities. With all his service, he was neither weather-beaten nor careworn then. There was an expression of curiosity and wonder in his true Caledonian and right manly countenance, as he viewed the vagaries of Westminster. He knew as little of his companions at that time as he did of either disgrace or fear. To him it was truly Scot and Lot—a little time and much was changed. Twenty years have since gone by, and with them Bonaparte and South American slavery, the Turkish power in Greece, Brummel and Skeffington, Sheridan and Canning, Sheriff Parkins and Joanna Southcoat, Kemble, Clifford, O. P. Rows, and what not?

"There was also Sir Giles Rooke, a good, quiet, simple, 'sad, and gentleman-like person,' who, after having devoted a long life to the arduous study of the law, was seized in his patriarchal days with a taste for novel-reading—Mrs. Radcliffe, George Walker, the Burney, and even the emanitions of the Minerva Press. He was, it is said, as little choice in the selection of writers, as eager in the perusal

of their works; and with all the fervour of a curtain-firing chamber maid, would sacrifice the hours best adapted to repose and rest, after the wearing duties of the day, to the enjoyment of maudlin sentiment or the horrors of over-strained romance. Often would the morning sun find Sir Giles in bed, pursuing, with no wonted ardour, the progress of some tale of sorrow or of love: participating in the deeper miseries of 'Fatal Sensibility,' or the sublimer horrors and more perplexed mysteries of 'The Dumb Nun of St. Bog and Moat.' Had Sir Walter been then, it would have been quite another thing; but it was strange to see one of learning and of taste so employed. If I remember well, however, his was a romantic family he had a brother, who, after having served his King with credit in the army, abandoned his native country for the land of the olive and myrtle, and, beneath 'cloudless climes and starry skies,' sought scenes better adapted to his taste than those his proper land afforded. With a spirit of research, a mind richly stored with knowledge, and a heart flowing with charity to all mankind, he established his head-quarters at Rhodes, within the very walls once possessed by the Knights of St. John, whence he would occasionally visit in his yacht the beautiful islands of the Grecian Archipelago, or direct his course to those of the Septinsular Republic, his worth and amiable qualities assuring him a grateful reception whithersoever he went. His collection of medals and manuscripts were said to have been extremely valuable: but when Colonel Rooke died (in Rhodes, I believe), it is to be feared that they became the spoil of those who more largely benefited by his bounty while living, than they were disposed to evince a due respect for his memory when dead.

"Heath seemed in his very dotage; and he who beheld the inane expression of his features—his seeming abstraction from things around him—the palsied motion of his head—the deathlike paleness of his countenance, and reflected on his large account of years, must have regarded him with sentiments of compassion, and esteemed him more a mockery than an ornament to the place on which he had intruded; yet his moral faculties were far superior to his physical powers: and when in tremulous accents he laboured to convey his opinion on a case of legal difficulty, one was only the more astonished at the integrity of his mind, the clearness of his views and the force of memory. When raised to the Bench, he positively refused to be knighted, and no entreaty could prevail upon him to attend at court for that purpose. Precedent and custom were urged in vain, and he lived and died plain John Heath.—*New Monthly.*

## IMITATION.

"So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain,
No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

The foregoing beautiful simile of Lord Byron's in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which forms a part of the noble Bard's lines to the memory of Henry Kirke White, has been the theme of universal admiration; and for brilliancy of imagination is truly deserving of it. The painting is all Lord Byron's, but the idea is copied from the following, by Waller:—

TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

"That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to soar on high."

C. G. F.

## CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT SULTAN OF TURKEY.

At this period when the attention of almost every person is awakened to what may be the probable fate of Turkey, we think the following remarks exhibiting the character of the present Sultan in a just point of view, will be acceptable to most of our readers.

"He is a man, not in the prime, but still in the vigour of life. He succeeded his brother Mustapha in the year 1808, and so has been on the throne twenty years. He is now the only survivor, I believe, of thirty children—fifteen boys and fifteen girls—which his father left: and is the last of the male race of Mahomet of an age fit to reign; and it is to this circumstance, they say, he is indebted for his inviolability; had there been another of the sacred race, old enough to substitute in his place, the janissaries would have long since deposed him. He had two sons; one about the age of ten, to whom their eyes were turned as his successor, when he should arrive at competent years: and he knew, by experience, it was as easy for them to do this as to say it: for both of his predecessors had been strangled—one of whom was his own brother. His son prematurely died: and it was reported that he had been made away with by his own father, lest he should be set up in his place. It is known, how

ever, that the boy died of the small-pox, and that his father had given an extraordinary example to his subjects by having his surviving children vaccinated; and so has shown, in one instance at least, a disposition to adopt European improvements in things not merely military. He is, moreover, a man well versed in oriental literature, writes, and understands Arabic well; and his Hatasheriffs, which he always dictates, and sometimes writes with his own hand, are admired for their style and composition. He is not a man of a morose or cruel disposition in his own family: on the contrary, he has several daughters by different mothers, to all of whom he is affectionately attached; and in his ordinary intercourse in private life he is urbane and affable. His public conduct, however, has been marked by extraordinary fierceness and unrelenting rigour, not only to Rajas, but to Turks themselves; and in this he has shewn an impartia. disregard to human life, and not a strict adherence to human obligations. But whatever his conduct has been to his own subjects, to those of other nations he has afforded the most inviolable protection. He has discontinued the barbarous practice of his predecessors, in sending ambassadors to the Seven Towers; instead of which, whenever they disagree, and are disposed to depart, he affords them every facility, and those of their nation who please to remain, are in security. During the frenzied excitement of the populace, which took place at the breaking out of the Greek insurrection, the odium and prejudice of the Turks extended to all Christians; yet the Franks were perfectly safe, while the Greeks were shot without mercy whenever they were met by the mob; and notwithstanding a few accidents which occurred to individuals in the confusion, we never hesitated to walk abroad, either in the town or its vicinity, for business or amusement, though every Turk was armed with a yatagan and case of loaded pistols which he was ready to use on the slightest provocation. On more recent occasions, where such real cause of complaint and irritation existed, it is but justice to the present Sultan to say, that his moderation and good faith have afforded examples, which the best Christian nations in Europe might be proud to follow.—*Walsh Jour.*

## Illustrations of History.

### THE ESTRADON; OR, TWO HANDED SWORD.

*(To the Editor of the Olio.)*

Sir.—The very correct and spirited engraving given in the twenty-fourth number of the "Olio," induces me to offer a few remarks on that tremendous weapon y'cleped the Estradon, or Two-handed Sword; with which each man it appears, was armed in the celebrated combat between the Highland clans at the Inch of Perth.

I believe all those authors who have written on military antiquities, agree, that this weapon was first brought into general use in the reign of our first Edward. When an attempt was made to assassinate Bruce, that hero lopped off the head of the spear which his antagonist had directed against him, and slew his adversary with a stroke of his two-handed sword, which cleft him from crown to chin. The Estradon appears to have been a favourite weapon with the Germans, who it is supposed, first adopted it, and was used with terrible effect by their heavy-armed infantry. Louis the XIIth, we are told had a body-guard of Scotchmen, who were armed with the Estradon; and the grim heroes of Albert Durer and Van Leyden are drawn with this powerful weapon; which in their day was a substitute for the axe of the headsman, who could with a single blow decapitate a criminal. I have seen ancient pieces of tapestry and sculpture on which are representations of combats with this weapon; from which it appears, that a man armed with one of them could stand on the defensive. They were therefore, preferred to the battle-axe, with which a blow could not be warded off. The effect of a downright blow from one of these swords must have been terrific; much more so than from the stroke of an axe. Some of these Estradons were seven and eight feet long; the blades being broader towards the point, to make them fall heavier. The handles were ornamented with tassels, and terminated in a large boss.

The author of Waverly speaks of the two-handed sword and the Claymore as one and the same weapon, which I suppose must be an over-sight in that learned antiquary and author; as the long *basket-hilted* broad sword was generally designated the Claymore. I find no mention of two-handed swords being used after the time of Elizabeth, when the improvements in military discipline, as well as the use of fire-arms, entirely superseded the use of these ponderous weapons.

*June* 27, 1828 H.

## Sketches of Orators, No. 5.

### ÆSCHINES.

Æschines of Athens was first a stage-player, then a scribe, and afterwards an

orator.—His speeches were admired for their spontaneous delivery, and in this respect, inimitable.—He was thus chosen one of the ten ambassadors who successfully brought back, Antipater, Parmenio and Eurylocus, from Philip, two years before whose death, and jealous of the glory of his rival, Æschines impugned the decree which had granted him a crown of gold and drew up an accusation against Ctesiphon, or rather against Demosthenes.

The times seemed to favour Æschines very much; for the Macedonian party, whom he always befriended, was very powerful in Athens, especially after the ruin of Thebes.—Nevertheless Æschines lost his cause and was justly sentenced to banishment for his rash accusation. He thereupon went and settled himself in Rhodes, where he opened a school of eloquence, the fame and glory of which continued for many ages. He began his lectures with the two orations that had occasioned his banishment; great encomiums were given to that of Æschines; but when they heard that of Demosthenes, the plaudits and acclamations were redoubled,—and it was then that he spoke these words, so highly worthy of praise in the mouth of an enemy and a rival.—"But what applauses would you not have bestowed, had you heard Demosthenes speak it himself!"

To conclude, the victor made good use of his conquest, for at the time that Æschines was leaving Athens, in order to embark for Rhodes, Demosthenes ran after him, and forced him to accept a purse of money, an offer which must have obliged him so much the more, as he had less room to expect it. On this occasion Æschines cried out "How will it be possible for me not to regret a country in which I leave an enemy more generous than I can hope to find friends in any other part of the world." He died by poison in prison. Seven others of this name are mentioned by Dionysius.

P.

## Science and Art.

*Preservation of Zoological Specimens from the depredations of Insects.*—Put rectified oil of turpentine into a bladder, the mouth of which is firmly tied with a waxed string, and nothing more is necessary than to place the bladder thus prepared in the box with the birds, or to tie it to the pedestal on which the birds are perched in a case. For large cases of birds, a pig's, or a sheep's bladder is sufficient; for middle-sized cases, a lamb's or a rabbits bladder will do; and for a small one, we may use a rat's bladder. The turpentine evidently penetrates through the bladder, as it fills the case with its strong smell. This method of preserving zoological specimens has been most successfully employed to a great extent, in the museum in the University of Edinburgh.—*New Monthly.*

*Cold Injection for Anatomical Preparations* —If a mixture of varnish and vermilion have a small quantity of water mixed with it, it soon sets and becomes hard. This affords an excellent composition for anatomical injection, being very beautiful and very penetrating, (so much so, that it frequently returns by the veins) and is visible in the minutest vessels.—*ib.*

*Influence of Light on colouring the Leaves of Plants.*—It frequently happens in America that clouds and rain obscure the atmosphere for several days together, and that, during this time, buds of entire forests expand themselves into leaves. These leaves assume a pallid hue till the sun appears, when, within the short period of six hours of a clear sky and bright sunshine, their colour is changed to a beautiful green. A writer in Silliman's *Journal*, mentions a forest on which the son had not shone during twenty days. The leaves, during this period, had expanded to their full size, but were almost white. One forenoon the sun began to shine in full brightness. "The colour of the forest absolutely changed so fast that we could perceive its progress. By the middle of the afternoon the whole of these extensive forests, many miles in length, presented their usual summer dress." *Sill. Jour.*

*Standard of Colours.*—Speaking of colours, it really would be important to naturalists and artists if a standard diagram of colours were established, (and, if you please, deposit it in the Tower with weights and measures). The original should be in stone, and authenticated copies may be issued in metallic colours. Thus any tint could be referred to by number or name. You are nearer to the useful Secretary than myself, and should ask Mr. Peel to add it to his list of desirables —*Mag. Nat. His.*

*Education.*—The progress throughout Europe of schools on the Lancasterian system is well known; the following is an authentic statement of their annual increase in the kingdom of Denmark:—First year, (31st December,) 1823, 244 schools; second year, ditto, 1824, 605 schools; third year, ditto, 1825, 1143 schools; fourth year, ditto, 1826, 1545

schools; fifth year, ditto, 1827, 2003 schools. Schools organizing in 1828, 368:—that is to say, 2371 schools for the Danish dominions,—*New Mon.*

The only school in Malacca at present which is likely to benefit the Malays, is supported by Government. It is on a small scale, the boys are twelve in number and, from its recent establishment, cannot be expected to have acquired any character. The master seems well disposed, and the number of scholars likely to increase. Every attempt to establish a female Malay school has hitherto failed.—*Malacca Observer.*

*German Method of making Flowers grow in Winter.*—"We saw off such a branch of any tree as will answer our purpose, and then lay it for an hour or two in a running stream, if we can find one; the object of this is to get the ice from the bark, and soften the buds. It is afterwards carried into one of our warm rooms and fixed upright in a wooden box or tub containing water. Fresh burnt lime is then added to the water, and allowed to remain in it about twelve hours, when it is removed, and fresh water added, with which a small quantity of vitriol is mixed to prevent its putrifying. In the course of some hours the blossoms begin to make their appearance, and afterwards the leaves. If more lime be added, the process is quickened; while, if it be not used at all, the process is retarded, and the leaves appear before the blossoms."

*The common Rose-wood of Cabinet-makers.*—Is the root of the Convólvulus scopàrius, common in the Canary Islands, in Rhodes, and Cyprus. There is also a rose-wood sent from Jamaica, which is the timber of the *Amyris elemifera*; and, from the Antilles, the timber of Ehrètia fruticòsa, and from Cayenne, that of Licària guianénsis, is also sent under the name of rose-wood.

*Soundness of the Lungs.*—Dr. Lyons, of Edinburgh, proposes an ingenious and practical test for trying the soundness of the lungs. The patient is directed to draw in a full breath, and then begin to count as far as he can, slowly and audibly, without again drawing in his breath. The number of seconds he can continue counting is then to be carefully noted. In confirmed consumption, the time does not exceed eight, and is often less than six seconds. In pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to fourteen seconds. But when the lungs are sound, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.—*New Mon.*

*The Weather*, from the beginning of May to this time, has been a continuation of that we have had ever since the commencement of the year. Changeableness has been its general character. Dry and wet days have succeeded each other; showers and sunshine occurred several times on the same day. Easterly and northerly winds prevailed during the first two weeks of May; but frequently shifting to the opposite points, were, on such change, always accompanied with rain. Thunder showers have been frequent, and sometimes very heavy, with hail, and sometimes followed by night-frosts. Travellers over extensive tracts of the kingdom have been struck with the appearance of drenched ground in one district, and annoyed by the dust flying on the roads in another, at no great distance. The quantitity of rain which has fallen during all this period has been but little more than the waste by evaporation; and though some of the operations in the fields have been retarded by the frequent showers, it was not till the 4th inst. that garden ground received a sufficient share of moisture to reach the roots. For these two or three days last past, the wind has remained pretty steady in the N.W.; should it not veer to the southward again, a dry season may follow, and give opportunity to make and secure the generally abundant crops of hay.—*Loudon's Mag.*

## THE DYERS.

**Though the die's cast, he dye's again,**
**And makes old colours yield to new.**

A Dyer's house in London, is known by a pole extending at the top of the dwelling half across the way to his opposite neighbour, with flags of blankets, counterpanes, and ineffables, stretched like the Rhodian bully over the aperture of the street in conjunction with the pantaloon that slaps his wand against the petticoat, in obedience to the air which controls their society, as much as to say, "dyeing makes acquainted with strange bedfellows." The shop, which is surely a gay one, is filled with bundles placed on shelves either to be called for, or dipped agreeably with the directions which are ticketed to them. As the seasons change, so do the fashions follow, or, rather, keep pace with them. Dyers are thus in requisition, and by the length of time either required or assumed, they are proverbial for keeping the articles intrusted to them an unconscionable time. In the interim, many persons themselves die. Hence the Babel-like confu-

sion which sometimes prevails in a dyer's shop. But the bustle, like that of the Royal Exchange in business hours, or of a baker's in roll time, is at its height on Saturday evenings. Then the counter is laden, and females wait anxiously for their counterparts, the shop is crowded, and the dyers appear from the furnace behind like imps of a darker world, to make their votaries more gay and more charming.

These scraps, remnants, and pieces, are chiefly consisting of violet-coloured neck-handkerchiefs, salmon shawls, pink ribbands, brown stuffs, green veils, black cloths, scarlet satin, pea-blossomed hose, and lilac silks. Colours are warranted to take, and not warranted to stand. Articles for scouring are in great request, and the scene of translation in bearing colours is not tranquil till midnight chimes go their "pious orgies," and watchmen snore in accompaniment, "pious airs." After the bolt is turned against the customers, then "home, sweet home!" is the place for active exertions with females. What hem-stitching! felling, whipping, snipping, needling, pinning, and trimming is done to make the figure perfect for the promenade! or, to say the least, to smarten the Ladies, when asssisted by the rainbow properties of an agreeable London dyer. P.

## EXPLANATION OF THE TERM YANKEE.

Under an impression that many persons use the above epithet without being aware of its signification, and perhaps among the many some of our readers, we hasten to let the following account, extracted from Mr. Cooper's "Notions of the Americans," throw a ray of light upon the subject and illumine their darkness.

The inhabitants of the states which comprise New England, are known "by the familiar appellation of 'Yankees.' This word is most commonly supposed to be a corruption of 'Yengeese,' the manner in which the native tribes, first known to the colonists, pronounced 'English.' Some, however, deny this derivation, at the same time that they confess their inability to produce a plausible substitute. It is a little singular that the origin of a soubriquet, which is in such general use, and which cannot be of any very long existence, should already be a matter of doubt. It is said to have been used by the English as a term of contempt, when the American was a colonist, and it is also said, that the latter often adopts it as an indirect and playful means of retaliation. It is necessary to remember one material distinction in its use, which is infallibly made by every American. At home, the native of even New York, though of English origin, will tell you he is not a Yankee. The term here is supposed to be perfectly provincial in its application; being, as I have said, confined to the inhabitants, or rather the natives of New England. But, out of the United States, even the Georgian does not hesitate to call himself a 'Yankee.' The Americans are particularly fond of distinguishing any thing connected with their general enterprise, skill, or reputation, by this term. Thus, the southern planter, who is probably more averse than any other to admit a community of those personal qualities, which are thought to mark the differences in provincial or rather state character, will talk of what a 'Yankee merchant,' a 'Yankee negociator,' or a 'Yankee soldier,' can and has done: meaning always the people of the United States. I have heard a naval officer of rank, who was born south of the Potomac, and whose vessel has just been constructed in this port, speak of the latter with a sort of suppressed pride, as a 'Yankee man-of-war.' Now, I had overheard the same individual allude to another in a manner that appeared reproachful, and in which he used the word 'Yankee,' with peculiar emphasis. Thus it is apparent, that the term has two significations among the Americans themselves, one of which may be called its national, and the other its local meaning. The New-Englandman evidently exults in in the appellation at all times. Those of other states with whom I have come in contact, are manifestly quite as well pleased to lay no claim to the title, though all use it freely, in its foreign, or national sense.

## SINGULAR PHRASES.

*Slough Silver* is a rent paid to the castle of Wigmore, instead of some days in harvest, anciently performed for the Lord of the Manor.

*Smoke Farthings.*—A yearly rent, anciently paid for the customary dues, offered by the inhabitants of a diocese at *Whitsuntide*, when they made their processions to the mother cathedral church.

*Smoke Silver*, and *Smoke Penny.*—Money formerly paid to the ministers of several parishes, instead of tithe-wood.

*Sockmen.*—A sort of tenants, who tilled the inland, or peculiar demesnes of their lord, but after the Conquest, those who held by no servile tenure, but paid their rent, as a *Soke* or sign of freedom, were so called.

*Sofees.*—A Turkish sect, accounted religious puritans, who commonly read in the streets and public places, being always very busy with their beads, that notice may be taken of their counterfeit devotion; when they speak it is but two words at a time, *Allah Ekbec*, i. e. God is Great; or, *Subhawn Allah*, i. e. God is Pure; or, *Isligfie Allah*, i. e. God Defend.

### BANNERS.

That noblemen and gentlemen of ancient families, should not more frequently display a banner on their castles or mansions, instead of the national flag, which, properly speaking, they have not the slightest right to use, arises perhaps as much from ignorance and indifference as from modesty. They would laugh at the idea of painting a shield charged with the union badge on their carriages, and yet they place it over their residences, though it would be as appropriate in the one place, as in the other. One nobleman at least is sensible of propriety on the subject, and we think that his example would be generally adopted if it were known. A banner of the arms of Neville floats over Eridge Castle, the seat of the Earl of Abergavenny, whenever that respected nobleman is present; and how much more in character, with all the associations which Arundel Castle is calculated to excite, would be a banner of the quartered coats of Howard, Brotherton, and Fitz-Alan, than the incongruous combination which has been adopted for the national flag? The observation applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to Alnwick, Chatsworth, Woburn, &c.—*Retro. Rev.*

## Anecdotiana.

### FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

To a man of exalted mind, the forgiveness of injuries is productive of more pleasure and satisfaction than vengeance obtained. Louis the twelfth of France, in answer to those who advised him to revenge himself on those who had been his enemies before his accession to the throne; replied nobly, "The King of France does not remember the injuries of the Duke of Orleans." A sentence of equal magnanimity is recorded to have been uttered by the Emperor Adrian, on seeing a person who had injured him in his former station. "You are safe, I am Emperor." It would be well if all men in power imitated the true greatness of these illustrious individuals. Then mankind would not have to regret that 'Mans inhumanity to man makes thousands mourn.'

### DR. LANGHORNE, AND MRS. HANNAH MORE.

In the summer of the year 1773, the celebrated John Langhorne, D. D. resided at Weston-super-Mare, in the County of Somerset, for the benefit of the sea air, and the equally celebrated Mrs. Hannah More resided at Uphill, not far distant from the above place, for the same salutary purpose.

The Doctor meeting the female bard one day upon the sea shore, he wrote with the end of his stick upon the sand the following impromptu:—

"Along the shore,
Walked Hannah More;
Waves let this record last,—
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what she writes be past."

The lady returned the compliment by scratching underneath, with her whip, and the same facility of genius:—

"Some firmer basis, polish'd Langhorne, choose
To write the dictates of thy charming muse
Her strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse."

### ANECDOTE OF THE KING.

On the death of the late organist to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, great interest was made by several Professors of eminence to succeed to that honourable and lucrative situation. Old Horne, the music master, who taught the King, and other Members of his August Family, in their juvenile days, was at this time very low in his circumstances, arising from losses and other untoward events. The fact was mentioned to his Majesty by one of the Lords in Waiting, who at the same time ventured to add that the existing vacancy would enable the poor old man to weather the storms of life, and pass the remainder of his days in competency and ease. His Majesty expressed his astonishment, and could scarcely credit that his old tutor was still in existence, or that, if so, he had not applied to his former pupil, stating his embarrassment. Modest merit is always dumb—Horne "knew if he had made his case known, he should have been relieved, but he dared not intrude his suffering on his gracious master's attention." The fact, however, of his situation being thus

brought to His MAJESTY's notice, he ordered his carriage, and proceeded immediately to canvass the Canons, and other Dignitaries in whose gift the appointment lay: they had made their promises, but —it must be so—the King's wishes were a law, and Horne was nominated to the vacancy. Wishing, however, to gratify the old man by himself announcing the joyful tidings, his MAJESTY commanded him to attend at the Royal Lodge. The summons was unexpected, was distressing: "how could he appear before the Presence, with a wardrobe not fit to visit a private friend. But," continued the gratified veteran, "it is not the coat, it is the man the King wants to see: I must, I will go:" and he took a change of linen, and proceeded to Windsor. On his arrival at the Royal Lodge, he was received with kindness by the major domo, and refreshments were placed before him, with an intimation that his attendance would be required in the course of the evening in the drawing room. That time arrived, and the old man, on entering, was overpowered by the condescending affability with which he was received. The King, surrounded by the brilliant circle of his private friends, rose from his seat, and taking poor Horne by the hand, led him to the piano, requesting him to give once more a specimen of that skill which had entranced his juvenile mind. This was too much—he sat down overpowered with contending emotions, and the modest tear trickled from his aged eye. He forgot every thing, ran his fingers over the keys in the most abstracted manner, and was any thing but himself. A few affectionate words revived him; and, as if inspired by the sudden recollection of days gone by, struck off a fantasia, which he performed with all the execution of his best days. The King was delighted, and having only a slight recollection of the air, asked what it was. The old man could no longer contain his joy—"That air, your MAJESTY, was composed by my pupil, His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, when he was eighteen years of age,." We need not say that the King was highly gratified; he had composed it in the early period of life, had entirely forgotten it, and as the Professor said, he had also lost sight of it for upwards of forty years, when it suddenly flashed on his memory, as a bright meteor suddenly enlightens the darkened sky. The dignity of the Monarch sank for a moment to the familiarity of the friend, he pressed the old man's hand, told him of his good fortune, and bade him retire, and compose himself. He remained at the Lodge ten days, and was then inducted into the organ gallery. He is now between seventy and eighty, and performs his duty with all the enthusiasm of his early days.

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### CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

The following singular and incidental Advertisement appeared in the Morning Advertiser of the 6th ult.

"St. Giles in the *Fields* and St. Geo. *Blooms-bury*.—Notice is hereby given, that the *Green-yard is* removed to the *Stone-yard* in George *Street, Bloomsbury*, by order of the Committee for *Paving, &c.*

June 2, 1828."

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### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Long speeches, like long sermons, yawns create,
And snoring nostrils echo the debate. P.

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### KNOWLEDGE.

Those persons know more who but little believe,
Than they who know much, and all tidings receive. P.

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### EPITAPH ON A MAN WHO MARRIED THREE WEIRD SISTERS.

Three fated sisters thou wert born to wed,
*Clotho* thy thread of marriage first began;
Thy fortune next, *Lachesis* changed, and led
Thee through the seasons of the perfect man:—
*Atropos* then became thy loving wife,—
She drew thy length of happiness and years;
Untired she span thy little span of life,
And clipped, like 'Scroggin's Ghost,' thy breath with shears:—
The first, thy powers of speech could far out-run,
The second, wrote far more than thou could'st read;
The third, consumed thy passions as she spun,
And thou, thrice wedded, art to death decreed. P.

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### EPITAPH.

The following is a literal copy of an Epitaph in Knottingley Church-yard:—

"A virtuous wife in the prime of life
Was sna'ch away, her soul is blest and
Gon to rest, her flesh is gon to clay,
She's left behind a husband clnd. and
A beloved Sun wich must prepare to
Meet again for True love is never don."

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### INSCRIPTION.

Translation of an inscription written in French on the window of an inn at Wickham, Hants.

He that's determin'd ne'er to see an ass
Must bar his doors and break his looking-glass,
IMMEMOR.

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### ABSOLUTION.

If sin were not, the priests would lose their pence:
Their act of pardon constitutes th' offence.
P

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| July 1 | St. Rumbold, bishop and Martyr A. D. 776.<br>Sun rises. 46 —— 3<br>—sets 14 —— 8 | July 1 | 1690. The memorable battle of the Boyne was fought on this day, when the Protestant army of William III. totally defeated the Catholic and French forces, commanded by James II.; who upon his ill success fled a second time into France. In this engagement the great Duke of Schomberg lost his life. |
| —— 2 | St. Oudoceus. | —— 2 | St. Oudoceus was the third Bishop of Llandaff, and is said to have flourished A. D. 560, in which year, at a full synod of the Abbots and Clergy of his Diocess, he excommunicated Mouricus the King of Glamorgan, for the perfidious murder of Cynetus.<br>1644. Anniversary of the Battle of Marston Moor. In this battle, the forces of Charles I., under Prince Rupert and the Duke of Newcastle were entirely routed by Fairfax, Cromwell, and Leslie; insomuch that the king's forces never after appeared in strength. |
| —— 3 | St. Phocas.<br>The Canicular or Dog-days commence. | —— 3 | This saint was martyred during the Dioclesian persecution. A. D. 303.<br>1824. Ipsara, in Greece taken and destroyed by the Capitan Pacha, of Turkey. |
| —— 4 | St. Ulric. | —— 4 | St. Ulric was Bishop of Augburg This saint is recorded to have been a man of unbounded learning and piety. During his life he re-built the cathedral of Augburg. His death took place amidst the prayers of his clergy. A. D. 573.<br>1761 Died, ÆT. 72, the amiable Samuel Richardson, author of the successful novels of Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, and Sir Charles Grandison. Besides these works, he wrote a volume of familiar letters, a paper in Dr. Johnson's Rambler, and an edition of the fables of Æsop, all of which are highly esteemed. |
| —— 5 | St. Peter of Luxembourg | —— 5 | St. Peter was born at Ligny in Lorrain, A. D. 1369. Pope Clement VII, created him a cardinal in 1384, under the title of St. George; and in 1386, he called him to Avignon, to reside near his person, at this place he died of a violent fever 1387.<br>1100. On this day, the city of Jerusalem was entered by the victorious crusaders in solemn pomp. |
| —— 6 | St. Palladius. | —— 6 | St. Palladius is acknowledged by Scottish historians to have been the first bishop in that country. He died at Fordun, A. D. 450.<br>1823. Expired the eminent Sir Henry Raeburn, first portrait painter to the king in Scotland. This artist possessed the rare faculty of producing, in every instance, striking and agreeable likenesses, to which he gave a peculiar chasteness by his admirable colouring. |
| —— 7 | Translation of St. Thomas a Becket. | —— 7 | This haughty prelate was born in London, A. D. 1119, and was the son of a merchant named Gilbert by Matilda, a Saracen lady, who is recorded to have fallen in love with him whilst a prisoner to her father in Jerusaleum.<br>1816. Died Richard Brinsley Sheridan, one of the most eloquent members of the House of Commons besides possessing brilliant talents as an orator, he was a dramatist of the first order, and as long as the British Stage remains, the dramas of Sheridan will be admired. |
| —— 8 | St. Elizabeth. | —— 8 | St. Elizabeth was the daughter of Peter III. of Arragon, she became queen of Portugal by her marriage with Dionysius, King of Portugal. She died A. D. 1336, ÆT. 65 universally regretted for her goodness, humility, and liberality.<br>1621. Born at Chateau-Thierry, John de la Fontaine a poet and fabulist of considerable talent. For an account of this singular character, we refer our readers to No. 15, of this work,—article, Recollections of Books and their Authors. |

## Harrold Harrung; or, Druda, the Ice Witch.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

HAROLD HARRUNG.

"HENCE, then, proud scorner of the power of Urfred? hence to unknown seas, where thy pennon shall droop idly on the mast, and thy sail hang loose and quivering; where the dauntless riders of the ocean shall sink, powerless and unresisting, before an unseen enemy! Hence, and learn how swiftly comes the vengeance of the gods on those who mock their favoured servants!"

Such were the accents which pursued the young and valiant Harold Harrung, as he launched his gallant ship, in those far-distant days when the children of Norway were rulers and dwellers on the deep. The betrothed husband of the beauteous Ulla, the favourite leader of a bold and numerous crew, he had vowed to undertake a distant voyage, and to return with spoils sufficient to render his bridal splendid, as became that of Odin's lineal offspring. But the imprudence of Harold was, alas! as pre-eminent as his valour; and, in his recklessness of danger, he neglected to propitiate, by gifts or flattery the favour of the sorceress, Urfred—the most powerful of those who were then universally believed to direct the elements at will. He made no prayer to her for prosperous winds; he even treated with scorn her prophetic warnings, and thus drew upon himself those maledictions which filled the bravest of his followers with dread, and caused Harold himself to wish in secret that the hour of his return to the embraces of Ulla were now come, notwithstanding his ardent anticipation of a successful descent upon the shores of Spain. But he carefully concealed such feelings as he cheered his drooping warriors to spread their broad canvass to the wind; and a favourable breeze from the north-east soon bore them far away from the Norwegian coast, till the cloudlike hills melted into air, and the sinking sun gleamed only on a world of waters.

It was high morning, and the young hero still rested half-slumbering on his couch of reindeer-skins, when the aged pilot roused him to point out the tokens of an impending storm which his experience warned him would be violent. But the bold sea-kings of those days were too

much accustomed to brave the utmost fury of the elements, in their small and fragile barks, to tremble at the coming of the tempest; and the delay of a few days, which might result from driving out of their course, was all that Harold feared. But there were some among that crew, who, while they remembered the threatenings of the sorceress, could not, without some sinking of the heart, mark cloud upon cloud piling in awful accumulation toward the south, or watch the rapidly-increasing swell that came from that quarter, though the vessel now lay rolling heavily, without a breath to fill her flapping canvass. Suddenly, the cry of the steersman was heard to take in every sail; and, ere this could be more than partially accomplished, a blast, that swept off the whole surface of the sea into a mist of foam, snapt the stout mast in twain, and the vessel was in a moment driving northward with portentous swiftness. Four days and nights did that resolute crew in vain expect the lulling of the gale; though its violence abated, it still drove them powerless before it, unable to use oar or sail. On the sixth morning it grew calm; and all snatched a brief space of delicious slumber, before they gathered round their leader, to consult on their perilous situation. The land was not in sight, and in what direction any lay, the most experienced of the crew were ignorant; but the intense cold which benumbed their hardy limbs, and the vast fragments of ice that floated on all sides round the ship both proved that the power of the tempest had driven them farther to the north, than any, perhaps, of their countrymen had ever ventured to penetrate before. What was their horror and astonishment, when, after wasting the dubious twilight of those arctic nights in troubled slumber, they woke to find themselves encompassed on all sides by rough fields of ice, to which the swell from the south, yet unsubsided, was each minute adding in extent. Hour after hour, as it passed, only increased the dangers of their position; yet the bolder still talked hopefully of escape, and their chieftain went from man to man to cheer, by exhortation, their fast drooping spirits. But when a discoloured fog gathered round the ship, and the thick-falling snows reminded them too

surely that autumn was advancing—when their provision, though scantily doled out, began to fail—then dismay and despair fell on all but the firm soul of Harold Harrung.—"Warriors and friends!" he exclaimed, as they stood with stern and anxious looks around him, "fear not for yourselves; curse me not, that I disdained to purchase the favour of a loathsome witch! Can ye believe that the mighty Odin would permit his descendant, hitherto so favoured, to die the death of a dog in a wreath of snow? No, friends! if it had seemed fitting to the gods to bid me thus, in early youth, to the banquets of Valhalla—the battle-field, the deck running deep with foemen's blood, would have been my appointed place of summons. The gods, who only can, will aid us yet.' They answered not; for they loved their chief too well to curse him, even in such extremity of misery. Meanwhile the snow gave place to a frost of the bitterest intensity; the last morsel of food was gone; and, one by one, yet without a reproachful glance or word, Harold beheld his gallant followers expire around him, till he was left the only living thing in that dark and icy desert. It was, in truth, a dreadful doom to linger thus alone among the dead—to gaze upon their glassy eye-balls and withered lips, that seemed to glare and smile in scorn!—many, too, still standing, as the frost had fixed them in their death-pangs, with the air and attitude of life!—and Harold, racked almost to madness by the horror of the scene, cast himself over the vessel's side, and fled across those pathless wastes he knew not whither. The pangs of memory returned not to the hero, till he found his headlong flight arrested suddenly by a rocky precipice that rose high into the clouds before him. In its front, not far above his head, there yawned a spacious cave; and, still seeking to escape from his own thoughts, he sprang up and entered. He passed a long and winding way in utter darkness, but, at length, a faint light glimmered in the distance. The passage through which he moved spread wider and higher as he approached till it expanded into a vast illuminated hall. To a mind less torn with anguish than the hero's, the spectacle of that cavern might have compensated years of toil. Far as the eye could reach, the soil was overspread with structures of magnificence and beauty. All that the inventive genius of man has, in ancient or modern times, devised—the massy pyramid—the graceful column—the arch, in each variety of form and ornament;—all these were there carved out of solid ice, tinted with all the hues of the rainbow, and above floated a transparent cloud, athwart which the ever-changing forms of the aurora borealis played in perpetual flashes. But Harold wandered through this labyrinth of beauty, half-unconscious of the wonders that surrounded him. At length, the sound of gushing waters, so long unheard in these regions of frost, fell sweetly on his ear, and, in pursuit of it, he entered another passage, dark and tedious as the first, but when he emerged again, it was to behold a scene of wondrous change. Before him, in the rich soft light of evening, was spread a vast and verdant plain chequered with lakes and groves, the turf beneath his feet was enamelled with sweet flowers, and watered by fresh-springing fountains, the delicious green of the prospect refreshed his aching eye-balls, and the mild warmth of the air revived his frozen limbs. "Surely," "cried the warrior," "I have reached Valhalla by this strange approach; and these are the ever-blooming meads prepared for the repose of heroes." Scarcely had he given utterance to the thought, when the voice of one unseen sang sweetly:—

Oh! welcome, warrior! welcome to our land,
From the rude perils of the unkind sea:
Lord of the dauntless heart and matchless hand!
Long have we watched, long have we wished for thee.

Unconsciously Harold wandered on until he reached a pleasant bower, where the trees grew in a circle around a flowery sward, and amidst them the vine twisted its exuberant trellice-work. Here, to his amazement, he beheld a luxuriant banquet spread; rich wine and smoaking venison seemed to invite the way-worn wanderer to taste; and again the same sweet voice breathed out:—

Harold, for thee the feast is spread;
The deer scents high, the wine glows red:
Taste, and famine's pangs allay;
Drink, and cast all cares away.

No longer doubting that he had reached the blissful abodes of those departed spirits who had found favour in the eyes of Odin, the young hero obeyed the injunctions of his unseen guardian, though he marvelled that no sharers of the banquet should appear. When he had sufficiently gratified the wants of long restricted nature, he felt that a delightful languor stole gradually on his weary frame, the softness of his fragrant couch, the gentle waving of the boughs, invited to repose; and again the friendly voice was heard to sing:—

Rest, wanderer, rest! All nature now lies dreaming;
The small bird settles in its downy nest;
Hushed lies the deer beneath the mild moon's beaming:
Then rest—oh! rest.

Rest, wanderer, rest! The flowers are gently closing,
As the sun sinks beyond the the rosy west;
The groves scarce tremble in their mute reposing:
Then rest—oh! rest.

Rest, wanderer, rest! Old Ocean, steeped in slumbers,
Heaves slow and regular his tranquil breast;
The winds chaunt lullabies in softest numbers;
Then rest—oh! rest.

Long ere this strain had ceased, the delighted Harold Harrung lay buried in profound repose; and the duration of his slumber was such as nature needed after sufferings like his. But when he roused himself at length, new prodigies burst upon his view. His resting-place was no longer on the verdant sward, but on a soft and stately couch, strewed with the richest skins and sables. The apartment in which he lay far exceeded in magnificence aught that he before had looked on, though he had ere now led his daring band to spoil the fairest palaces of the south. Yet his eye scarcely glanced for a moment on the various splendours of the scene; for before him stood at length revealed the queen of all those fair delights which had surrounded him within the last few hours. Of the loftiest stature among women, but formed in the most exquisite proportions—beautiful as Freya herself, yet with more of majesty and command in her air than would become the deity of love—the mighty Druda was beheld by Harold with those sentidents of admiration and reverence, unmingled with fear, which the sea-kings of old ever felt toward those goddesses who deigned to cross their mortal path. Humbly, yet not timidly, he told his tale, and gave his thanks. But when he learned, from her reply, which was uttered with a dignity that scorned concealment, and felt no shame at such a revelation, that she—the mighty mistress of the northern realms, sprung from the union of the awful Balder with an earth-born maid—had stooped to love a mortal—that she had rescued him from destruction, and led him to this paradise of sweets, to share her love and throne—what marvel if the warrior, in the triumph of the moment, forgot his country, his fame, and Ulla herself?

Months rolled away; and the brave sea-king, who had once deemed each moment wasted that was not spent in the foray or on the wave, still lingered in the thrall of the enchantress. Yet, though the beauty and the wisdom of Druda could well beguile the hours, he felt at length how irksome a life of indolence and solitude must ever be. The flowers grew less fragrant; the lovely prospects lost their charms; and Harold sighed in secret for his bleak Norwegian hills—for the galley and the sword, with which his forefathers had never failed to win the pleasures denied by their inclement climate—nay, at times, when he contrasted her gentle smiles with the frowns of his imperious mistress, his memory would revert to Ulla. Yet gratitude compelled him to bury these feelings in his inmost heart; and, perchance, he might have wasted years in uncomplaining durance, had not the keen eye of Druda soon marked the change in his demeanour. One morning, as he wandered forth alone, chance led him to the bower which he had first entered on his arrival in that enchanted land; and in secret he gave vent to the despondency that long had weighed upon his soul.—"Why—h! why," exclaimed the young hero, "was my life preserved for this? Better it were to have died that inglorious death among my brave companions, than thus to linger out dull years of dishonourable ease, whilst my banner shall never more be dreaded on the sea, and the bold Norsemen have even now almost forgotten the name of him who was once their foremost leader, where danger was to be braved, and glory won!" He ceased—for a bitter laugh rang loudly in his ear—and, turning, he beheld the sorceress, Druda. Her countenance was calm, though pale, for those distortions of passion which betray the anguish of mortals, when affliction falls heavily upon them, were unworthy the daughter of Balder, yet was there something in her painful smile that caused the blood of the hitherto undaunted Harold to curdle with him.—"Son of the sea!" exclaimed the sorceress, in a slow and solemn tone, "I have tried thee, with all thy boasted merit, but I find thou art but as other men. Like them, the idle recompence of fame or power is dearer to thee than a woman's constant love. When first, for you she sacrifices all beside, ye vow eternal gratitude and love, but the prize grows palling on the appetite ere long, and then, for the merest trifle—nay, in the mere thirst of variety itself—ye leave her to pine without a sigh. But this is weakness. Let others lament their lovers' treachery, my part is to revenge. Go then—I will aid thy flight: go to thy native land. Be again the leader of a robber-band, the boasted lord of the untamed elements. Thy friends, no doubt, will greet thee well, and marvel when they hear thy tale, and scoff at Druda's weakness. Nay, perhaps, some maid, proud of her blue eyes and flaxen ringlets, will hail thy coming with ready smile—will scoff at the enchantress, whose magic arts could not, for a few brief days, retain

the heart she rules and moulds at will. Yet tremble, Harold! for thou returnest not alone. In the battle—on the deep—at the festal meeting—in the bridal hour, if such shall come—I will be near thee. Hence, then, wretched ingrate! Lo! with this wand I dissipate the illusions my senseless love had raised for thee." She waved the figured staff that she held in her right hand; and in a moment, forests plains, and rivers faded from the eyes of the astonished hero. They stood upon the pathless fields of ice; the bitter air benumbed his limbs; and, in the expectation that she had borne him there to perish, he turned towards her, to speak his defiance of the utmost her power could effect.

She saw his intention, and interrupted him.—"No, Harold—no! To kill thee here were poor revenge! Begone to thy home, and her thou pinest for; be again great and glorious as before;—but, in thy hour of greatest bliss, expect my coming. Yet, ere thou goest, take with thee one gift—one token of Druda's inextinguishable love!" She grasped his hand violently, and a mortal coldness thrilled through every vein.—"There!" she exclaimed, as she slowly loosed her hold,—"it is done! And now, for a season, fare thee well! But, remember, that no mortal may henceforth touch that frozen hand and live. Stretch it not forth when thy friends in rapture come to greet thee; when thy love hangs on the neck of her long lost one, twine it not in her soft flowing hair—for all shall die who feel its pressure.—Harold of the frozen hand! once more farewell!" Once more she waved her wand; and, in a moment, the young hero stood again on the threshold of his long-abandoned home.

When the friends of Harold Harrung learned his sudden appearance, and came in throngs to welcome home their long-lost leader, they found a changed and moody man. His right hand ever buried in the folds of his mantle, his brow furrowed with an expression of settled grief, they saw that he no longer heard with envy the triumphs and conquests of his rivals, or felt disposed to embark in those daring enterprises by which he formerly eclipsed the fame of the boldest of his compeers. Alone in his desolate halls, to which he no longer bade his well pleased guests, Harold Harrung dwelt from day to day, till men began to deem him mad. Nothing less than distraction, they said, could make so brave a hero alike forget his glory and his love; and they knew not what most to marvel at—his refusal to lead their expeditions, or his indifference to his betrothed bride, whom he had not visited or even enquired for since his return. Others thought that the loss of his brave crew, who had all perished, as he told them, by shipwreck, preyed keenly on his heart, and made him unwilling any more to risk the lives of gallant men under the guidance of so unfortunate a chief. But many days passed by, and still no change was observable in the demeanour of the hero.

At length there came an aged man over the hills from the south, the father of Ulla. He had learned at last, in his distant hills, the tidings of Harold's unexpected return; and never did more welcome tidings reach the old man's ear; for the giant Gruthioff a formerly rejected suitor of the lovely Ulla, presuming on her lover's lengthened absence and supposed death, had threatened to destroy her father's hall, and seize her person, unless she instantly consented to requite his passion, The hoary Sweno told his tale to the silent Harold, and urged him to hasten and deliver his love from the violence of a detested rival. In the eagerness of his recital, he neglected to remark the cold and gloomy air of the young hero; but, when all was told, he looked in vain for the glance of anger and resolved revenge which become a lover, when he hears that any one has dared to offer insult to his mistress. The old man's blood boiled high, and he broke out into bitter reproaches,—"What!" he exclaimed, "has the bold Harold no reply to my request? Has his heart grown cold, or his arm weak? Is his love too little, or his fear too much, that he dares not brave the wrath of Gruthioff? Thanks generous warrior, high-souled lover, thanks! The despised Sweno will return to his halls—will lift alone his feeble arm, in defence of his wronged child. Weak though it be, it will be stronger than that of a traitor to his friend and love. But how—oh! how will my poor Ulla endure to hear that he, whom she had mourned as dead, so fondly and so long, lives to desert, to prove unworthy of her!"

The unhappy warrior could restrain himself no longer. In uncontrollable emotion, he cast himself at the old man's feet.—"Father!" he cried, "you have conquered. Harold cannot bear the name of coward. He cannot suffer her he so fondly loves to deem her affections are bestowed on an undeserving caitiff. Father, I will summon all my band; I will away this night, and rescue her or die. Yet, oh! if you should live to curse the hour when Harold came to aid your child, remember by what powers you enforced his coming, and hate him not, though he bring desolation on thy house, and rouse the ire of a far more fearful enemy than Gruthioff."

The old man smiled through his tears, at the disastrous anticipations of the chief. Once delivered from the dread of Gruthioff, he saw not how calamity could reach him. Yet the cloud of settled grief still rested on the soul of Harold, as he summoned his devoted followers to prepare for an immediate expedition. In delight, that their brave chief had at length awakened from his slothful lethargy, all were soon prepared; and the little band set forward at a rapid pace toward the abode of Sweno, which lay some score of miles toward the south. The morning was dawning when they reached it; yet they came almost too late. The troops of Gruthioff had surrounded the castle on all sides, and were on the point of breaking in; they had already fired the adjacent buildings. Like the lightning, Harold and his band dashed from the eminence on which they stood. The gigantic Gruthioff called his followers to draw off from the attack, and form themselves into a compact body to repel the coming enemy. They thus afforded the new defenders of the castle an opportunity of entering it; but Harold, fired by the sight of his audacious rival, thought only of an immediate conflict. He marshalled his brave band in line, and prepared to give the order to set on. But the giant at this moment stept forth before his troops. —"Harold Harrung!" he shouted, at the full pitch of his sonorous voice, "this is our quarrel; let us try it alone, I defy thee here to mortal combat. Be Ulla his who conquers.

Burning with passion, the undaunted hero promptly acquiesced in the challenge of his gigantic foe. In vain Sweno and his other friends reminded him of the prodigious size and strength of Gruthioff, so far exceeding all men beside. Their remonstrances were unheard or unheeded, and he rushed forward to encounter the challenger, midway between the hostile forces. The combat was furious and long. The activity of Harold enabled him to avoid the deadly blows of Gruthioff, and the giant grew almost exhausted by his unavailing efforts. Then the bold sea-king ceased to act wholly on the defensive, he began in turn to press hard upon his foe, and at last succeeded in wounding him severely. Then it was that the armour-bearer of Gruthioff, seeing the danger of his master, drew an arrow from his bow, and pierced Harold Harrung through the side. He fell instantly; and his followers, shouting treachery, pressed forward to avenge him. But, ere they could reach the spot where he lay, Harold beheld his giant foe wave high his sword, and prepare to plunge it into his prostrate body. At that moment, the remembrance of the fatal gift of Druda flashed on his mind. Then, collecting his remaining strength, and baring his right hand, he sprang up, and arrested the arm of Gruthioff, in mid-descent, with a strong grasp. The giant stood for an instant motionless, as if struck by lightning, or changed to stone, and then fell dead without a groan—so suddenly had the spirit passed away. Harold beheld his fall, but nothing more: for then all perception failed him, and, when his senses returned, the fond arm of Ulla was supporting his neck, and he rested on a couch spread in her father's hall.

The events of the day were soon narrated. The heroic band had well revenged the treachery practised against their master, scarce one of the troops of Gruthioff had escaped life; and his death, as Harold found, was solely attributed to the severe wound he received during the combat. But these tidings were scarcely uttered, ere the young hero felt his weakness again return, and, for some hours more, he lay insensible to all around him. The wound of Harold was so dangerous as seemingly to baffle for a time the few remedies of those simple times, but the unceasing cares of Ulla were at length crowned with the desired result, and the warrior's health and strength rapidly returned. But he could not, day after day, view the lovely form of the maid bending over his couch, or see her anxious eye resting in eloquent tenderness on his countenance, to trace if any expression of pain still lingered there; and that form, too, somewhat wasted of its graceful roundness; and that eye, too, somewhat dimmed, from the effects of ceaseless watching;—he could not mark all this, and not fondly, passionately love her, who had rescued him from death. The threats of the enchantress, though not forgotten, he forced to bear a less terrible interpretation; and, with returning health, he craved of her father the precious gift of Ulla's hand, and but for the deadly power with which Druda had endowed him; Harold had been perfectly happy.

It was in the centre of his hall, amid a crowd of friends and vassals, that Sweno prepared the simple marriage ceremony of those times. The noble Harold, with all a bridegroom's exultation, and the trembling yet pleased Ulla stood before him.

"Son!" cried the old man, in a glad though interrupted voice, "stretch forth thy right hand, and take her's, whom, all priceless as she is, thou well deservest. Why dost thou bury it thus in the folds of thy vest?"

"Father, pardon me!" replied the youth; "this morning, as I donned my marriage-garment, my blade slipped from its sheath, and cut deeply into my hand: the blood as yet is hardly staunched.—Nay, Ulla!" as he saw her countenance grow paler, "it is but a slight wound, and not worth thy care. Meanwhile, thou wilt not scorn to clasp this other hand."

He knelt before her as he spoke, and pressed her's laughingly to his lips; but, as again he raised his head, he saw distinctly, at the back of Ulla, the enchantress Druda, standing, and pointing to her with a mocking smile. With a loud cry, he sank senseless on the ground.

All was consternation among the crowd. They raised him and strove to bare his wounded hand, deeming that loss of blood had caused his swoon: but it was folded in his breast with a firmness that rendered all their endeavours useless. The struggle however recalled Harold to life. He threw an anxious and terrified glance around him; but nothing now appeared to confirm his fears. Half believing that the dreadful appearance was an allusion created by his fancy, he advanced to console the weeping Ulla. Weakness, he feigned, resulting from his long confinement, had caused this sudden faintness—overpowered, as he had been, with excess of joy, on finding that his dear Ulla was at length his bride. But his still startled eye and quivering lip belied the explanation as he gave it; and Sweno would willingly have deferred the celebration of the nuptials till a more fitting season, but that he feared the assembled guests might deem such delay an inhospitable pretext for avoiding the evening banquet. He gave command, therefore, that the festival should proceed. But Harold strove in vain to nerve himself as became his part in the ceremonies; and he, who had risen that morning all ecstacy and hope, now stood the saddest and most silent man in all that thronged assemblage.

Ulla, scarcely less melancholy, and agitated by a thousand undefined fears, shrank from his side, when she found that her fond words and looks seemed only to augment his despondency. Meanwhile, the banquet was set forth; the wine flowed high in a thousand goblets; and Sweno strove, by anxious attention to his guests, to veil the strangeness of his son-in-law's deportment. By degrees, the strong wine began to do its office. The merriment of the revellers grew loud and violent; and they crowned their full cups with oft-repeated healths to the bold Harold and his beauteous bride. In the midst of the loud din, Herda, his most favoured follower and friend, stole to the side of his chief.

"Why droops my lord," whispered the faithful attendant, "thus on his nuptial night? Oh! rouse thyself, bold Harold! for the eyes of many are upon thee in wonder and in scorn; and jests are muttered round the board such as become not thy honour, nor the purity of her whom thou hast wedded."

"Herda," exclaimed the chief, as if unconscious that ought had been addressed to him—"Herda, look out towards the north, and tell me what thou see'st there."

He went, and soon returned.—"Nothing, my lord, but the red and purple meteors chasing each other athwart the cope of heaven. The night is still and fair. Oh! shame on this unmanly sadness! Awake! awake—ere your name becomes a by-word."

The eye of Harold flashed fiercely on his friend; but it was only for a moment. —"Thou art right, my faithful Herda—thou art right; I will be a man, and defy fate.—Ulla, dearest, to your chamber.—Come, friends," he cried, advancing to the board, "who will pledge highest to my toast?—'To him who shall sail his galley farthest, and bring back the richest spoil from distant lands, when spring shall again smile upon our northern shores.'—Call Eric—Eric the bard," he added, as with loud acclamations all drained their goblets to the bottom—"he who made the song of triumph what time I ravaged the wide seas of Britain."

The bard—an old, grey-headed man, but with an eye of fire—came forward at the call, and, in a deep, melodious voice, chaunted forth the following strains:—

O'er the deep, o'er the deep,
As our dragon-standards sweep,
And our bark springs the wild waves through,
Let the coward merchants quail,
As in misty wreaths our sail,
Flying on before the gale,
Meets their view.

Far away, far away,
Lies each guardian port or bay,
Yet landward the breeze fairly blows;
And they flee: till on their track
Fleeter comes our fierce attack;
Then, like hunted wolves turn back
On their foes.

We have met, we have met!
But each gallant Northman yet
For a moment must scarce draw breath:
Hark! bold Harold gives the word—
Lo! he leaps the first on board,
Waving wide his fatal sword,
Dealing death!

We have won, we have won!
Soon the desperate strife is done;
O'er the wreck the dark waters close;
The hoarse tumult of the fray,
Into silence melts away!
And, like lions gorged with prey,
We repose.

Then around—come around!
Let each wine-cup high be crowned;
Chaunt the praise of the bold sea-king;
Or, in gentler accents, tell
Of the fame of those who fell,
While the dirge the wild waves swell,
As we sing.

The last notes of the song, and the applauding shouts that followed it, had died away, and Harold sought the bridal-chamber. There pure and lovely as the moon-beams that streamed through the rude windows of the apartment, he found his beloved Ulla. He advanced to fold her in his embrace, but, suddenly a fearful cry rang in his ear—a shadow darkened in the flood of moonlight—and Druda stood before him.

"Child of Odin!" she exclaimed, "behold, I break no promises."—It was the same bitter voice and smile with which she had bid him farewell on the frozen deserts of the north; and Harold felt that all was lost.—"Child of Odin!" she went on, "I swore to be with you in your marriage-hour. Lo! I am here to add to its delights! But, methinks,"—and she seizcd the half-lifeless Ulla as she spoke,—"methinks your faith this morning was not fairly plighted." With irresistable force, she dragged the right hand of the hero from his breast, and folded it in that of Ulla.—"Thus—thus, fond lovers! I unite ye!"

At the touch of his fatal hand, Ulla sank dead at her husband's feet. He stood, with fixed and stony eye, incapable of speech or motion, gazing on that form, so beautiful in death! But the fell enchantress did not long permit him to remain."

"Away! away!" she cried; "thou canst not choose but follow me!"

Unconscious and unresisting, he went forth with her from that fatal chamber, and followed her quick footsteps to the shore. There a tall ship appeared waiting their approach; the crew stood ready at each oar and sail—and strange, indeed, that crew!—for the chief beheld the eyes of those, whom he had deemed long dead amid the arctic frosts, gleaming on him with supernatural light.

"Aboard! aboard!" shouted the fiendish enchantress. A wild laugh arose from those fearful mariners, as Harold, in desperate madness, leaped upon the deck. He was seen no more in Norway.

*Mon. Mag.*

## STANZAS.

I gazed on the fair jewell'd tide,
In beauty soft gliding along,
And I look'd, till I sorrow'd and sigh'd,
To think on the woe of its song;
For it murmur'd so sad, and its lay
So painfully hung on the ear,
That I well could have wish'd it away,
Or its beauties forbade to appear:
Its music was pensive and low,
And mournfully dull was the theme
That rose, spirit-like, from its flow,
And seemed like some dark dying dream

It told of the storms that had raged
On its bosom, now still and serene
Where the sun-beam was sportive engaged
In play with its waters so green;
Of the woes that its tempests had caused,—
Of the widows and orphans they'd made,—
Of the corses beneath——and I paused,
And my tear was no longer delay'd;
"Ah, tempter deceitful!" I cried,
"Thou art even more cruel than fair!
"Those smooth waves oft ruthless divide,
"And gulph the frail bark they should bear!"

I left, with such thoughts in my heart
I deem'd would have burst it in twain,
For the scene, which should pleasure impart,
Had wafted me billows of pain;
"Oh! pleasure," I thought, "like the wave
"Of the ocean, seems charming and still;
"But tempts to its ravening grave
"The fairest delights of the will!"
As we launch on its tide of delight,
'Tis all beauty and safety to view;
But the charms which so lovely invite,
Oft cause us the voyage to rue.

As we sail further on, the smooth sea
Gets ruffled, and broken, and rude;
And the joys it gave, frighten'd, flee;
And its prospects no longer delude;
The storms passion blows threaten down,
Or satiety's dark gloomy calm
Clothes the air with one vast dreadful frown,
That threatens some direful harm:—
Oh, mariner! shorten thy sail,
Ere thou sink in the fathomless deep,
And, with useless sorrow, bewail
The fate which thy reason must weep!

R. JARMAN.

## Natural History.

### ANECDOTES OF A TAMED PANTHER.

The following interesting anecdotes of this inhabitant of the forest is related by Mrs. Bowdich, in the last number of the Magazine of Natural History, from which it is here extracted, and we think the account tends greatly to do away with the opinion that naturalists have formed of this animal's untameable ferocity and insatiable thirst for blood.

"He and another were found when very young in the forest, apparantly deserted by their mother. They were taken to the king of Ashantee, in whose palace they lived several weeks, when my hero, being much larger than his companion, suffocated him in a fit of romping, and was then sent to Mr. Hutchison, the resident left by Mr. Bowdich at Coomassie. This gentleman, observing that the animal was very docile, took pains to tame him, and

in a great measure succeeded. When he was about a year old, Mr. Hutchison returned to Cape Coast, and had him led through the country by a chain, occasionally letting him loose when eating was going forward, when he would sit by his master's side, and receive his share with comparative gentleness. Once or twice he purloined a fowl, but easily gave it up to Mr. Hutchison, on being allowed a portion of something else. The day of his arrival he was placed in a small court leading to the private rooms of the governor, and after dinner, was led by a thin cord into the room where he received our salutations with some degree of roughness but with perfect good humour. On the least encouragement he laid his paws upon our shoulders, rubbed his head upon us, and his teeth and claws having been filed, there was no danger of tearing our cloths. He was kept in the above court for a week or two, and evinced no ferocity, except when one of the servants tried to pull his food from him; he then caught the offender by the leg, and tore out a piece of flesh, but he never seemed to owe him any ill-will afterwards. He one morning broke his cord, and the cry being given, the castle gates were shut, and a chase commenced. After leading his pursuers two or three times round the ramparts, and knocking over a few children by bouncing against them, he suffered himself to be caught, and led quietly back to his quarters, under one of the guns of the fortress.

By degrees the fear of him subsided, and orders having been given to the sentinels to prevent his escape through the gates, he was left at liberty to go where he pleased, and a boy was appointed to prevent him from intruding into the apartments of the officers. His keeper, however, generally passed his watch in sleeping, and Saï, as the panther was called, after the royal giver, roamed at large. On one occasion he found his servant sitting on the step of the door, upright, but fast asleep, when he lifted his paw, gave him a blow on the side of the head which laid him flat, and then stood wagging his tail, as if enjoying the mischief he had committed. He became exceedingly attached to the governor, and followed him every-where like a dog. His favourite station was at a window of the sitting-room, which over-looked the whole town, there, standing on his hind legs, his fore-paws resting on the ledge of the window, and his chin laid between them, he appeared to amuse himself with what was passing beneath. The children also stood with him at the window; and one day, finding his presence an incumbrance, and that they could not get their chairs close, they used their united efforts to pull him down by the tail. He one morning missed the governor, who was settling a dispute in the hall, and who, being surrounded by black people, was hidden from the view of his favourite. Saï wandered with a dejected look to various parts of the fortress in search of him; and while absent on this errand the audience ceased, the governor returned to his private room, and seated himself at a table to write. Presently he heard a heavy step coming up the stairs, and, raising his eyes to the open door, he beheld Saï. At that moment he gave himself up for lost, for Saï immediately sprang from the door on to his neck. Instead, however, of devouring him, he laid his head close to the governor's, rubbed his cheek upon his shoulder, wagged his tail, and tried to evince his happiness. Occasionally, however, the panther caused a little alarm to the other inmates of the castle, and the poor woman who swept the floors, or, to speak technically, the *pra-pra* woman, was made ill by her fright. She was one day sweeping the boards of the great hall, with a short broom, and in an attitude nearly approaching to all-fours, and Saï, who was hidden under one of the sofas, suddenly leaped upon her back, where he stood in triumph. She screamed so violently as to summon the other servants, but they, seeing the panther, as they thought, in the act of swallowing her, one and all scampered off as quickly as possible; nor was she released till the governor, who heard the noise, came to her assistance. Strangers were naturally uncomfortable when they saw so powerful a beast at perfect liberty, and many were the ridiculous scenes which took place, they not liking to own their alarm, yet perfectly unable to retain their composure in his presence.

This interesting animal was well fed twice every day, but never given any thing with life in it. He stood about 2ft. high, and was of a dark yellow colour, thickly spotted with black rosettes, and from the good feeding and the care taken to clean him, his skin shone like silk. The expression of his countenance was very animated and good-tempered, and he was particularly gentle to children; he would lie down on the mats by their side when they slept, and even the infant shared his caresses, and remained unhurt. During the period of his residence at Cape Coast, I was much occupied by making arrangements for my departure from Africa, but generally visited my future companion every day, and we in consequence became great friends before we

sailed. He was conveyed on board the vessel in a large wooden cage, thickly barred in front with iron. Even this confinement was not deemed a sufficient protection by the canoe men*, who were so alarmed at taking him from the shore to the vessel, that, in their confusion, they dropped cage and all into the sea. For a few minutes I gave up my poor panther as lost, but some sailors jumped into a boat belonging to the vessel, and dragged him out in safety. The beast himself seemed completely subdued by his ducking, and as no one dared to open his cage to dry it, he rolled himself up in one corner, nor roused himself till after an interval of some days, when he recognized my voice. When I first spoke, he raised his head, held it on one side, then on the other, to listen; and when I came full into his view, he jumped on his legs, and appeared frantic; he rolled himself over and over, he howled, he opened his enormous jaws, and cried, and seemed as if he would have torn his cage to pieces. However, as his violence subsided, he contented himself with thrusting his paws and nose through the bars of the cage to receive my caresses. I suspect that he had suffered from sea sickness, as he had apparently loathed all food; but, after this period, he eat every thing that was given to him.

The greatest treat I could bestow upon my favourite was lavender water. Mr. Hutchison had told me that, on the way from Ashantee, he drew a scented handkerchief from his pocket, which was immediately seized on by the panther, who reduced it to atoms; nor could he venture to open a bottle of perfume when the animal was near, he was so eager to enjoy it. I indulged him twice a week by making a cup of stiff paper, pouring a little lavender water into it, and giving it to him through the bars of his cage; he would drag it to him with great eagerness, roll himself over it, nor rest till the smell had evaporated. By this I taught him to put out his paws without showing his nails, always refusing the lavender water till he had drawn them back again; and in a short time, he never, on any occasion protruded his claws when offering me his paw.

We lay eight weeks in the River Gaboon, where he had plenty of excellent food, but was never suffered to leave his cage, on account of the deck being always filled with black strangers to whom he had a very decided aversion, although he was perfectly reconciled to white people. His indignation, however, was constantly excited by the pigs when they were suffered to run past his cage! and the sight of one of the monkeys put him in a complete fury. While at anchor in the before-mentioned river, an orang-outang, (*Simia Satyrus*) was brought for sale, and lived three days on board; and I shall never forget the uncontrollable rage of the one, or the agony of the other, at this meeting. The orang was about 3ft. high and very powerful in proportion to his size; so that when he fled with extraordinary rapidity from the panther to the further end of the deck, neither men nor things remained upright when they opposed his progress; there he took refuge in a sail, and although generally obedient to the voice of his master, force was necessary to make him quit the shelter of its folds. As to the panther, his back rose in an arch, his tail was elevated and perfectly stiff, his eyes flashed, and, as he howled, he showed his huge teeth; then, as if forgetting the bars before him, he tried to spring on the orang, to tear him to atoms. It was long before he recovered his tranquillity; day and night he appeared to be on the listen; and the approach of a large monkey we had on board, or the intrusion of a black man, brought a return of his agitation.

We at length sailed for England, with an ample supply of provisions; but, unhappily, we were boarded by pirates during the voyage, and nearly reduced to starvation. My panther must have perished, had it not been for a collection of more than three hundred parrots with which we sailed from the river, and which died very fast while we were in the north-west trades. Sai's allowance was one per diem, but this was so scanty a pittance, that he became ravenous, and had not patience to pick all the feathers off before he commenced his meal, the consequence was that he became very ill, and refused even this small quantity of food. Those around tried to persuade me that he suffered from the colder climate, but his dry nose and paws convinced me that he was feverish, and I had him taken out of his cage; when, instead of jumping about and enjoying his liberty, he lay down, and rested his head upon my feet. I then made him three pills, each containing two grains of calomel. The boy who had the charge of him, and who was much attached to him, held his jaws open, and I pushed the medicine down his throat. Early the next

* The panther in these countries is a sacred or Fetish animal, and not only a heavy fine is extorted from those who kill one, but the Fetish is supposed to revenge his death by cursing the offender.

morning I went to visit my patient, and found his guard sleeping in the cage with him; and having administered a further dose to the invalid, I had the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly cured by the evening. On the arrival of the vessel in the London Docks, Saï was taken ashore, and presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter 'Change, to be taken care of, till she herself went to Oatlands. He remained there for some weeks, and was suffered to roam about the greater part of the day without any restraint. On the morning previous to the Duchess's departure from town, she went to visit her new pet, played with him and admired his healthy appearance and gentle deportment. In the evening, when Her Royal Highness's coachman went to take him away, he was dead, in consequence of an inflammation on his lungs."

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TO MISS GRAY,

*After hearing Her sing 'Angels ever bright and fair,' at the Cecilian Society.*

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If the sweet chords of feeling draw the soul
Out of its prison to the purer sphere
Of high beatitude:—If Heaven control
The human passions by the list'ning ear.
And aught abstract them, then thy voice, how dear!

'Angels *are* bright and fair!'—Their realm of praise,
Most excellent and sinless, is the throne
Of Hope. The unions of thy lips can raise,
The saddest hearts to that melodious zone,
And become stars of melody and tone.

The skilful cadence of thy gentle breath,
Wrought like the fountain's pearl, invites the 'CARE'
Of Angels past the power and shade of death:
Be this thy portion,—this my happy share,
Eternal love with 'Angels bright and fair!'

P.

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## CALAMITIES OF A CLERK;

*Communicated by Himself.*

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"By the world, I recount no fable!"—
SHAKSPEARE.

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*(Continued from page 406.)*

IN this manner did I drudge through the first three months of my clerkship, being the period during which it had been arranged that I should remain "upon trial." I had experienced it to be not only trial, but punishment at the same time. I had discovered that a counting-house *fag* was far worse than a being of that syllable at school; and under my persuasion of this, added to a feeling of indignation not yet quelled by the effects of office, I had well nigh resolved that my labours should terminate with the above stipulated probation, and that, in going away, I would take care to tell Messrs. Gladwin and Co. "my mind," by writing them a special letter.

"In ignominious terms, though *clerkly* couched."

But my father was of another way of thinking, and nullified this intention. He had perhaps, the largest share ever known of that persuasion entertained, unchangeably, by some tradespeople, that the state of a merchant's clerk is something of a superior order, something to be regarded with an upward eye, as being at once important and *genteel*. He had acted upon this prejudice, and was not likely to see through it by any light afforded by the complaints of one who had lived so few years in the world as myself. He was sure I should begin to taste the sweets of my employment by and by. He thought that "lads should expect to meet with a spice of difficulty, and ought not to care a fig for it." Above all, he had no notion of boys being idle. I was made over, in continuity, to Messrs. Gladwin and Co.

The first two years of my service were rated at nothing, though I was myself continually *rated at* a great deal. There had been a verbal understanding between the house and my father, to the indefinite purport that I should receive, after the lapse of that time, a *genteel* salary. The event showed, that gentility, with Messrs. Gladwin and Co., commenced at fifteen pounds a year. At least, a check for this amount, (and *I* thought it a *check* in a double sense,) was put into my hands, as a twelvemonth's stipend—though I should observe that my liberal employers had the grace, or the policy, to call it *a present*, rather than a salary. This species of encouragement was admitted, even by paternal consent, to be somewhat in the low way: but a special arrangement, thereupon made, ensured to my exertions of the following year, the compliment of twice the above sum; and the firm itself, of its own accord, proposed, subsequently that my remuneration should take an annual ascent of ten pounds: by which example of arithmetical progression, I should have come to be in the receipt, when twenty-two years of age, of eighty pounds per annum.

After an ample discharge of all the lowest functions of junior clerk, I was at length permitted to mount up into the situation of under book-keeper. In this

new department, if there was less fatigue of body, there was far more labour of head. Those only who have practically known the dejection of spirit, and the general forfeiture of all healthful feeling, which are produced by long hours of confinement to a desk, with the chest narrowed forwards, and the throbbing head stooping down over a mass of white paper, and a labyrinth of black figures, while a dim and melancholy light half excludes the consciousness of day, and seems scarce willing to lend itself to the office it looks so sadly upon; those only who have been forced to know this, can fully conceive what I now endured. I became a perfect martyr to the dizzing torments of day-book and ledger. The very habits of my occupation became a kind of disease. The mystical tyranny of arithmetic pursued me through every action and circumstance. If I sought the relief of variety and motion by undertaking some matter of business out of doors, the numerical process haunted me along the streets, and I found myself for ever making vain calculations, and fretting my brain with false additions, or multiplications without result! If I lay down at night, and my head exhausted itself into sleep, the phantoms of figures, preternaturally enlarged, and endowed with powers of movement and speech, danced in combinations horribly grotesque around me, and mocked me with threats quaint but dreary, for the presumption of endeavouring to overcome singly, the *force of numbers!* The feebleness of my health was thus made worse by the strength of hypochondria, while the wonted paleness of my countenance was only qualified by a mixture with the saffron hue that is incidental to a bilious habit, and is always aggravated by a sedentary course of life.

To such a thing as this was I reduced—with enough left of vitality to go on, but not enough of spirit to complain. To those who are blessed with inexperience in these matters, it may seem extraordinary that "the firm" shound have shewn no feeling for my infirmity. But, in a counting-house, health is a commodity of which the fluctuations are very little regarded, seeing they have no reference to a commercial value, and that no amount of the article admits of being carried out into a money column. At least this is the case wherever commerce is pursued with the gambling excitement and sharkish avidity that stimulated these my principles, whom I do not accuse of wanting common humanity, when they overlooked mo wretched condition, but rather of forgetting that virtue in the hurry of business.

*(To be Concluded in our next.)*

# Illustrations of History.

## ASSASSINATION OF BUCKINGHAM

A FEW days before the Duke set off on his has last expedition, he gave a farewell mask and supper, at York-house, to their Majesties. In the mask the Duke appeared followed by Envy with many open-mouthed dogs; these represented the barkings of the people; they were followed by Fame and Truth. The courtly allegory expressed the King's sentiment and the Favourite's sanguine hope.

The circumstances of Buckingham's assassination have varied in the detail, as they were reported by different persons. The blow was instantaneous—the effect immediate—terror and confusion darted among all who saw, and spread to all who heard. None at first really knew how the affair happened, or who could be the assassin. Even the papers discovered in Felton's hat, Lord Clarendon supposed consisted of a few lines from "the Remonstrance." Lord Carleton, who was himself present, and saved Felton from the vengeance of the military, "and who wrote upon this subject," is imperfect; so careless are the hurried transcriptions in a moment of agitation. Since then, I have seen in a collection of autographs, the identical paper, which differs from all preceding ones. It may surprise the curious reader to be informed that Felton's paper appears in the Mercure François, literally translated; so that the French actually possessed the document in 1628, which never entered into our history till 1825, when Dr. Lingard first printed it from the original. I notice this circumstance as one evidence of the authenticity of the secret history, often preserved in the Mercure; sometimes the production of Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu.

The deputies of La Rochelle had been warmly engaged with the Duke in conversation: still fearfully suspicious that he designed to delay the expedition, Buckingham shewed them fresh letters, which noticed that the Rochellers had within a few days received a convoy of provisions, and that fifty head of cattle had entered La Rochelle. They exclaimed against the intelligance as only an artifice of the Cardinal's to retard the departure of the fleet. They declared that oxen must have wings to fly before they could enter that fated town. Soubise joined them, protesting against the Duke's trusting to such perfidious intelligence. The noisy vivacity which the French usually assume when they would carry their point, accompanied by strong gesti-

culations, induced the bystanders to imagine that they were speaking to the Duke with great animosity. Buckingham assured them that not a day should be lost; he was hastening to take his last leave of the King, who was four miles from Plymouth. Turning from them, on leaving the apartment, he stopped in the passage where Sir Thomas Frier waited to show him a plan which Buckingham was considering with deep attention. This officer was a short man. An unseen hand, reaching over his shoulder, struck a knife into the left breast of Buckingham;—it pierced the lungs, and was left plunged into his heart. "Villain!" was the single interjection uttered. Yet Buckingham had then the fortitude to draw the murderous instrument from his own heart;—he would have advanced, as if he meant to reach the assassin, but staggering, he fell, and was caught up in the arms of his attendant. The Duchess and her sister rushed to the scene of horror—there lay their loved and ill-fated lord, bathed in his blood. All the predictions, all their long daily fears, were at length realised by a single blow from an unknown hand, at a spot and at a moment when it could have been least dreaded. The assassin might have escaped detection had he chosen it.

Thus resolutely engaged in the cause which the people had so much at heart, the blood with which Buckingham would have sealed it was shed by one of the people themselves, the enterprise designed to retrieve the national honour so long tarnished, was perhaps fatally prevented, and the Protestant cause suffered by the hand of one who imagined himself to be, and was blest by nearly the whole nation as a patriot. Such are the false appearances of things in the exaggerations of popular delusion.

The hand which struck Buckingham was not indeed guided by "a Roman spirit," though Felton mistook himself to be one, and the whole nation imagined him such. In Felton we see a man acting from mixed and confused motives. Of melancholy and solitary habits, and one of the many officers who had brooded over disappointments both in promotion and arrears of pay, he felt a degree of personal animosity towards Buckingham. With great integrity of truth and honour, he was deservedly known by the nickname of "honest Jack." The religious enthusiasm of the times had deeply possessed his mind; and when "the Remonstrance" appeared, it acted on his imagination, as probably on many others—and he believed that the Duke was "one of the foulest monsters on earth."—*Israeli's Chas I.*

## Sketches of Orators. No. 6.

LYSIAS.

Lysias, the son of Cephalus, the Syrasusan, was one of the ten orators born at Athens, whither his father had been transported. Two men, greatly renowned for their learning, the one an orator, and the other an historian* settled in the colony of Thusios. The first was Lysias, at that time but fifteen years of age; he continued here till he was forty-seven and then returned to Athens, a gracious and polite writer and most excellent orator. All the citizens of any consideration in Athens, who still retained a love of liberty, quitted a place reduced to so harsh and shameful a slavery, and sought elsewhere an asylum and a retreat where they might live in safety. Lysias, who had been banished by the Thirty, raised 500 soldiers at his own expense, and sent them to the aid of the common country of eloquence. Before the first year of the 95 Olympiad, Socrates being accused of holding bad opinions in regard to the gods, and of corrupting the Athenian youth; as soon as the conspiracy broke out, the friends of Socrates prepared for his defence. Lysias brought him an elaborate discourse of his composing, wherein he had set forth the reasons and measures of Socrates in their fullest light, and interspersed the whole with tender and pathetic strokes, capable of moving the most obdurate hearts. Socrates read it with pleasure and approved it very much; but as it was more conformable to the rules of rhetoric than the sentiments and fortitude of a philosopher, he told him frankly that it did not suit him,—upon which Lysias having asked how it was possible to be well done, and at the same time not suit him:—"In the same manner," said he, using according to his custom, a vulgar comparison, "that an excellent workman might bring me magnificent apparel, or shoes embroidered with gold, to which nothing would be wanting on his part, but which, however, would not fit me." Quintilian says, "Lysias is subtle and elegant than whom you can require nothing more perfect, for there is not any thing vain, nor any thing borrowed, being nearer to the pure fountain, than the great wide stream." Dionysius agrees in the same metaphor.

P.

* Herodotus.

## CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, (No. XX.)

DIVERSION OF THE NEAPOLITANS

One of the most extraordinary public entertainments of the Neapolitans, is the

procession with four triumphal cars, on the four Sundays immediately preceding Lent; the first with bread, the second with flesh, the third with vegetables, and the fourth with fish. These provisions are piled up very high, with musicians placed at the top, and guarded by armed men, till they are given up to be pillaged by the populace. But that which draws the greatest concourse to Naples, is the castle built according to the rules of fortification, and faced all over with pieces of beef, bacon, hams, geese, turkeys, and other provisions. This welcome spectacle is exhibited once a year, and on each side of the castle is a fountain running with wine during the whole day. A party of soldiers is posted to restrain the ardour of the populace till the viceroy appears in his balcony, which is the signal for the assault, and it rarely happens that the fortress long withstands the united efforts of so many active assailants. H. B.

## A PORTION OF THE PROBLEMA OF ERASMUS.

*Translated for the Olio, by G. M.*

Motion.—(motus animalis) To animal motion these situations are peculiar:—forwards, backwards, right, left, and circular motion, in the beginning of animal motion, strength gives celerity, and spes* perveniendi continues it.

Motus Natvus—natural motion appertains to inanimate bodies, those which are heavy descend, and those of sufficient lightness ascend.

Motus violentus.—Forced motion in its progress becomes less slow than at first as an arrow from a bow; this motion is in contradistinction to natural motion, which is demonstrated by a stone falling from an eminence.

Elements.—Fire is lighter than air, and water is heavier than earth, as Ovid says, ignea convexi vis et sine pondere cœli emicuit, summaq locum sibi legit in arce; proximus est aer, &c.

Clouds, although they contain much water, are supported by air, yet this is owing to the attractive quality of the sun, and consequently their combination with fire, is the cause of their lightness,—and their fall is occasioned by the too great density of water, destroying the agency of the sun.

Air is sometimes lighter than fire, and earth heavier than water, owing to their mixed natures, and being pure elements, as that earth which contains a body of water becomes unusually heavy, and that containing — salt, light, salt possessing the properties of fire in an eminent degree as the air which is in contact with dense or subtle bodies partake of their respective natures.

Minerals, &c.—Stones partake chiefly of the nature of earth, and lead of fire, yet lead is well known to be of a greater weight, and the reason is that stones are of a porous nature, and contain a great quantity of air, and some stones will float on the surface of water, as the pumice, &c. so that it is the density of lead that distinguishes it, gold is known to be heavier than lead, it is of course of a still greater density, although gold contains a greater quantity of fire, it was said by the ancients to emit rays of light by night, thus Pindar in Olym. I.

Αριστον μὲν ὕδωρ· ὁ δε
Χρυσὸς αἰθόμενον πυρ
Ατε διαπρεπει νυ-
κτι μεγάνορος ἔξοχα πλόντου

It is also the quantity of fire which is contained in oil, and "omnium pinguim" that causes them to float upon the surface of water, though they are of a greater weight than the body which supports them, and it is only when heat is produced by forced or artificial means, that it can be subdued by water as heated, iron when immersed in water.

Density, &c.—There was shown to me once a piece of wood (aloèn) combining the lightness of a reed, and the durability of iron, but on being immersed in a fluid descended with the force of lead† in this instance it could not be attributed to density, but to a certain unrevealed nature in things which can never be discovered, as some bodies attract others, and some repel, as the magnet attracts steel, and the vitis repels the brassica and the fire will attract naptha, although they appear of different natures, all kinds of metal will float on quicksilver except gold,‡ this cannot he accounted for unless it was ordained that the one was made to detect the other, to these and many other phenomena no answer can be given, or why the Arethusian waters which are of a greater weight float upon the surface of

* The definition is somewhat metaphysical, a characteristic feature in the writings of the philosophers of his time, when the "peculiarus et occula in rebus cognatio," could not be divined.

† This statement few of the admirers of Erasmus believed.

‡ That great progress has been made in natural philosophy since this self acknowledgment of ignorance is indisputable since there are few or none of the members of our modern mechanical institutes that could not give a satisfactory answer to this phenomenon.

the Sicanian stream,† or why no animal can live in the lake of Asphaltites.‡

Quid si cœlum ruat, &c. The ancients considered the heavens a dense body which is exemplified by this and the following expression :—"Fiat Justitia, ruat Cœlum," and Homer expresses it :—

χαλκοβατον δῶ

Some have endeavoured to prove that Homer and Hesiod in their writings referred to the *color* of the heavens, and not to their density, but the Latins pursuing the same path as the Greeks, more expressly apostrophise it as a dense body, and indeed the verb itself employed *ruo*, very *physically* supports this observation.

## Anecdotiana.

ANECDOTE OF MAHOMMED.

A poor man once went to Mahommed, who was sitting in an assembly of learned men, and cried, "Oh Prophet, I am poor!" Mahommed replied, "Poverty is my glory!" Presently afterwards another man came, saying, "Oh Prophet, I am poor." Mahommed replied, "Poverty makes men blush in both worlds. You are surprised, my friends," said he, turning to his companions, "at my giving such contradictory answers to these two beggars; but the fact is, the first is a pious man, who for religion's sake has left the world, but the other is a man whom the world has deserted."

—— H. B——

LAMPOON ON HYDE LORD CLARENDON.

Mr. D'Israeli, in a note to his life of Charles I. states that the following bitter piece of wit he recovered from its manuscript state, the nature of it shews the treatment a political family may meet with when the furor of party rages. It turns on the family name of the Clarendons :—

When Dido landed, she bought as much ground,
As the Hyde of a lusty fat bull would surround;
But when the said Hyde was cut into thongs
A city and kingdom to Hyde belongs,
So here in court, church, and country, far and wide,
Here's nought to be seen, but *Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!*
Of old, and were law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our *Hydes of Land*, 'tis now *Land of Hydes!*

——

FOOTE THE MIMIC.

When Foote the actor was in the habit of taking off, as he called it, upon the stage, all the popular men of his day, being in company with some of his associates, one of them reminded him of the Rev. John Wesley, observing that he would be a good subject for his purpose. Foote went and heard Mr. Wesley with great attention. It happened to be at a time when Mr. Wesley had considerable liberty in preaching, and, on those occasions, his friends used to say he excelled himself.

When Foote again met with his friends they inquired of him whether he intended to take off Mr. Wesley. His reply was, "How is it possible to take off perfection."

——

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A MANIAC.

The following anecdote of Madame Camporese is related by Mr. Ebers in his "Seven years of the King's Theatre," which does great honour to that highly talented lady, and speaks volumes in praise of the kindness of her disposition, and the goodness of her heart.

"An intimate acquaintance waited on Madame Camporese one morning to make a request. In the hospital for the insane a man was confined, literally *fanatico per musica*, he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labour of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate had by some accident heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the City of Milan, and immediately conceived an ungovernable wish to hear her. For awhile his representations passed unnoticed, he grew ungovernable, and had to be fastened to his bed. In this state Camporese's friends had beheld him. She was dressing for an evening party when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it. Then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, 'Come then,' 'Whither?' 'To the Ospedale.' 'But why? there is no occasion to go now—to morrow, or the next day.' 'To morrow,—no, indeed, if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly.' And they went. Being shewn into a room separated from that of the maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered, she sat down, and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under the bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, and nothing in the music; but Camporese running it over, sang it to some words of Metastasio, with such sweetness, that the music seemed excellent. 'Sing it me once more,' said the Maniac. She did so and departed accompanied by his prayers and the tears of the spectators."

† This fiction is thought by some to be misplaced in so mechanical a controversy.

‡ For an impressive description of this lake and the surrounding country, see the last Eclectic Review.

# Diary and Chronology.

| DATE. | DIARY. | DATE. | CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| July | St. Ephrem. | July 9 | St. Ephrem was a deacon of the church of Edessa in Syria. The death of this saint is said to have happened A. D. 378. |
| | | | 1540. Lord Cromwell Earl of Essex, was arrested on this day, in the council chamber, for heresy and treason. For these alleged crimes he was beheaded on Tower-hill, on the 23th of this month. The ruin of this nobleman was principally caused by the union of Henry VIII. with Ann of Cleves, which match he projected. |
| — 10 | St. Felicitas and Sons | — 10 | This saint and her seven sons were martyred at Rome in the time of the Emperor Antoninus, in the 2nd Century. |
| | | | 1723 Born in London the learned English judge, Sir William Blackstone, author of the Commentaries, and other valuable works on the jurisprudence of England. Besides having a sound knowledge of the laws of his country, he understood fully the science of architecture, and was an able cultivator of poesy in his early days. |
| — 11 | St. James of Nisibis | — 11 | St. James.—This Saint was a native of Nisibis, in *Mesopotamia*, of which place he was promoted to the bishopric. It is said of him that he wrought many miracles in Persia, and that he chose the highest mountains for his abode. His death happened A. D. 361. |
| | | | 1797. Died Charles Macklin, the celebrated comedian and dramatic writer, ÆT 107, his fame rests upon the admirable and correct portrait he drew of the unrelenting Shylock in Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice, which comedy he caused to be acted upon the stage in its present form, his last attempt at performing of the above arduous character took place at C. G. T. at his own benefit, in 1790, when his memory failed him, so that he could not go through with his part. His dramatic productions are the Comedy of the Man of the World, and Love A-la-Mode a farce, both of which are satires upon the Scotch. |
| — 12 | St. John Gualbert Abbot, died A. D. 1073, ÆT 74. | — 12 | 1543. On this day Henry VIII married his sixth and last wife, Lady Katharine Parr, relict of Lord Latimer and a protestant. She was not without her chance of the axe, a warrant having been issued to apprehend her for heresy, but the intention of the capricious monarch, who laboured under a bad leg, was for this time diverted. |
| — 13 | | — 13 | St. Eugenius was bishop of Carthage, while filling this office, he underwent many persecutions, and was twice banished, the first time into the desert county of Tripolis, and the last into Languedoc, during which exile he died in a monastery at Viance built by himself, A. D. 505. |
| | St. Eugenius | | 1783. Died John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, ÆT 52, this great man was the best common lawyer, as well as the best orator of his day. Though Lord Ashburton died at an early age, he left behind him a fortune of 180,000, the reward of his industry, talents, and integrity. He is one of the many persons to whom Junius's letters have been attributed. |
| — 14 | St. Bonaventure, Bishop of York died A. D. 1274. | — 14 | 1602. Born at Piscina in Italy, Julius Mazarin, known better by the appellation of Cardinal Mazarin, this great statesman was the friend of Richelieu, and at his demise was appointed Minister of State to Louis XIII, he managed the affairs of government during the minority of Louis XIV, but became unpopular so that he was compelled to leave France, a price being set on his head. He afterwards regained his power and rendered the state many important services. The Cardinal died in 1661, |
| — 15 | St. Swithin. | — 15 | This saint flourished in the ninth century. He was appointed bishop of Winchester in 852, and died in 863. |

## TIM BOBBIN.

This famous Lancashire pastoral—for such it is—has been just reprinted, with an interpretation. The new edition contains, besides, some poems of the whimsical author of 'Tim Bobbin,' and is ornamented by five plates from the pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank, of which anon. Of the author of 'Tim Bobbin' not much is known, but a brief account of him will be found in 'Aikin's Manchester.' His name was John Collier, and he was born in Lancashire, on the 16th of December, 1708. The exact place of his birth is not ascertained,—for both Warrington and Mottram claim that honour—so we must be content to leave it in the same predicament as the native city of Homer. His father was a clergyman, in humble circumstances, and he was bred a weaver. But, speedily becoming disgusted with such an employment, and being a man of respectable education, he gave it up, and opened a small school at Rochdale, in Lancashire, where he died on the 14th of July, 1786, in his 78th year. These are the principal events of his noiseless life. He was a good-humoured, clever, and convivial fellow, and was much liked and respected in his own little circle.

The subjoined extracts from his 'Tim Bobbin, we think will be relished by most of our readers, and prove that Tim was a man of considerable powers of humour, and one whose relations are capable of setting the table in a roar.

The work 'Tim Bobbin,' is a dialogue in seven scenes, between a Lancashire clown, servant to a farmer, and a female fellow-servant, in which poor Tom Williams details a series of most hapless adventures which had befallen him. The day before yesterday, he informs us, he had been sent with a cow and calf to Rochdale, and, as ill luck would have it, he took his dog, Nip, with him. When he got within a mile of Rochdale, he stopped at an ale-house door, when a mare kicked the calf in the head and killed it. He succeeded, after some difficulty in selling the hide to a butcher, for thirteen pence, and contrived, by much persuasion, to get the person, to whom he was sent, to agree to take the cow off his hands, without the calf. The villany of the butcher must be related in his own words:—

"*Tho.* I went and bought two pounds of salt and an ounce of black pepper for our folks, and went towards home again.

"*Mary.* With a fearful heavy heart, I'll uphold you.

"*Tho.* Aye, aye, that's true—but what will you say, when I tell you he never buried the calf; but sold her at Oldham that morning, for twopence halfpenny a pound!

"*Mary.* Say! why by my troth, it was fair cheating; but it's just like their rascally tricks; for there's not an honest bone in the hide of never a greasy tyke of 'em all.

"*Tho.* Indeed, Mary, I am of thy mind; for it was right wrong; but I think in my guts, that rascals in the world are as thick as wasps in a humble-bee's nest."

It is impossible not to assent to the truth of this last assertion. It is as good as anything in Rabelais.

Tom is next the victim of a waggish trick, played on him by some boys, who persuade him to go owling with them; but his misfortunes soon thicken. To understand what follows, our readers must know, that a *bandyhewit* is a pass-word in Lancashire, given to a dog, when a trick is about to be played upon his owner. When a gull, on April day, for instance, has been persuaded to offer a bandyhewit for sale, the person to whom he applies, sends him to another, and so on.

"Scene III.—*The First of April.*

"*Thomas and Mary.*

"*Tho.* Misfortunes come on me a thick as lightning.

"*Mary.* Odsblood! not through Nip, egad!

"*Tho.* Through Nip!—aye, through Nip: and I would her neck had been broken in nine places when she was whelped for me, (God forgive me, the dumb creature does not hurt neither,) for I had not decently washed and dressed, and limped into the lane again, but I met a fattish-looking fellow in a blackish wig: and he stood and stared at Nip: quoth he, honest man, wilt thou sell thy dog? Said I, my dog's a bitch, and so is never a dog in the town; for, by my troth, Mary, I was as cross as two sticks.

"*Mary.* Egad, but you were bobbersome, and answered roughly too much.

"*Tho.* But dog or bitch, said the fellow, if I had known of her three days since, I'd have got thee twenty shillings for her, for I see she's a right staunch bandyhewit, and there's a gentleman that lives about three miles off, that wants one just now. Now, Mary, to tell the truth, I'd a mind to cheat, (God forgive me!) and sell him my sheep-cur for a bandyhewit; though I no more knew than the man in the moon what a bandyhewit was. Why, said I, she's primely bred, for her mother came from London, though she

was whelpt at my master's; and though she's as good as any in Englandshire, I'll sell her if my price comes.

"*Mary.* Well done, Thomas!—What said he then?

"*Tho.* Why, quoth he, what dost ask for her? She's worth a guinea and a half in gold, said I; but a guinea I'll have for her: quoth he, I gave a guinea for mine, but I would rather have thine by a crown; but if thou'lst go to the justice—justice hem—let me see,—But I forget how he's named (but a great matter on him, for I think he's a piece of a rascal as well as the rest) he'll be glad of the bargain.

"*Mary.* That was clever indeed, was it not.

"*Tho.* Aye, middling. Then I asked him what way I must go? And he told me; and away I set, with my heart as light as a feather, and carried Nip under my arm; for now, thou must understand I was afraid of losing her, ne'er doubting but I should be *rich enough* to pay my master for the *calf*, and have somewhat to spare.

"*Mary.* Odds-fish! but that was brave; you are in no ill luck now, Thomas.

"*Tho.* But thoul'st hear: it was a weary way to it; however, I got there by three o'clock; and before I opened the door, I covered Nip with the rag I dry my nose with, to let him see how I stued her. Then I opened the door, and what the deuce do'st think, but three little tiny bandyhewits, as I thought them, came barking as if the little stinkers would have worried me, and after that swallowed me alive. Then there came a fresh coloured woman as stood as stiff as if she'd swallowed a poker, and I took her for the she-justice, she was so mighty fine; for I heard Roger Jackson tell my master, that the she-justices always did most of the work. However, I ask'd her if Mr. Justice was at home, she could not open her mouth to say aye or no, but simpered and said, *Yes!* (the dickens yes her, and him too.) Said I, I would you to tell him I would fain speak to him.

"*Mary.* Egad, but you was bold; I should have been timorous; but let's know how you went on?

"*Tho.* Why, well enough, for they may nip and cheat as bad as any other clerks, and they'll not meddle with thee; but thou must not cross nor teize them, for they ar'nt to be vexed.

"*Mary.* But how went you on? Was the justice at home?

"*Tho.* Aye; and came slap, and asked me what I wanted? Why, said I, I've a very fine bandyhewit to sell, and I hear you want one, sir. Humph! said he—a bandyhewit!—Prithee, let's look at it? Aye, said I, and I pulled the handkerchief from off her, stroked her down the back, and said, she's as fine a bandyhewit as ever ran before a tail.

"*Mary.* Well done, Thomas—you could not have mended that, if you had to do it again; but you're fit to go out in faith.

"*Tho.* She's a fine one, indeed, said the justice; and it's a thousand pities but I'd known of her yesterday. for a fellow came, and I bought one not so good as this by half a guinea; and I'll uphold you, you'll take a guinea for this. And that I'll have, if I could light of a chapman, said I. She's richly worth it, said he, and I think I can tell thee where thou may part with her, if he is not fitted already.

"*Mary.* Dear me, but that was a good-natured justice—was he not?

"*Tho.* Aye, Mary, thou talk'st like a silly dunce: for, take my word for it, nothing that's good for any thing can come of it when a man deals with rascally folk; but, as I was telling thee, he named a fellow that lived about two miles off him, (but the devil forget him, as I do); so I must go back again to Rochdale. So I got Nip under my arm again, made a scrape with my foot, and bid the justice good night, with a heavy *heart* thou may'st be sure; and, but as I thought I could as well sell her in this other place, it would certainly have broken.

"*Mary.* Lord bless us! it was like to trouble you mightily!"

While on this sage expedition poor Tom fell into a stream, by missing his footing on a slippery plank, that supplied the place of a bridge across it; and independent of the fright and the wetting, lost his salt and pepper, which sadly annoyed his person, by making it smart "os if foive hundurt pissmotes wur eh me breechus," [as if five hundred pissmires were in my breeches.] By this time night was coming on, and he did not well know his way, which was pointed out to him by a gentleman, with a name *plus quam* Hispanic.

"Up spoke I—Who's that? A lad's voice answered in a crying din,—"*Aye, lawk, do not take me! do not take me!*" No, said I, I'll not take thee, by Our Lady; whose lad art thou? Why, said he, I am John's o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'-Marrion's o' Dick's o'Nethon's, o' Lall's o'Simmy's in the lanes, and I am going home. Odds, thinks I to myself, thou'st a long name in thee: and here, Mary, I could not but think what long names some of us have, for thine and mine are mode

rate: but this lad's was so much longer, that I thought it cut mine into one half.

"*Mary.* Prithee now, tell me how these long names happen?

"*Tho.* Um—m—n, let me see! I cannot tell well, but suppose it is to know folks by."

After many fearful adventures, he succeeds in getting into an ale-house, where he determines on stopping. A tumult occurs here, which is described with a graphic fidelity quite equal to Fielding himself, quite at home in inns and public houses as that great novelist is universally acknowledged to be. Tom took no part in the fray, for throughout the whole he displays no fondness whatever for fighting, but quietly "called for something to eat and a pint of ale; and she brought me some pork and raw turnips, and as fine veal and ham as need to be touched. I crammed Nip now and then with a luncheon, but Tom took care of the other every bit; for I ate like a Yorkshireman, and cleared the table."—*London Mag.*

## CALAMITIES OF A CLERK.

*Communicated by himself.*

"By the world, I recount no fable."—
SHAKSPEARE.

*(Concluded from Page 406.)*

IN fact, with our house, (as with others too numerous to mention), the sole aim, intention, worth, object, nay, excuse of life, was business. The most ordinary requirements of nature—eating, drinking, sleeping—were rather connived at than recognised. For myself, my daily escape to an eating-house dinner appeared to be sometimes regarded as partaking of the idleness of a holliday; and, when business was pressing (which it nearly always was) the *hour's* absence, which custom accords to the demands of the stomach, though passed amid the din and clatter, and vulgar vociferations of a chop-house, was grudged to me as much as if it had been an act of embezzlement. On such occasions, I was sure to hear direct observations that had been made, during the non-occupation of my desk, to the other clerks—such as that "Jones was of a tardiness that could not be endured"—or to receive myself the indirect reproof of remarks about the importance of business, and the value of time. The proverb says, "Time was made for slaves"—but I, though abundantly a slave, could never find time for half the things expected of me.

If the ordinary necessities of repose and food were thus hardly conceded to us by our principals, it will be easily believed that the article of *amusement* was not to be found in their code. The bare mention of the word would have chained the tongues with wonder, and riveted their eyes in fearful ecstacy. For me, the ever-soliciting round of London diversions was as the forbidden circle of the magician; or if I might be said to approach the *border* of it, this was but in so far as a few widely-distant visits to the play went—at half-price, and once, by way of extremity, under the fearfully-snatched excitement of half-a-pint of Cape wine. On this last occasion, I well remember that my resort to the theatre was for the purpose of seeing Shakspeare's Othello, or rather half of it—and that I had been persuaded into the indulgence by two or three young men, clerks like myself, who had a sort of notion of Shakspeare, and used to speak of him with the respectful appellation of "our immor*tle* bard." The next day came an extra head-ache, and all that unsettled feeling which the unhappy are sure to experience when they have mixed, by accident, in a scene of splendour remote from their own condition.

After this manner I slaved through the lingering bustle and dreamy activity of my vocation, till I had reached the possession of seventy pounds per annum in salary, and nothing in thanks. The continuance of my engagement with Messrs. Gladwin, Brothers, Son, and Makeweight, seemed as fixed as the desks in their office, or even as the multiplication table in their souls. But though my spirit had been broken down into the smallest fractional part, that little remnant of man did at length rise against the constant application of the *divisor*. One evening, after my day had been one of more than usual plodding and pen-driving, a trifling error in a balance (the result of hurry and exhaustion), produced remarks of "This will never do"—"D'ye call this doing business?"—and the like short sentences, ending with a murmured hint about "diligence, or dismissal." My injured spirit for once rose superior. I addressed to my task-masters the language of indignation, and took up the hat of departure

"Treason," it is said, "never prospers." Rebellion does sometimes. This one act of defiance did more for me than seven years of service and submission.—Two days afterwards, I was re-engaged by Messrs. Gladwin and Co., at an advance in salary of fifty pounds a year.

This incident however, was one bright spot—one solitary ray of sunshine, falling on a dark sea of general calamity. The

fault was in my trade more than in the people that I met with. The vein that I had selected in the mine of fortune was a bad one.

Suffice it to say, that I went on, but did not get forward. The same desolate drudgery, the same heart-sickening routine, the same tedious bustle, the same mechanical handicraft, as it were, of the mind, still wrought their former effects, and made me as stupid as a chimney-sweeper, and dull as a November fog; or as that inert mass of animal, worshipped in the city under the inexplicable name of "a lively turtle." The dependent name and office of clerk were become doubly odious to me, from their very necessity; for I had now no other resource. My father, much against my own good-will, had sold that of his business, and with the produce had purchased an annuity for the support of himself and my mother; for, with regard to me, he held a provision to be unnecessary, thinking that a clerk grew into a merchant as naturally as a plant into a tree, or a child into a man! At all events, as he observed, I "had not been *idle*;" and a person that is not idle *must* be doing something for himself. To the last, he never could see the mistake he had committed in making me "the thing I am."

Forty years have now passed, and left me in the same forlorn condition—at least the only change I have experienced has consisted in "variety of misery;" for I acquired, I scarce know how, the painful superfluity of a wife and five small children. This last circumstance has hammered the final rivet upon my chains, and I must die in them, as I have lived—with this utmost hope, that my name may then be utterly forgotten by the few that have ever heard of it, rather than that it should be recorded on my tomb that I died at a certain date, and lived many years in the confidential service of Messrs. Griper and Mullins—or other firm, as per future contingence.

In conclusion, let those who would not scorn the advice of an experienced wretch, take my assurance that they cannot doom a child (however arithmetical) to a worse life than that of a clerk. Let not a father who has a business to give his son, force him to *seek* one, for the sake of a prejudice about superior gentility. Let every tradesman, in directing the pursuits of his child, prefer *trade* to *commerce*——the counter to the counting-house. If this recommendation be followed, the condition of a "large and interesting class of sufferers" will be amended by their diminution. their utility will then be more fully recognized by those who profit by it, and their claims to a living recompence established. Nothing is more certain, than that the number of our devoted tribe requires thinning down; and that to promote the subtraction of clerks will be to stop the multiplication of misery.—*Mon. Mag.*

## SHE NEVER SMIL'D AGAIN.

Her soul grew dark, when hope's bright ray
Pass'd like the rainbow's light away
Yet none who gaz'd upon her face
The blighted heart's decay could trace;
Her brow was still as moonlight fair;
Still gleam'd like gold her sunny hair;
And still, though varying, pale, and weak,
The rose's blush bloom'd on her cheek;
Time hush'd the deep convulsive sigh,
And check'd the tears which dimm'd her eye;
But from the hour which saw her lover slain
On battle's field, she never smil'd again!

Who—who can paint his dreary state,
Who walks 'midst pleasures—desolate;
With feelings chill'd—affections changed,
The heart from each fond hope estranged;
Oh! meet *Her* in the splendid crowd,
Or festive throng, where mirth is loud;
No more her laugh, without control,
The wild, free, joyous burst of soul,
Falls on the ear—her voice is still—
And sad—for dead is rapture's thrill!
And from the hour which saw her lover slain
On battle's field—she ne'er has smiled again!

*Miss Rennie's Poems.*

## SONG.

The winter, love, is past and gone,
Its frosts and storms are now away;
And the spring-tide comes rolling on,
With all its flowers so fresh and gay.
And as at eve within the grove,
We sit, or roam along the vale,
Is heard the tender lay of love,
Of that sweet minstrel, Philomel.

Then lady come, no more delay,
Come to the spot thou lov'st so well;
'Tis where the rose, the Queen of May,
And other beauteous flow'rets dwell:
'Tis where the pretty jessamine,
Hath twin'd itself into a bower—
But unless thou, my Adeline
Art there, no charm hath any flower.

K.

## DEPOPULATION OF TURKEY.

Mr. Walsh, in his recently published narrative of a "Journey from Constantinople to England," indulges us with the following reflections on the state of Turkey, as it presented itself to him on his passing through the various districts.

'The circumstance most striking to a traveller passing through Turkey, is its depopulation. Ruins, where villages had been built, and fallows where land had

been cultivated, are frequently seen, with no living things near them. This effect is not so visible in larger towns, though the cause is known to operate there in a still greater degree. Within the last twenty years, Constantinople has lost more than half its population. In eighteen months three sanguinary revolutions took place, which destroyed two Sultans, and about thirty thousand of the inhabitants. These were followed by the plague in 1812, which swept away, according to some two, and according to others, three hundred thousand more. It was known that at one time a thousand persons a day were brought out of the top Kapousi gate, to be buried; and the gardener of the English palace told me he was the only survivor of a family of thirteen persons. He was seized with delirium and stupor; and when he recovered, he found himself in the house, with twelve dead bodies. In 1821, the Greek insurrection broke out. The population of the Fanal, and other places, consisted of about forty thousand Greeks, by death and flight, they are now reduced to half the number. In 1827, the Janissaries were extinguished, and the contests on this occasion carried off, it is supposed, on both sides, about thirty thousand persons. If to these casualties be added the frequent conflagrations, two of which occurred while I was at Constantinople, and destroyed fifteen thousand houses, the Russian and Greek wars, which were a constant drain on the janissaries of the capital; and the silent operation of the plague, which is continually active, though not always alarming;—it will be considered, not exaggeration to say, that within the period mentioned, from three to four hundred thousand persons have been prematurely swept away in one city in Europe, by causes which were not operating in any other,—conflagration, pestilence, and civil commotion. The Turks, though naturally of a robust and vigorous constitution, addict themselves to such habits as are very unfavourable to population, their sedentary life, polygamy, immoderate use of opium, coffee and tobacco, and other indulgencies still more hostile to the extension of the species, so impede the usual increase of families, that the births do little more than compensate the ordinary deaths, and cannot supply the waste of casualties. The surrounding country is, therefore, constantly drained, to supply this waste in the capital, which nevertheless exhibits districts nearly depopulated. If we suppose that these causes operate more or less in every part of the Turkish empire, it will not be too much to say, that more of human life is wasted, and less supplied there, than in any other country. It is thus that the gifts of bountiful nature are thrown away upon this people. It is in vain that God has issued his great law—"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth;" and has conferred on them every means of fulfilling it—comely persons, robust constitutions, mild climate, fertile soil, and beautiful country, when their own perverse propensities, and anti-social habits counteract the blessings of a good Providence. We see, every day, life going out in the fairest portion of Europe; and the human race threatened with extinction, with soil and climate capable of supporting the most abundant population.'

## A COUPLET AND ITS AUTHOR.

(*To the Editor of the Olio.*)

Sir,—Perhaps you, with many of your readers have often heard the following couplet quoted as part of Hudibras:

> "For he who fights and runs away,
> Will live to fight another day."

And many scholars have been so confident on the subject, that in 1784 a wager was made at Booth's of 20 to 1 that they were to be found in that poem. Dodsley being present was referred to as the arbiter, but he ridiculed the idea of consulting him, saying "Every fool knew they were to be found in Hudibras." George Selwin being also present said to Dodsley, "Pray, sir, will you be so kind as to inform an old fool in what Canto they are to be found?" Dodsley took down the volume, but after a fruitless search, both then and the next day, the bibliopolist was obliged to confess, "that a man might be ignorant of the author of this well-known couplet without being absolutely a fool." There are two or three passages similar; the one that comes nearest is the following in Hudibras, Book III, Canto iii., v. 243:

> "For those that fly may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain."

The couplet really does occur in a small volume of miscellaneous poems published by Sir John Rennes, written in the reign of Charles II. Immemor.

### SIMILE.

As hearts will cease to answer hearts in sighs,
Echo, though born of sound, receding dies.

P

## ON CLASSICAL LEARNING.

The word "Classic" is derived either from the Latin word "Classis," or from "Classicum," which was a trumpet or instrument used to call the people together to hear the pieces rehearsed in the amphitheatre, where authors formerly recited or read their compositions. By the word is generally understood the writings of the Greeks and Romans, though in its widest sense it signifies the standard and most elegant works in any language. A person also, who well understands the languages of the Turks and Romans is called a classic. Among the classics, the first both as regards antiquity and excellence is the Iliad of Homer, which has been, and still is, admired and studied in all civilized and polished countries. His works have never been surpassed either in sublimity of idea, grandeur, beauty, imagery, or harmony of language.

The standard works of the Greeks have been studied in all ages. Alexander the Great read and studied the Iliad till he knew it almost by heart, which he said was the best book in the world, and which no doubt tended in a great measure to excite that bravery and spirit of conquest which he possessed to so great a degree.

The study of them by the Romans conduced likewise to take away their rudeness of manner, and render them as polished as the Greeks.

In the present age they are perhaps more studied than ever. A person is not thought to have received a good education if he is not acquainted with them in some degree. The study of them by a nation tends to produce an imitation of manner to civilization, to a knowledge and love of the arts and sciences. In the middle ages, after the Roman Empire had been overrun by the Goths and Vandals, and Europe had sunk into barbarism, they were but little regarded, but as soon as the classics began to be studied, which was about the 15th century, the nations of Europe advanced in civilization, and since a rapid increase in knowledge, the arts, sciences, &c. may be remarked. Nearly all who have been famous in the literary world, have become so by a close study and imitation of the most eminent authors of antiquity. Milton is a proof of this, for though he is one of the first of the English Classics he obtained many of his finest thoughts and figures from Homer and Virgil. Cicero also, among the Romans, gained much of his celebrity by close study of the Greek orators.

Many advantages may also be derived from the attentive perusal of the ancient authors, as they treat of history, poetry, and morality.

By reading them you may obtain a knowledge of their history, their opinions in philosophy, morality, and politics, and their religious doctrines and ceremonies. You may likewise in their writings find many characters worthy of imitation, as Aristides, Lycurgus, Solon, Fabricius, and Camillus, who are patterns of integrity, justice, and patriotism.

Another advantage is, that you better understand your own language by knowing the derivation and primitive meaning of many words in the English and other modern languages. But this, like most other things, has its disadvantages. In perusing the authors of antiquity we must guard against the immoral tendency of many of their writings, and more especially so since they are clothed in beautiful and captivating language. For instance, Ovid's writings are distinguished for their immorality, but the sentiments therein are at the same time adorned with such beauty of language and imagery, as is apt to captivate rather than disgust. They represent those qualities as virtues which in reality are vices. Thus Homer extols the bravery and cruelty of Achilles, but a person of peaceful disposition and inimical to war and bloodshed is reproached with every opprobrious epithet. Nevertheless, upon the whole, it appears that there are more advantages than disadvantages arising from the study of the Classics.

G. H. T.

## FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, farewell,
Farewell to the wag and the merry man—
We have gone up, up, up,
Not trusting to Charon, the ferryman;
His boat is both old and decayed,
It will founder or later or sooner,
And we to the Stygian lake preferr'd
A journey by turnpikes lunar.

Farewell, farewell, farewell,
To critics and grumblers rusty—
We've mounted with stars to shine,
And we laugh at their visages crusty;
Farewell to the bright rosy cheek,
Farewell to the black eye and blue,
To maids of fifteen, and spinsters of (*blank*)
Adieu, adieu, adieu. *Whimwhams.*

END OF VOL. I.

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